POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 26 • 1963 20c

"Let's be honest with ourselves"
By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

How Jackie Kennedy decorated the White House

RUSSIAN CIRCUS TOURS AMERICA

Parochial Schools Are they obsolete? / **Crir** The bizarre case of Lillian Reis

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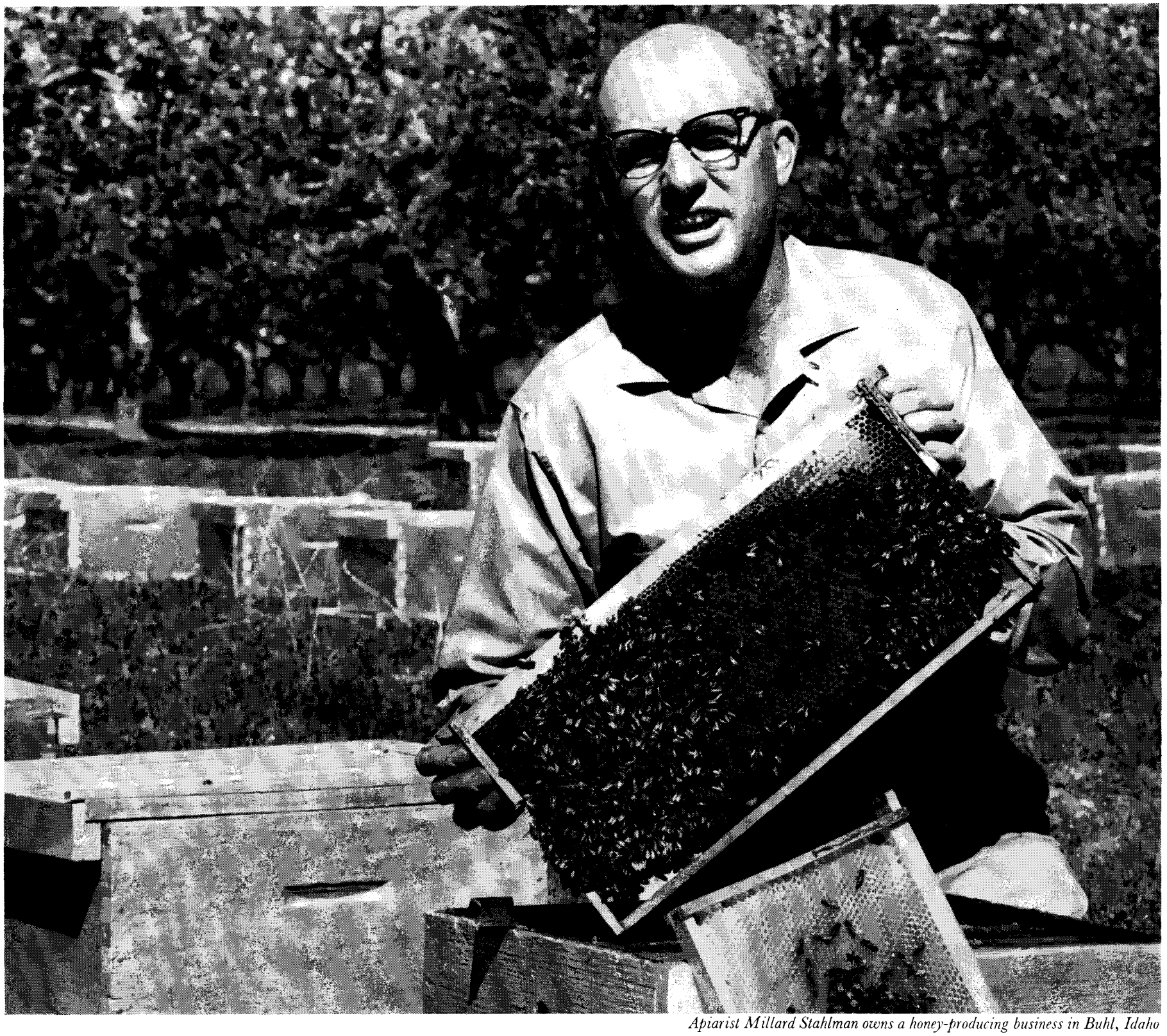

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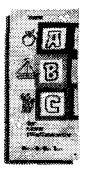

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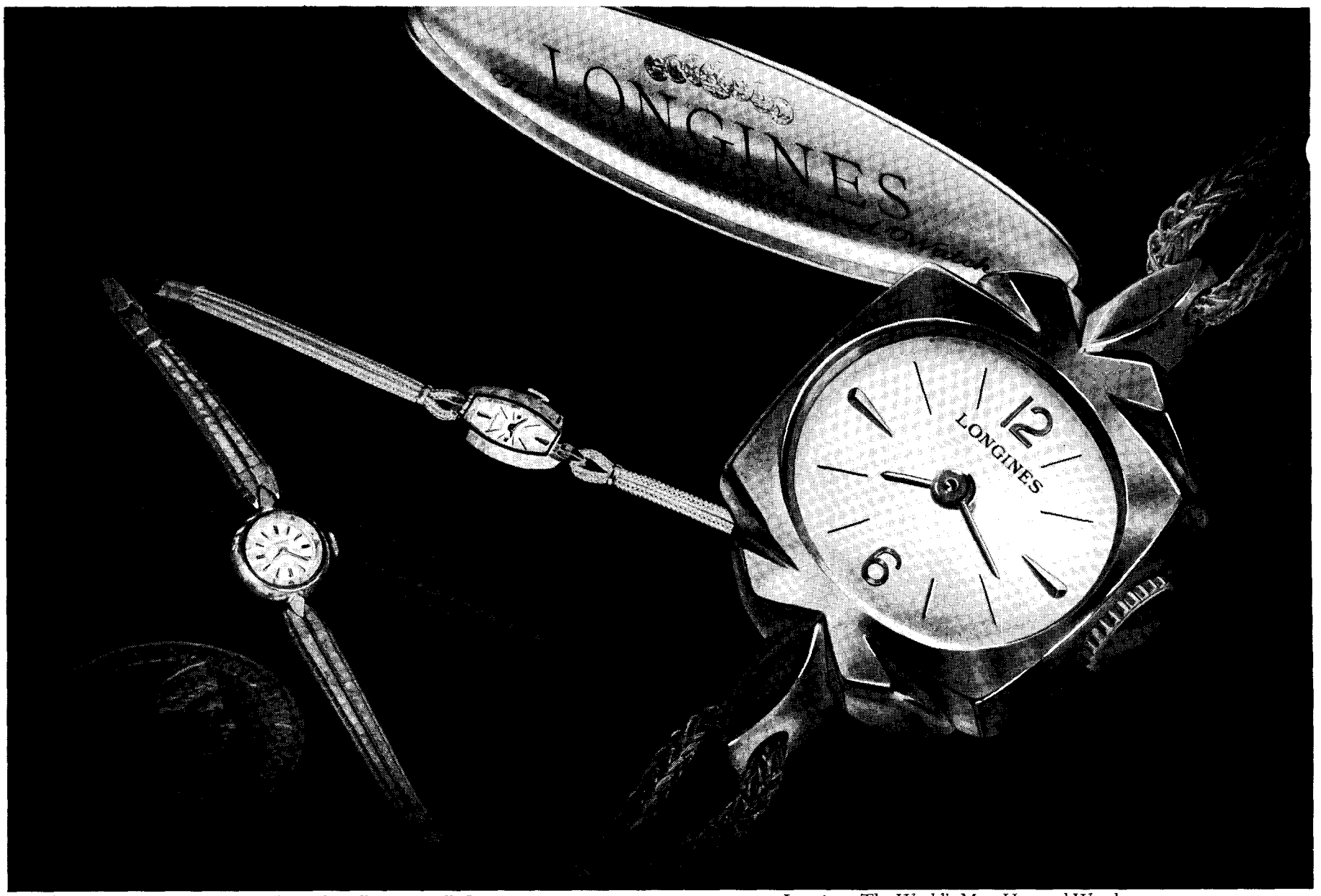

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POST

OCTOBER 26, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 37

Articles

Stay home and don't vote *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *by John Keats* 8
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* 12

The crisis in Catholic schools . . . . . *by Thomas J. Fleming* 19

The parochial schools now face their greatest crisis—one so severe that it could lead to the ultimate collapse of Catholic elementary and secondary education in the United States. The problems include a tidal wave of students, a shortage of teachers, soaring costs and restricted income. Because one out of nine American schoolchildren is in a Catholic classroom, any threat to the parochial-school system is a threat to the public schools. Thomas Fleming, himself a parochial-school graduate and winner of the 1962 Brotherhood Award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, takes a hard look at the dilemma and offers a startling solution: the gradual "phasing-out" of church-supported schools.

Let's be honest with ourselves (Conclusion) . . *by Dwight D. Eisenhower* 26
"They call me Tiger Lil" . . . . . *by Alfred G. Aronowitz* 28
How Jackie restyled the White House 42
Galanos: America's answer to French fashion . . . . . *by Eve Merriam* 54
"Kiss the guy or tackle him?" . . . . . *by Myron Cope* 76
One man's search for free silver . . . . . *by Marvin Kitman* 78
Soviet circus wows the U.S.A. . . . . . *by Bill Ballantine* 82

Fiction

A humanist . . . . . *by Romain Gary* 58
Spring and Mrs. Malloy . . . . . *by Robert Henderson* 64

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 74
Hazel 80
Editorials 86

The authors. Former President **Dwight D. Eisenhower** concluded his penetrating analysis of U.S. domestic policy last week, and in this issue the general surveys our prospects for world peace. . . . **Alfred G. Aronowitz,** a contributing writer, reports on the bizarre life of Lillian Reis. . . . **Eve Merriam,** who reports on America's most creative dress designer, is a fashion writer who insists she was weaned on *Women's Wear Daily*. . . . **Myron Cope,** winner of this year's E. P. Dutton Award for the best magazine sports story of 1962, carried his 138-pound frame daringly into the big world of Pittsburgh Steeler fullback John Henry Johnson. . . . After his own remarkable experiences, free lancer **Marvin Kitman** is now trying to discourage his children from collecting silver dollars. . . . **Bill Ballantine,** once a clown with the Ringling Bros. Circus, is the author of the newly published *Horses & Their Bosses*. . . . Prize-winning French novelist **Romain Gary** has also served his country as both soldier and diplomat. . . . **Robert Henderson** has been a magazine editor for nearly 20 years. . . . For readers whose interest is whetted by the color story on Jackie Kennedy's home, *The White House: An Historic Guide* is available for $2.75 (clothbound) or $1.25 (soft cover) from the White House Historical Association, 718 Jackson Place N.W., Lafayette Sq., Washington 6, D.C. Donations to this nonprofit association may be mailed to the same address.

The cover: The Cossack stunt rider of the Moscow Circus was photographed by **Burt Glinn.**

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LETTERS

Bugaboo

The Post has done a real public service in publishing Edwin Diamond's superb piece, THE MYTH OF THE "PESTICIDE MENACE" [Sept. 28].

FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D.
Harvard University School of Public Health
Boston, Mass.

• What sort of nonsense is Mr. Diamond trying to hand us? Insecticides are used because they *are* poison.

MRS. BEATRICE K. FRACKELTON
Oconomowoc, Wis.

• Whether or not we are in agreement with Rachel Carson is not the point. She deserves more than a smear attack at the hands of a disgruntled ex-associate who has dragged into his article everything except the John Birch Society.

B. C. HULSEY
Little Rock, Ark.

• We've seen the other side of the coin; the present side is the winner. I'd like to have had the sensitive Miss Carson with us Marines in the Pacific, notably in Saipan where infants were covered so completely by a genus of huge bluebottle fly that they looked like lumps of charred wood.

JOHN B. THOMPSON
Baton Rouge, La.

• Mr. Diamond's article conclusively reduces the distorted proportions of the insecticide controversy in pointing out the logic behind a continued and intelligent use of pesticides.

MRS. R. E. WISNER
Goodyear, Ariz.

• Since Mr. Diamond has chosen to bring up the issue of paranoia, commonly used to discredit anyone who is alarmed over the hazard of poisoning, it should be noted that a schizophrenic inability to face reality is usually regarded as an even deeper form of psychosis.

FRANCIS SILVER
Martinsburg, W. Va.

Food for thought

Harold H. Martin's article, WHY SHE REALLY GOES TO MARKET [Sept. 28], is the best I've seen in my thirty years in the food business.

PAUL FRANKENBERGER
Bloomington, Ill.

• Pity the poor grocer who is fleeced out of $300 million worth of merchandise a year—phooey! I think the larceny is on the other foot: Moldy cheese in plastic wrappers; bananas weighted carelessly two or three cents a bunch in his favor, never ours; watered ham and iced chickens and fat hidden under the cardboard in packaged meat; etc. Enough said?

MRS. W. B. JOHNSON
Wauconda, Ill.

So, what's Nhu?

For several months I've waited for a major publication to protest the abominable situation in Vietnam. Thank you for Stanley Karnow's VIETNAM: THE EDGE OF CHAOS [Sept. 28].

MARY LOUISE WERNER
Chicago, Ill.

• Mr. Karnow's article is explosively full of warnings for our own future; let us heed the danger he signals.

SONJA BIERSTED
Camp Hill, Pa.

• At a time when our national interests cry for objective, factual reporting, *The Post* editors produce this hysterical slander of tough anti-Communists.

T. A. LANE
Washington, D.C.

• Why do we keep getting flooded with pictures of this arrogant, pint-sized tyrant, Madame Nhu? It's easy to see who wears the pants in her family.

MRS. JACK R. LEWIS
Affton, Mo.

Chuck-full of hope

I hope that Chuck Percy [NEW CHALLENGER TO THE KENNEDY CLAN, by William Trombley, Sept. 28] can win in Illinois, but our state Republican Party has a long record of ineptness. In 1947, for example, almost any Republican could have been elected mayor of Chicago; the Republicans found a candidate who couldn't. They will doubtless manage to drop the ball again.

WARREN SNYDES
Evanston, Ill.

Just for laughs

The fact that you read the funnies and know what's going on in them [THE FUNNY (?) PAPERS, Editorial, Sept. 28] pleased me. I'm with you for light humor in the comics; and I have been using this approach with Mutt and Jeff for 30 years. Let's leave world events to the news and editorial pages.

AL SMITH
Demarest, N.J.

• You're right. There is nothing funny about feeding crime to children and adults alike in the so-called comics.

MRS. B. T. SANDERS
Russell, Kans.

• Nowadays nearly every editorial of yours is fraught with cosmic significance. It is a distressing development. By the time we have waded through page after page of world crisis and have arrived at the back of our favorite family magazine, we look for one thing on the editorial page: light humor.

HENRY SPLAWN TAYLOR
Leesburg, Va.

(*Have you tried our cartoons lately? They're* very *funny. ED.*)

The hope for peace

The Post deserves high praise for Richard H. Rovere's article "THE WORLD IS IN HIS DEBT" and for David Sureck's interview with the Secretary-General, U THANT SPEAKS HIS MIND [Sept. 21]. The United Nations is our best hope for peace and freedom, and the news media should keep us informed on what the organization is doing.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

Borderline case

I have just read the article THE AMERICAN IN A MEXICAN DEATH CELL by Mr. James R. Phelan [Sept. 21]. As I gather from letters received from your readers, some statements in the article convey the impression that a grave miscarriage of justice has been committed because Mr. Dykes Simmons was not tried by a jury.

The Federal Constitution of Mexico provides that in every criminal trial the accused "shall be entitled to a public trial by a judge or jury of citizens," and that the various states may choose between the two systems. Experience has proved that social and other conditions in Mexico make more effective the system of trial by courts of law, whose decisions are reviewed by appeal courts composed of three or more judges. Most states in Mexico, therefore, have adopted this latter system.

Following the appeal, the Constitution provides the means through the writ of *Amparo* to challenge before the Federal Supreme Court the decisions of the local tribunals, even if no question of federal law is involved. Mr. Simmons will be heard and his case studied thoroughly and objectively. Moreover, the Mexican Supreme Court in criminal cases has the power to reverse a decision of any local court even for reasons not spelled out in the complaint. That gives an idea of how liberal our system is.

A person prosecuted for a capital crime faces serious problems. But I do not think it fair to say that because one among almost a million Americans who visit us yearly has gotten into the sad situation in which Mr. Simmons finds himself, other Americans of good behavior should fear they will encounter similar problems.

ANTONIO CARRILLO-FLORES
Ambassador from Mexico
Washington, D.C.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Carroll Baker
from Baby Doll to screen siren

LSD
The weird saga of a drug that distorts the mind

Are women prisoners of their sex?

THE LONG NIGHTMARE OF A POLICE WITNESS

Will McNamara sink the big carriers?

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Blast off

Your new column by Stewart Alsop [AFFAIRS OF STATE, Sept. 28] is excellent. All my reservations about the test-ban treaty were quickly removed by his summarization of the right reasons for signing it and paving the way for further steps to clear the air of radiation particles.

GEORGE A. CAREY
East Providence, R.I.

• To suggest seriously that the President shares Khrushchev's judgment that the Chinese are "maniacs" and must be subjected to nuclear sterilization by the U.S. is to suggest that the White House is being terribly foolish.

EDMUND ZAWACKI
Madison, Wis.

Dear old Golden Rule days

I have just read Carson McCullers's story, SUCKER [Sept. 28], and the idea of one child buying cigarettes for a girl in grade school is the beginning of degeneration. When teen-agers start smoking, the next step is usually drinking. To make fiends out of children is a diabolical thing.

W. HOWARD FISH
Nashville, Tenn.

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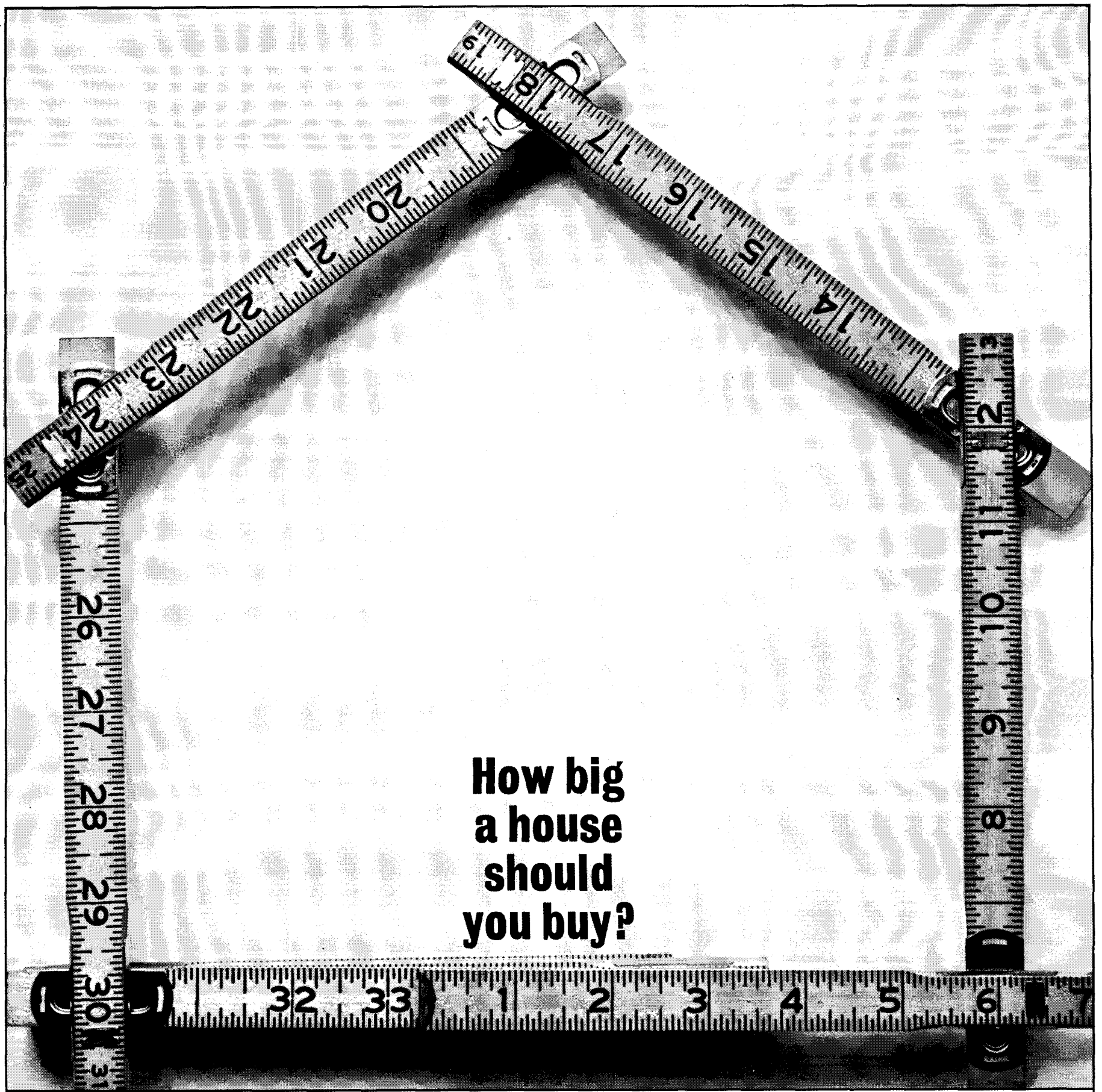

■ What size home will be right for your family? How much should you spend? How much cash is required? And what about future expenses? There are so many questions when you're planning to buy a house. *Do you know how to find the answers?*

In "How Much House Can You Afford?" a booklet specially prepared for New York Life, Arthur M. Watkins meets these various problems head on, and furnishes clear, down-to-earth information for every prospective home buyer.

Look Ahead to the Future. According to Mr. Watkins, also author of "Building or Buying the High Quality House at Lowest Cost" and other books, there are two basic considerations: the size of your family and the size of your income—now and in the years ahead. If your family is still growing, you must be sure the house is large enough, or can be expanded. The author also supplies charts and figures to guide your financial planning, including down payment, monthly costs and operating expenditures.

Facts About Mortgages. Mr. Watkins thoroughly discusses the relative merits of old house vs. new house, and gives pertinent facts on mortgaging: how to tailor a mortgage to your budget, how to save money on total interest charges, how mortgage insurance can enable your family to keep their home should the breadwinner die. Also, he helps you appreciate your home as an investment.

Read this free booklet. Where do you start? Whether or not you use the services of a real estate broker, Mr. Watkins gives a number of helpful pointers on how to search for your own particular "dream house." So the best way to begin is by getting this informative booklet. For your free copy, send the coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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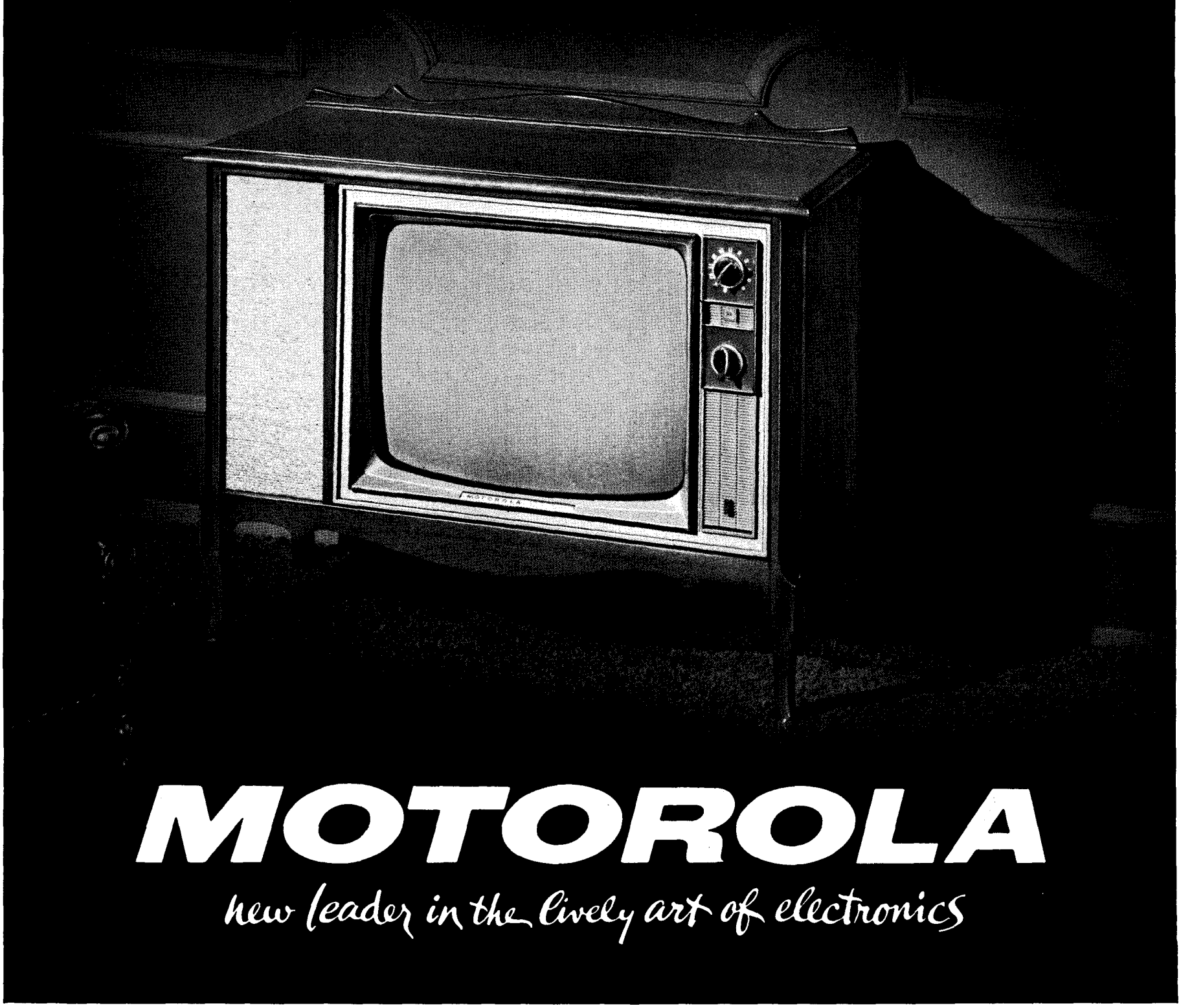

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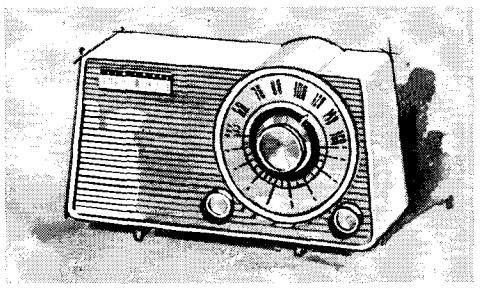
†The manufacturer's suggested list price is $269.95, optional with dealers, slightly higher in some areas. The model shown is 23K124CW. (23″ overall diag. tube meas.; 283 sq. in. picture viewing area.) Stop in and see it at your Motorola dealer's.

Look over the 1964 models of Motorola Table Radios while you're there. The Distantenna model is specially engineered for fringe areas.



MOTOROLA

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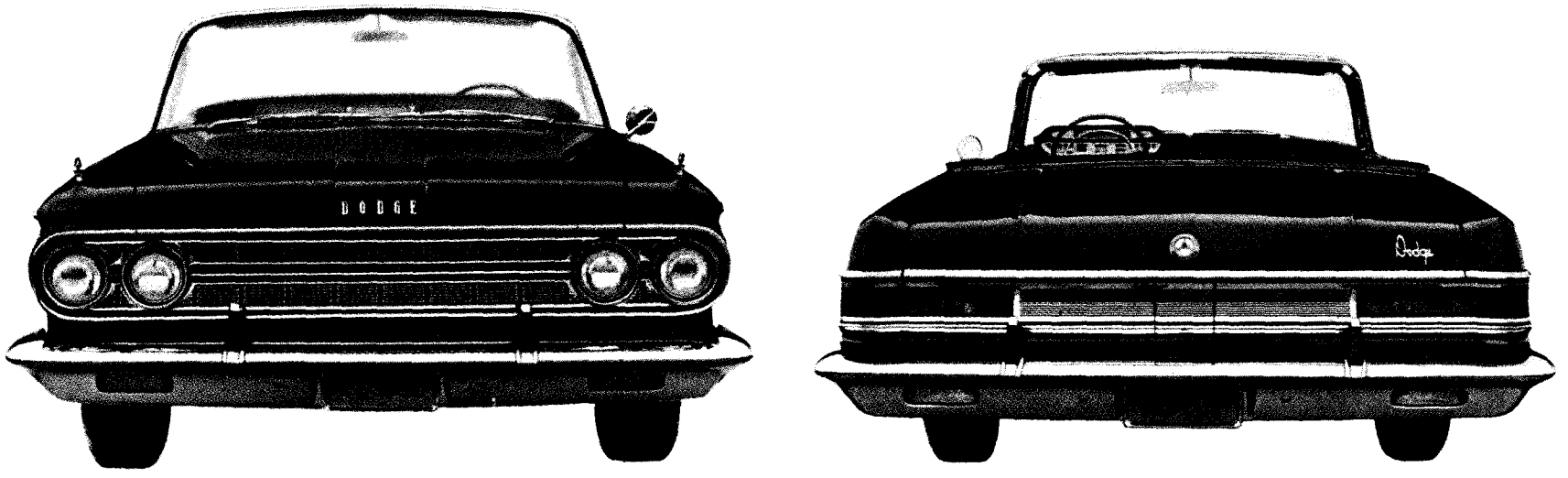
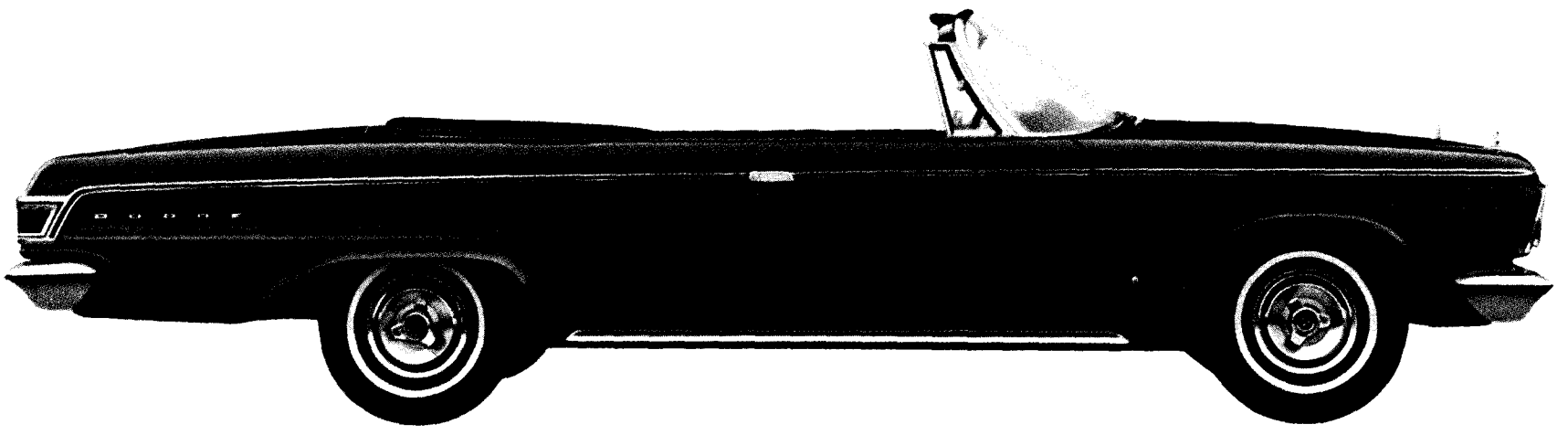


If you think big cars are back in style



you're right

There's a good reason for the resurgence of the big car, and you're looking at three views of it, above. The big new Dodge 880 for '64.

The Dodge 880 gives you what you've been missing in smaller cars. All the stretch-out room you want. A mammoth trunk for your vacation trips. The comfort of chair-high seats (they're upholstered in elegant nylons and saddle-grained vinyls). A reassuring reserve of standard V8 power (on regular gas, too) and a smooth, luxurious ride that only a big car can offer you.

But unlike a lot of the big ones, the 1964 Dodge 880 doesn't give you the business when it comes to buying. It is priced thoughtfully just a step above the low-price field.

The Dodge 880 comes in a full line of cars. Choose from two handsome series—the luxurious Custom 880 and the lower-priced 880 series—and from nine elegant models. Sedans, hardtops, wagons and a convertible. See the big Dodge 880 on display at your dependable Dodge Dealer.

Dodge 880

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SPEAKING OUT

Mr Keats is the author of provocative social commentaries such as *The Crack in the Picture Window* and *The Insolent Chariots* and of the new book *They Fought Alone*. Long a Washington newspaperman, Keats now lives in Philadelphia and is active in local politics.

Stay home and don't vote

By JOHN KEATS

The author attacks the much-publicized notion that everyone should "get out and vote." Pushing Americans to the polls, he says, is both ridiculous and dangerous.

Nothing is more ludicrous than the idea that all citizens must vote. The present fact of the matter is that most Americans should not be allowed within 10 miles of the polling booths this November 5, when they turn out to vote for the usual, faceless gaggle of county assessors, district aldermen and similar satraps. Indeed, if most of us wish to do something for our country, we would do well to stay home and forget about voting.

The trouble is that in a voting booth most of us simply don't know what we're doing. So blindly do we vote, and with such meager information, that the annual march to the polls is far less like Athenian democracy than it is like the lemmings' rush to the sea.

Still, we delude ourselves into thinking that some nobility of mind is to be found among the common people; that each man's vote is—and should be—as important as that of every other man; that to vote is to discharge a sacred trust; that we are derelict in our duty if we do not vote; that there is something wonderfully good about voting because it makes us feel better if we do; that it is the independent voter who, making up his sturdy mind, holds the key to the nation's future. This jumble of begged questions, partial truths and wishful thinking is not only widely believed but foisted off upon We, the People, by every possible means of communication as each campaign draws to a close. We hear it over radio and television; we read it in editorials and junk mail; and just in case someone has failed to get the message by Election Day, it is dinned into our ears by last-minute telephone calls from unknown females whose voices would etch glass. The message is simple: Get out and vote.

Then, with a rather terrifying naïveté, the exhorters add, "*We don't care how* you vote, as long as you do vote." What they pretend to mean is that they don't care which party's candidates we pick. But what they are actually saying is that they don't care what goes on in our heads, if anything, as we pull the lever; the only thing that matters is that we pull the lever. Let us devote a moment of silence to *that* pregnant thought.

Consider John Neighbor, alone in the voting booth. He sees the familiar names of the national candidates. Beneath them is a long list of total strangers who seem to be running for dozens of state and local offices that Mr. Neighbor has never heard of until this moment. At the bottom of the list are three public questions, and Mr. Neighbor is told to vote Yes or No as to whether he believes his city should have a charter government, an elected school board, and an intricate new scheme for funding its public debt. He dimly recalls something about these matters, but cannot remember just what it was. He stares at the ballot for a long moment. He makes his choice between the national candidates. Then, since the rest of the names are meaningless to him, he decides to vote a straight party ticket and hope for the best. He next yanks the Yes levers on the referendum questions because it is always easier for him to say yes than no. He pulls the master lever, and when the curtains fly apart, he walks proudly forth.

Thus John Neighbor performs his sacred duty. Thus he takes his vital part in the dialogue of our times. Thus he requests that he—and you and I—be ruled by men he knows not, of whom he has never heard, who stand for policies of which he, John Neighbor, is absolutely ignorant. And he votes Yes on every debatable question. Is it really our contention that we don't care how John votes, as long as he does?

Come, now. We have examinations for college entrance, for the civil service, for the military. Employers demand credentials of job applicants. In every human endeavor except the governing of our country, we insist that the participants exhibit some sort of competence. Yet we seem willing to entrust the welfare of the nation, in equal shares, to everyone, no matter how ignorant, who has had the good fortune to be born here. In so doing, we are actually saying that uninformed opinions are as valid as any others—a proposition that makes about as much sense as insisting that the vote of some squalid banana republic, or newly emergent nation of huts and witch doctors, should be considered equal to the vote of the United States, or Russia, in the United Nations. This is obviously a high-road to bedlam.

It would seem the path of simple wisdom to require that each voter demonstrate not only English literacy but at least some elementary knowledge of public affairs before we allow him in the polling booth. We should care, and care passionately, how he votes.

Our difficulty stems from a dream that has no basis in fact. The dream envisions an enlightened and well-informed electorate, ready and able to choose among well-defined policies and candidates. The fact is, no such electorate exists. To look to the common man for political wisdom is to suggest that the sheep should advise the shepherd; as De Tocqueville pointed out, a democracy is incapable of excellence. Yet the dream persists; and we fondly imagine that a democracy is able to govern, that we are a democracy, that we are competent to look after ourselves and that we are well informed.

"I read the paper and listen to the speeches on television," one suburban matron said, "and then I go to the League of Women Voters, where they tell you how the candidates voted on things, and what each one said about the issues. Then I talk to my friends over cocktails about how they're voting.

"Oh, all right," she went on, "I suppose you could say all I know is hearsay, but it's better than not knowing anything, isn't it? Of course, in the end I aways vote Democratic—I'm a registered independent—and my husband always votes Republican, so I guess in our family it all cancels out, doesn't it?"

The voice you have just heard is that of a young businesswoman, competent and intelligent in the conduct of her business and in the management of her house and children, better informed than most people, but unfortunately typical in her role as elector. An analysis of her declaration is instructive:

She reads the paper. A newspaper may be helpful, but it is never definitive. Not even *The New York Times* prints all the facts, even if it learns them, and what a reporter chooses not to report may be just as important as what he does report. So, to a great extent, we trust our newspapers to do a certain amount of thinking for us; we trust they have accurately separated the material from the irrelevant. Speaking as a former Washington newspaperman, I must say that is a great deal to take for granted.

She listens to the speeches. A political speech is an act, a pose. It serves to introduce the candidate in person so that he may strike an attitude. We remember his ready grin, his little dog, his head of hair. We sometimes remember his promises when, following his election, the defeated party reminds us that they are yet to be fulfilled.

She goes to the League of Women Voters. Despite their often-infuriating arrogance, and their general air of well-meant but inept busybodyism, the ladies of the League of Women Voters do at least compile records and ask questions. But no one can presume that *how* a man voted on a public issue discloses *why* he did so at that time, nor that his actions in the past are a sure guide to his future actions. Nor can anyone presume that all the ladies' questions are pertinent, nor,

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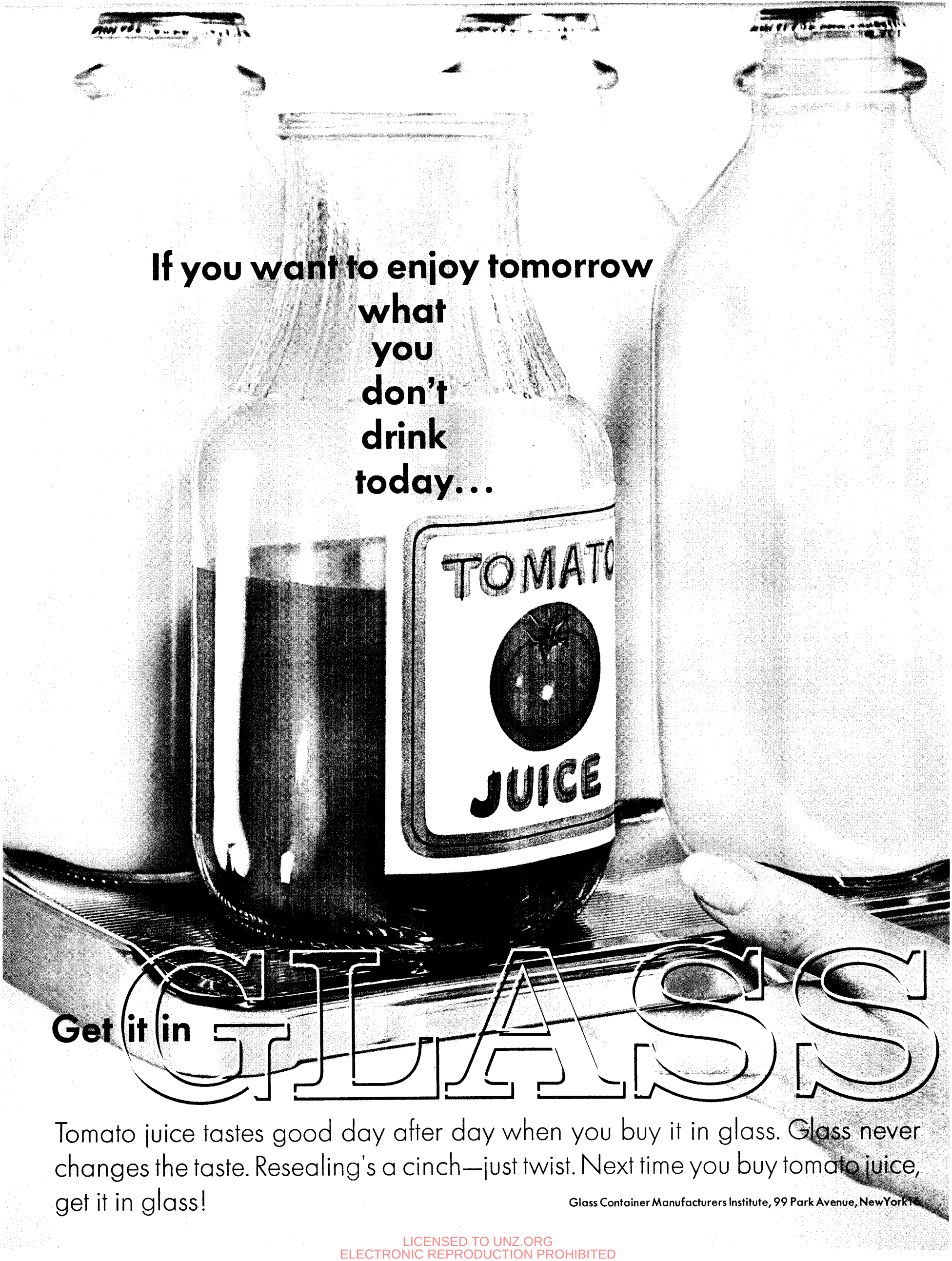

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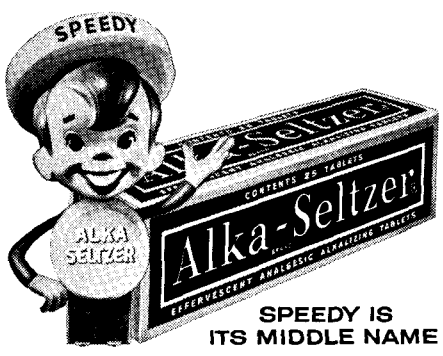


SPEEDY IS ITS MIDDLE NAME

SPEAKING OUT

finally, that the candidate means what he says when he answers them.

For instance, a young man recently ran for office in a major eastern city. He was intelligent, well-meaning, honorable and naïve. But what no one could report, and what no questions could possibly elicit, and what was honestly unknown even to the sterling young candidate himself, was that he was a credulous puppet in the hands of a cynical district committeeman who could persuade the young man that night was day.

She believes that knowing something is better than knowing nothing. Not always.

In the end, she always votes Democratic. All that investigation and deliberation and she always ends up voting for the same party? Whom is she kidding?

She is an independent voter. To a professional politician, "independent" voting is waste motion. One political leader in Pennsylvania said that, although in a close election the independent vote could be decisive, nevertheless it is normally meaningless. He depreciated the idea that matters of importance could be decided upon rationally by independents, because independents are by definition political outsiders. All the independent knows about the candidates is hearsay, and what he hears is chiefly what the parties tell the public. Worse, said the politician, the independent voter is prone to act on sheer whim. There are reasons to believe the politician is right:

"I didn't want a general in the White House, but I couldn't vote for a smart aleck," one building contractor said. "Stevenson was just too smart."

"I don't know anything about Nixon, you understand, but he just didn't *look* honest," a lawyer said, forgetting whatever he might have learned about the rule of evidence. "And I couldn't vote for Kennedy because he was a Catholic."

"I voted for Eisenhower because I thought it was high time we had a man in office who wasn't a politician," another independent voter said, nodding vigorously to show he had said something sensible. Presumably this man would not engage a jockey to paint his house or a house painter to ride his race horse, yet he was quite content to imagine that someone with no experience in national politics was ideally equipped to guide the destiny of a nation.

Nearly all of those who are registered as Republicans or Democrats are simply rubber stamps. They do not attend party meetings but turn out on Election Day to vote straight tickets—a practice that is the denial of everything a democracy is supposed to mean. Together with the witless independents, they serve the nation in much the same sense that the *Reichstag* served Hitler, or the crowd in the forum served Caesar.

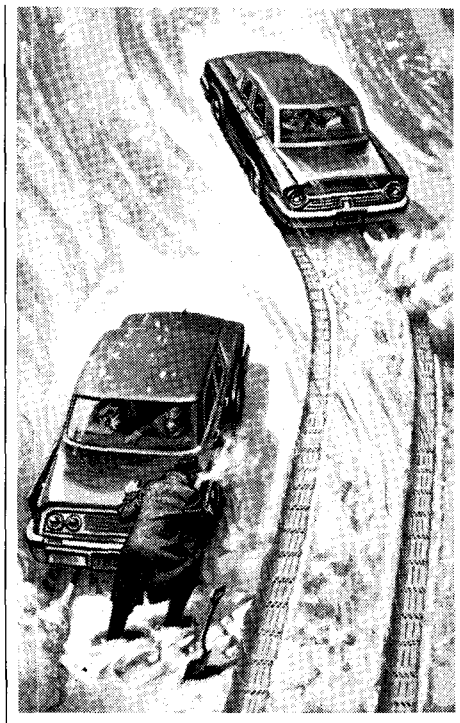
In this dreary context, the Distinguished Service Cross should be awarded to the Maryland housewife who told me frankly that she does not vote and does not intend to do so. She says that her full time and attention are devoted to her children and to her duties on her local school board. She correctly argues that politics is a full-time job in itself. To vote intelligently, she says, you must know what the politicians know: the location of buried bodies, who means *this* when he says *that*, the real rather than the ostensible differences in the policies of the contending parties. Only then, she says, can you cast a vote on behalf of the men most likely to achieve some approximation of their stated aims. She completely understands that politics is the art of the possible; that it is sometimes necessary for an honorable President to stoop to do a favor for the most repulsive of county bosses if he, the President, would accomplish some larger purpose. Since she believes that she has neither the time nor the talents necessary to undertake a deep study of local, much less national, politics, she wisely stays home on Election Day. It is the sincere conviction of this young woman that anyone who says he's for or against something without knowing why is a plain fool.

This nation is not, and never was, a democracy. It is a kind of oligarchy, wherein leaders are chosen largely by the select few—within the parties. Elections are merely opportunities for the general public to state, at regular intervals, whether it has enjoyed what has just happened to it. To be sure, there is some good in mass voting, because it creates some sense of involvement, however synthetic. Also, so long as there are two or more candidates, any possibility of choice tends to keep politicians a bit more on their toes than they might otherwise be. Unfortunately, mass voting is always dangerous when it is uninformed, for the effects of a public landslide into error can be catastrophic.

Turn the rascals out

Therefore, limiting the electorate to those who exhibit some sort of competence for the task, thereby elevating suffrage from the category of a right to that of a privilege, seems a logical step. Logical, but not likely. Still, despair is not in order. Though you deplore the smothering of your vote by the votes of the uninformed, there is another way you can act meaningfully for good government. Our oligarchy, after all, is open-ended; anyone who wants to can join a party and work to influence the oligarchs, if not succeed them. Through actual participation in party councils, you can best help expel the louts who infest government on all levels, join the real debates of policy and assist in the selection of national candidates. Obviously, not so many of us want to go so deeply into politics that the entire nation will become a land of ward heelers, nor is it practical to suggest that great numbers of us should. The point is simply that the way is open if you wish to take it. In that sense we are a free nation.

Indeed, if you are outraged by the way this country is being run by the present oligarchs, honor demands that you go into politics yourself. If you argue that you are outraged but don't want to make the effort to throw the rascals out because you are too busy being a carpenter or a fishing guide or a neurosurgeon or a house detective, then for goodness' sake shut up and take exactly the kind of government you deserve. If, like most of us, you are not outraged but are merely interested in politics to some point short of party participation, you at least must make some honest effort to discover what you can of issues, policies and candidates, and have the simple courage to refuse to vote if it is clear to you that you don't really know who these people are, or what they're talking about. There is never virtue in not knowing what you're doing, and if you don't know, it would be a kindness to us all if you stayed home on Election Day. THE END



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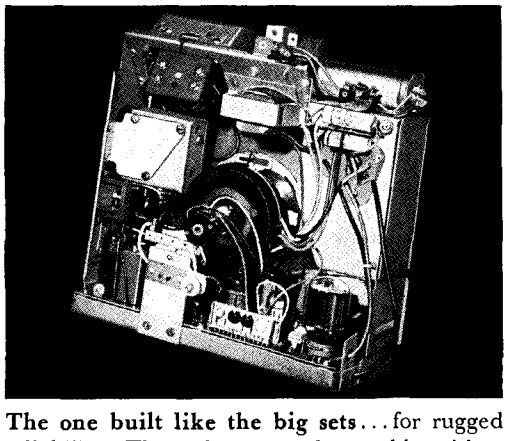

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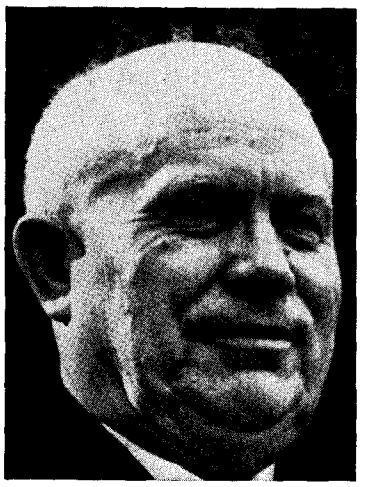
The madness of Mao Tse-tung

China's Mao

WASHINGTON: The State Department recently received from the American Embassy in Stockholm a message which at first seems amusing, and then gives rise to sober second thoughts. It seems that the Chinese Communist ambassador in Sweden, Mr. Tung Yueh-chien, has conveyed certain important assurances to the Swedish government. The ambassador solemnly promised that if Sweden is attacked by the Soviet Union, China will instantly come to Sweden's aid.

A good laugh is at a premium in the State Department these days, and the message received wide circulation and caused many chuckles. The idea of China rushing to Sweden's aid in the extremely unlikely event of a Soviet attack is ludicrous on the face of it, for geographic if no other reasons. But when you think about it, the laughable little episode has its unamusing side. For it has an uncomfortably lunatic quality.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk recently remarked wryly at a meeting of his top aides that perhaps what the world really needed was a sort of global psychiatrist. The psychiatrist certainly would not lack for clients, West as well as East. But surely the outstanding candidate for his attentions would be Mao Tse-tung's China.



Russia's Khrushchev

American visitors to Moscow who have raised the delicate subject of Chinese-Russian relations have received the same response, from Nikita Khrushchev on down—a shrug of the shoulders, a raising of the eyebrows and the remark that unfortunately the Chinese comrades "seem to have gone crazy." In fact, the Russians have made no secret at all about their conviction that Mao is mad.

Divorce from reality is the chief clinical symptom of insanity, and the voluminous Soviet charges against the Chinese leadership abound in phrases like "a policy divorced from life," "out of touch with the realities" and "shut off from the world by some sort of blinders." The Chinese are pictured as wishing to "draw the Soviet Union with them down the road of madness."

Some of the evidence that the Chinese are on "the road of madness" has, like the Chinese ambassador's offer to the Swedes, a demented quality. For example, there was the hassle a few weeks ago at a Soviet railway station on the Chinese border, when a trainload of Chinese were turned back for trying to smuggle anti-Soviet propaganda into Russia.

The Chinese promptly took over the train and the station. And according to the Soviet account, in a concerted gesture of disrespect, they committed "unpardonable indecencies" on the station platform, in the full view of shocked Soviet citizens. There is a special looniness, surpassing the most imaginative flights of Evelyn Waugh's fancy, about this commission of a mass public nuisance as an instrument of international diplomacy.

But there is also a bone-chilling quality about the higher-level Chinese looniness, as described by the Soviets. The Chinese leaders, at a Moscow meeting, are pictured as placidly discussing an interesting ideological question with the horrified Russians. Must half the population of the world die in a thermonuclear holocaust before global Communism is achieved? Or will a third suffice?

Most bone-chilling of all is a little scene in which the chief figure is Mao Tse-tung himself. Mao is pictured by the Soviets as remarking regretfully to a Czech delegation—rather in the manner of the Carpenter to the oysters in *Alice*—that it is sad that Czechoslovakia will doubtless have to be obliterated before Communism triumphs; but that the benefit to humanity will be worth the sacrifice.

But in some ways the most convincing evidence that the Chinese leaders have "lost touch with reality" is the Soviet version of planning for the "great leap forward" in the late 1950's.

For example, according to the Chinese plans, steel production was to be increased in five years from five million tons a year to eighty million tons—about the then current American level of production. By any rational standards at all, this was the sheerest moonshine. Yet the Chinese had so successfully deluded themselves that they bitterly resented it when the Soviets suggested that such plans might be impractical.

No doubt allowance should be made for Soviet distortions and exaggerations. But the American experts agree that what the Soviets have revealed about the megalomania and irrationality of their erstwhile comrades is true in substance. And there is plenty of independent supporting evidence of irrationality, like the Stockholm episode.

In fact, it is not necessary to be Mr. Rusk's global psychiatrist to understand why the Chinese leaders "seem to have gone crazy." After they had seized and consolidated power in China—with no help from the Russians or anyone else—a certain *folie de grandeur* was inevitable. Overnight China was to become a great industrial and atomic power. The "sleeping giant," in Napoleon's phrase, was to awaken and "shake the world."

Now these dreams have turned to dust. China is isolated. The Soviet allies have been wholly alienated, and so have the Indians, previously China's most useful apologists in Asia. The drive to industrialize China has ignominiously collapsed, the commune system has had to be abandoned, and misery stalks the land. As this reporter's brother recently reported from Hong Kong, the Chinese Communists have "brought China to a worse pass than China has ever experienced."

Mr. Rusk's global psychiatrist would not be surprised that such hideous frustrations should lead to irrationality. The madness in Peking is a fact—and a fact of world significance—but there are two schools of thought about its meaning.

One school holds that Mao Tse-tung may be genuinely insane, in the sense that Hitler was insane, or Stalin in his final paranoiac years. In that case China's future course is wholly unpredictable. A full-scale invasion of India, for example, is possible, and even an attack on the Soviet Union itself is not to be ruled out.

The other school holds that the Communist Chinese leadership is irrational only to a point, and that the point is reached when the regime itself is endangered. Adherents of this school argue that Peking has always pulled back, as in the offshore-islands crisis or the fighting in India, before risking a direct confrontation with the United States.

But one conclusion can certainly be drawn from all the evidence that the Chinese leaders have "gone crazy." To permit these men to get their hands on even a limited nuclear capability would be an act of supreme folly. Fortunately this conclusion appears to have been reached in Moscow as well as in Washington. THE END

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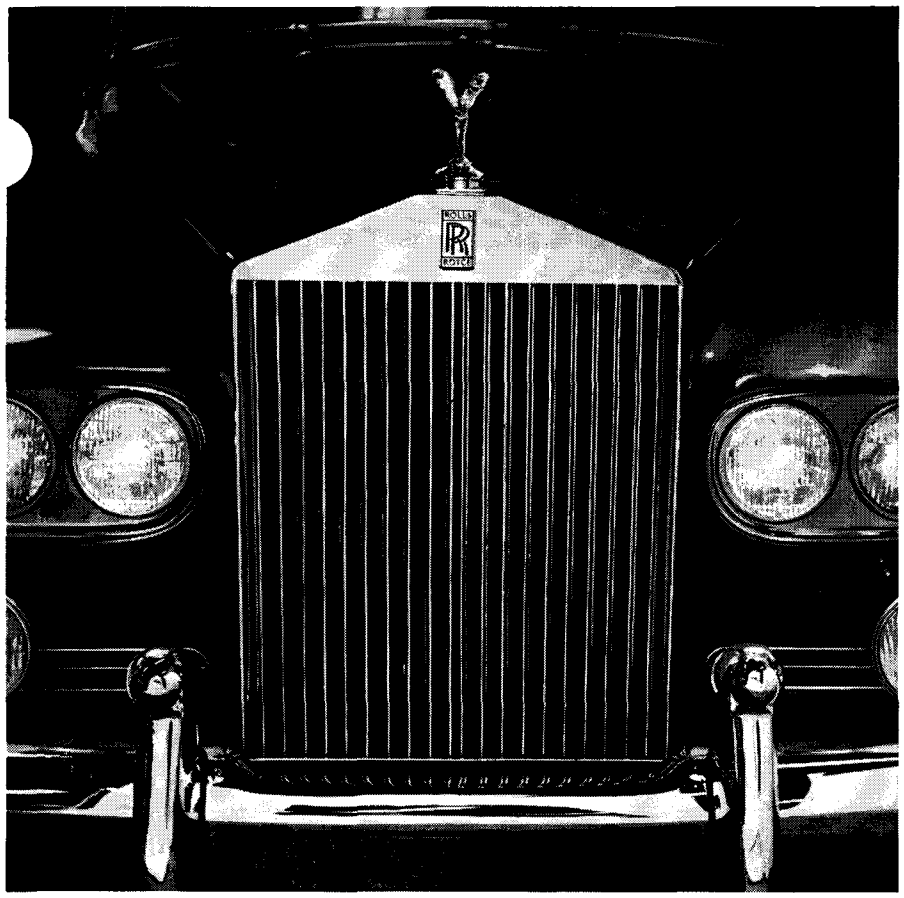

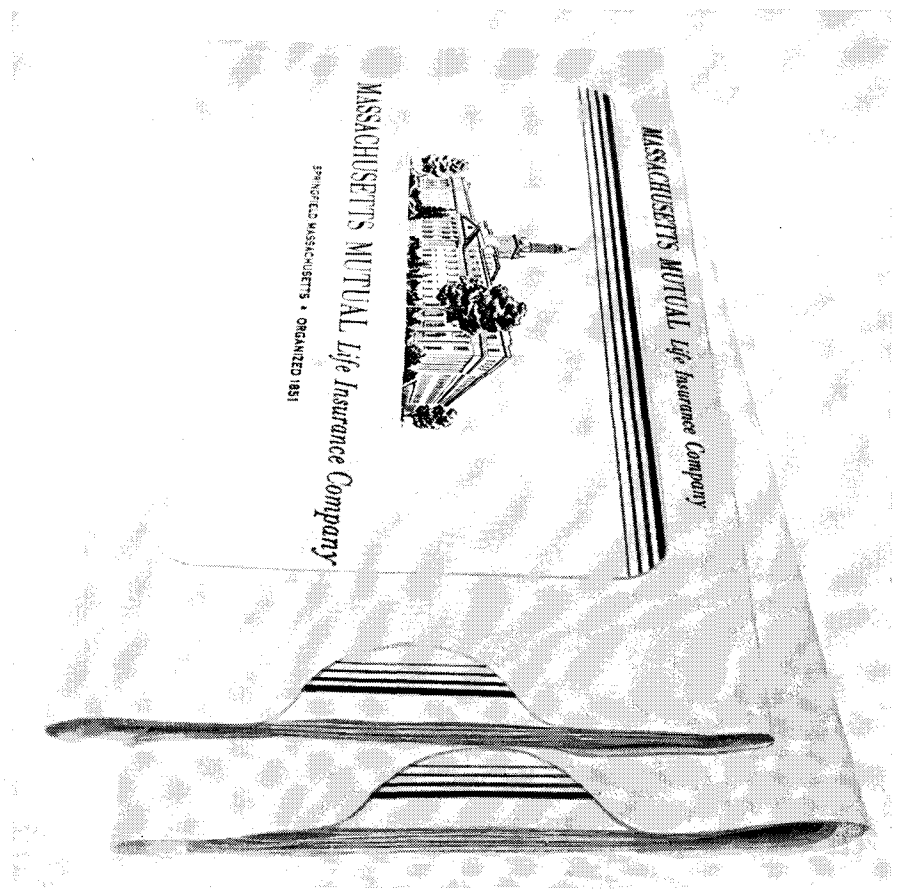
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Front to rear: Fleetside model pickup, C80 chassis-cab, Suburban Carryall with 4-wheel drive

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INFORMATION FOR OWNERS OF OLDER TRUCKS ABOUT

CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR '64

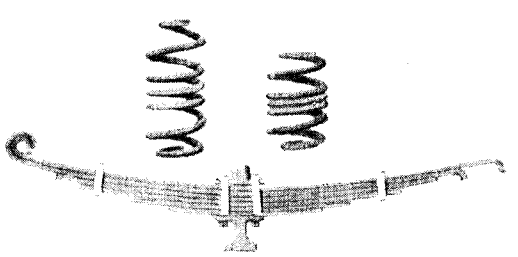
This is a lot more truck than your money bought the last time. Read about some of the things Chevrolet has done to give you more value for practically the same money!

Double-wall construction—This feature of Chevrolet cabs and the Fleetside pickup body has two advantages. We put insulation and sound-deadening material between the two layers of steel which gives you a more comfortable cab; and the inner wall of the pickup body acts as a buffer against load damage.

Cab door openings are larger this year; getting in and out is easier.

Front ends and treads of some medium- and heavy-duty models are much narrower. You have better forward visibility. It's easier to maneuver in tight spots.

Suspension to fit the truck—You get a much better ride in every size Chevrolet truck today than you used to. Instead of making one type of suspension system do for the

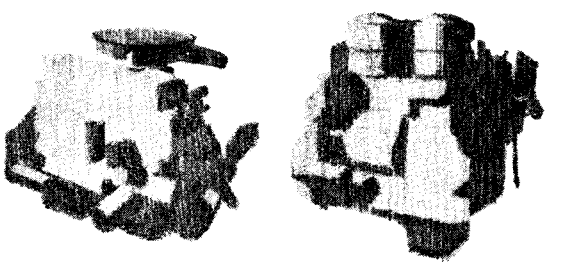


whole truck line, we now have different types and combinations of springing designed for your particular needs.

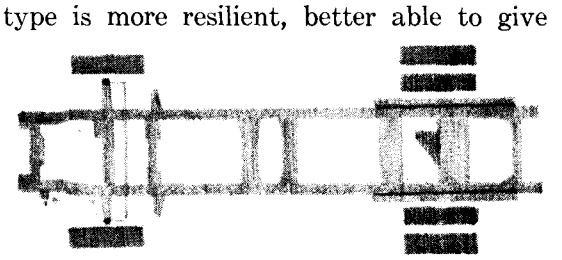
Conventional half- and three-quarter-ton models have independent front suspension with variable pitch coils in the rear. Variable pitch coils do not "bottom out" as readily.

Mediums and heavies have I-beam suspension with variable-rate leaf springs. This variable-rate leaf-type suspension automatically stiffens as the load increases—and vice versa. It means a smoother, flatter ride regardless of load, a better handling truck.

The right engine—Chevrolet has been building truck engines since 1918 but never has it been in better position to give you the type and size you need for maximum efficiency. Today there are many different capacities of gasoline and diesel Chevrolet truck engines —fours, sixes, V8's.



Stronger frames—Every conventional 1964 Chevrolet truck has a ladder-type frame. Formerly used on heavier trucks only, this type is more resilient, better able to give



with the load and terrain, to stand up under stress. Its simple design also makes it easier to mount special bodies on the truck. Its riveted side rails are stronger.

Greater model selection—This time you're going to find it a simple matter to pick the exact type of Chevrolet truck for the kind of work you do. In delivery trucks, for instance, in addition to regular panels and pickups, we have eleven different sizes of ready-made walk-in vans, some with full-width rear doors.

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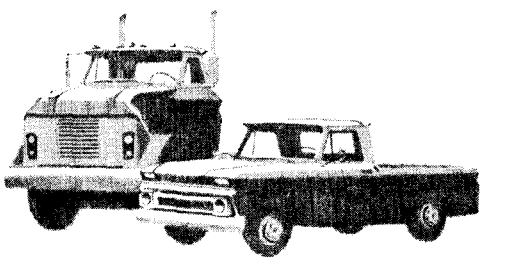

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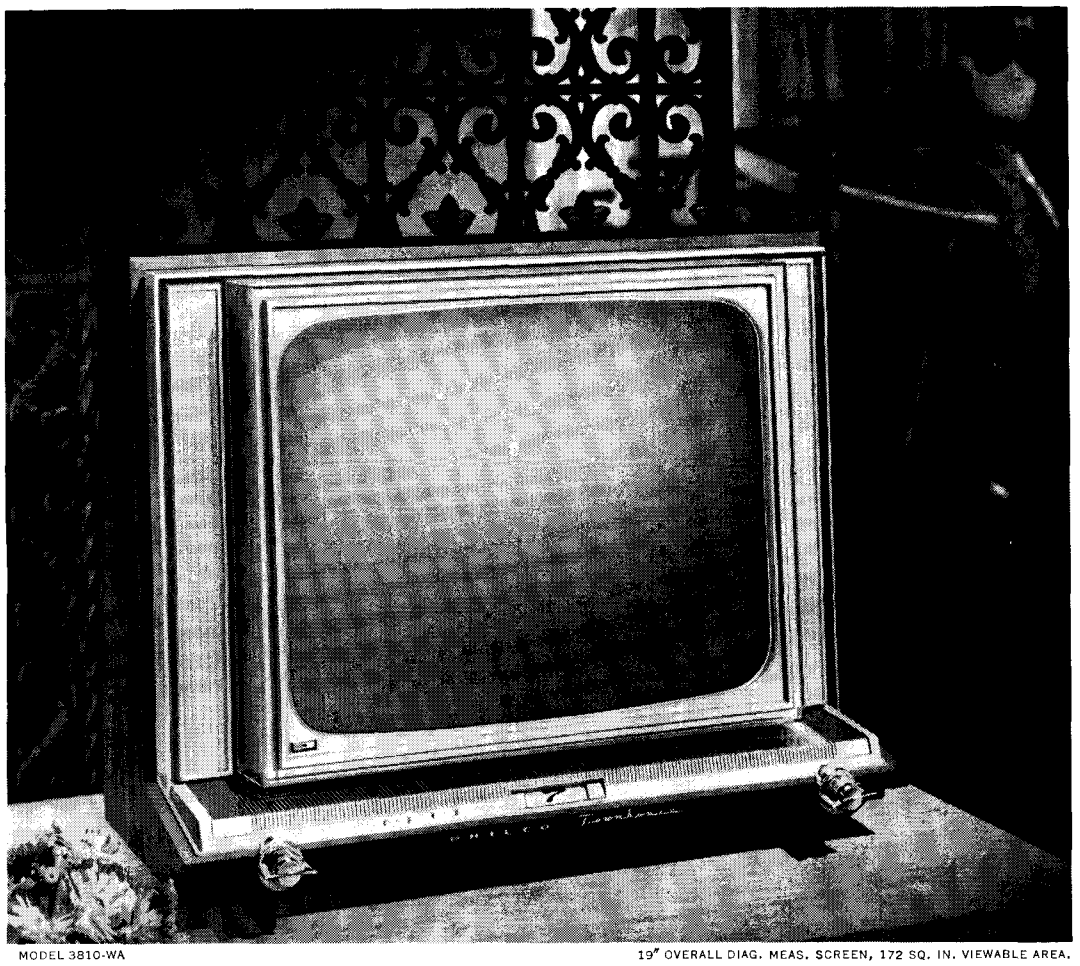

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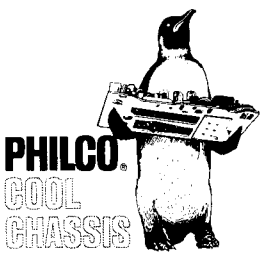

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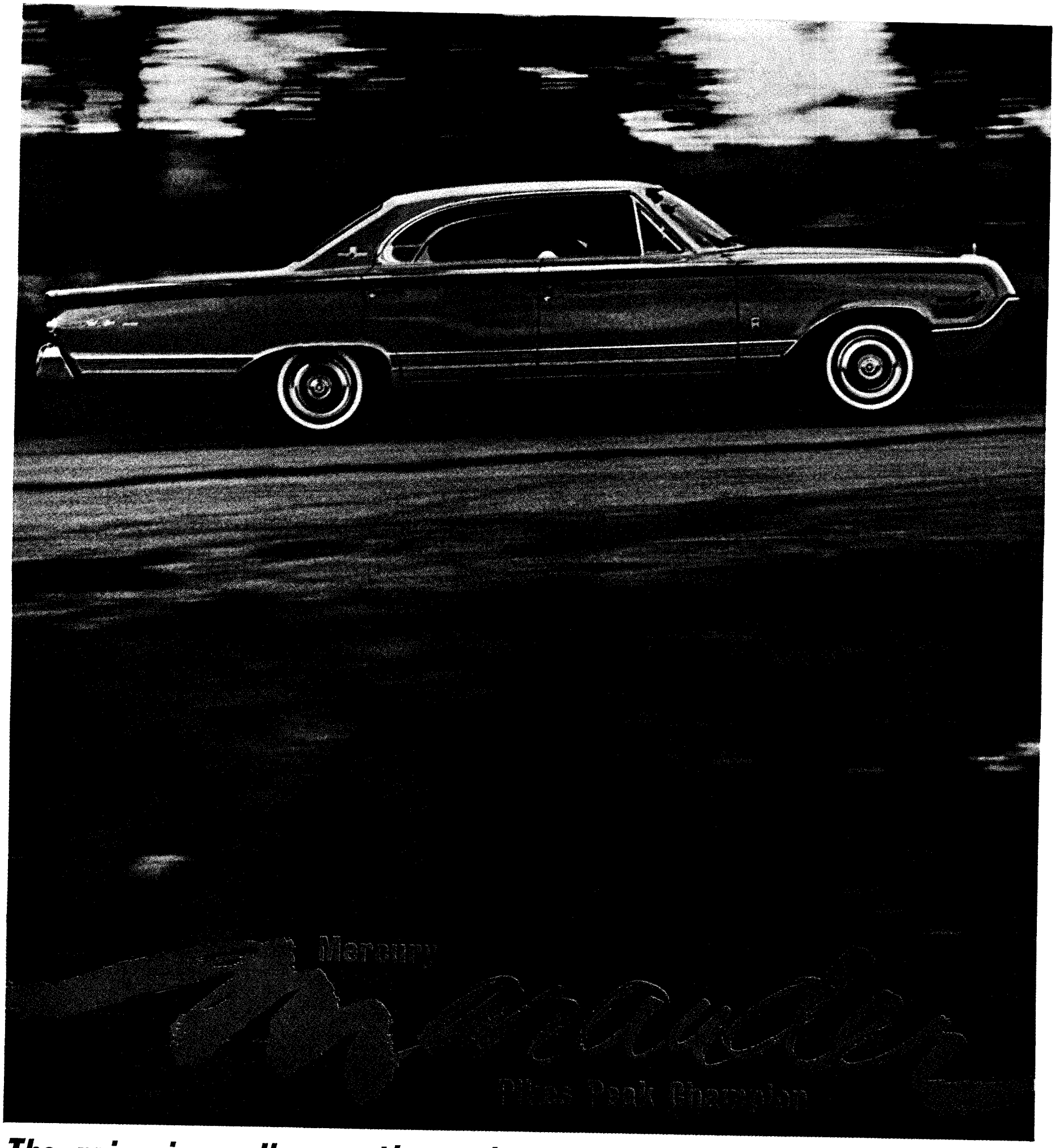

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Many Catholics wonder: Are parochial schools obsolete?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

The crisis in Catholic schools

Swamped with pupils but short of teachers and money, Catholic schools now face a difficult future.

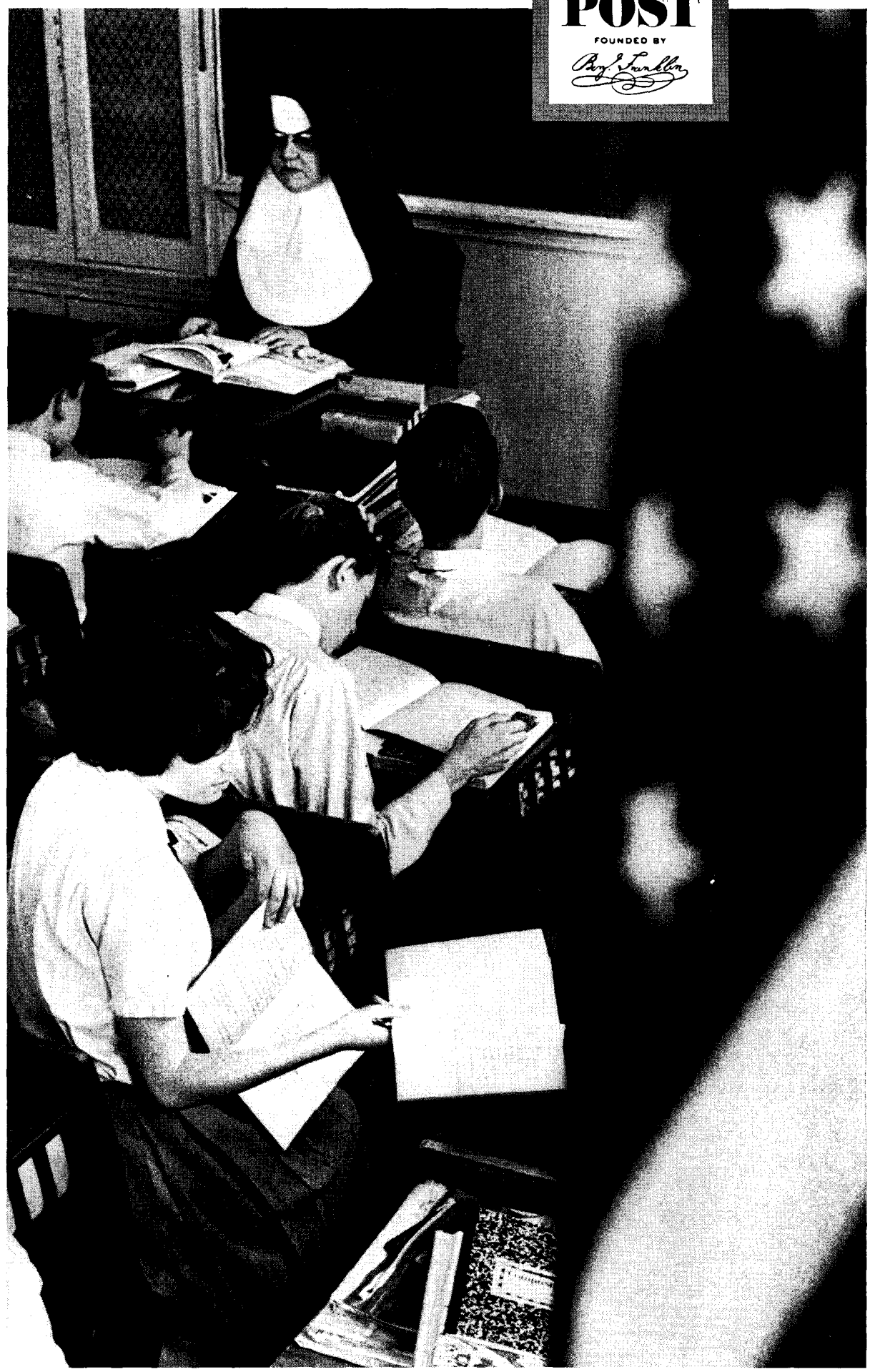
By Thomas J. Fleming

One of the most serious problems facing American education—and one of the least appreciated—is the crisis today confronting the nation's Roman Catholic schools. Staggering under an avalanche of children and buffeted by sharply increasing costs, the parochial-school system is showing alarming symptoms of potential collapse.

This is not a problem that concerns Catholics alone, for these schools carry a heavy share of the total educational load—a burden that, but for them, would be shunted to the already hard-pressed public-school system. Catholic schools currently enroll one of every nine American schoolchildren—up from one in 20 in 1900—for a total of more than 5.5 million. Merely to maintain this network of schools costs an estimated $1.5 billion a year.

This immense system is the result of almost 100 years of school building, and its emotional roots run deep into most Catholics' lives. It was created because the public schools of the 19th century were overwhelmingly Protestant in their religious orientation, and Catholics felt they must have their own schools to protect their children's

Photography by Charles Harbutt



At St. Gabriel's in Chicago, Sister Mary Ruth Francis teaches 48 eighth-graders.

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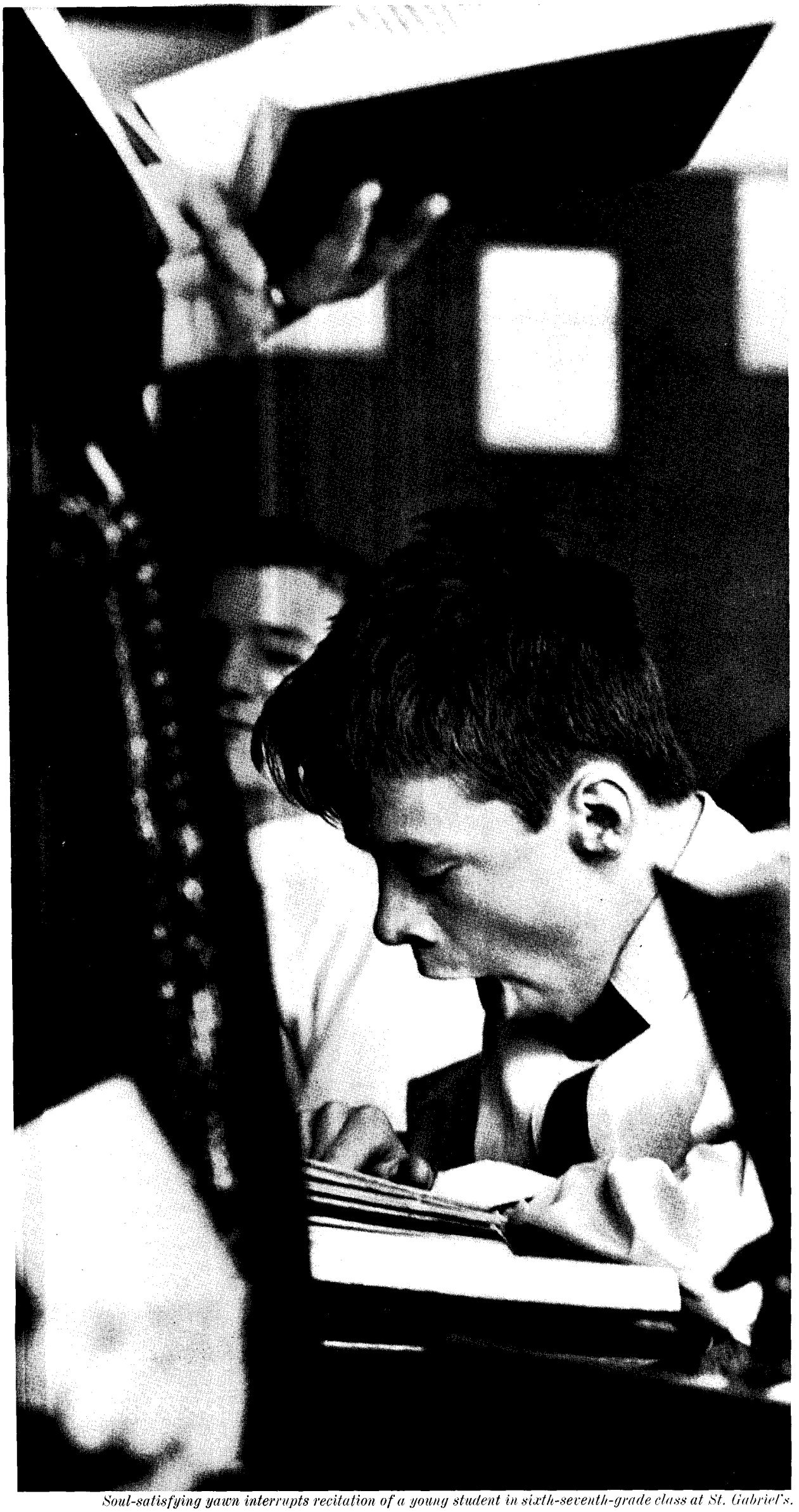

Soul-satisfying yawn interrupts recitation of a young student in sixth-seventh-grade class at St. Gabriel's.

religious heritage. Before the turn of the century the American bishops in Plenary Council decreed that the first concern of every parish must be the building of a parochial school—and in most dioceses this is still common practice.

In these schools there is a constant emphasis on religion. In addition to half an hour of formal religious instruction each morning, there are references to Catholicism wound through almost every subject. An arithmetic problem, for instance, might read, "If a priest saves 800 souls from Purgatory with one Mass, how many will he save with 20 Masses?"

This religious emphasis is important to Catholic parents. But in spite of its size, the parochial-school system can accommodate fewer than half the Catholic children in the country. Furthermore, the proportion of Catholics in public schools seems destined to grow, for the parochial schools are caught in a tightening financial squeeze.

There are two main causes of this squeeze. One is the postwar baby boom, which has prompted Catholics to build schools at a frantic pace. The burden of financing new parochial schools, while simultaneously paying sky-high public-school taxes—especially in the suburbs—has many parents reeling. A Catholic who recently moved to Scarsdale, N.Y., said, "I took one look at the new million-and-a-half-dollar parochial school the parish had just built, and a second look at my property taxes, and put my kids into public school. I just can't pay off the house and that school too. Besides, the parochial school is so crowded my kids will get a better education in the public school."

The second cause of the financial squeeze is an acute shortage of vocations to the religious orders that once staffed Catholic schools. In Franklin Park, N.J., the Catholic pastor built a new parochial school and found to his horror that he could not get a single nun to teach in it. He scoured the United States in vain, and finally persuaded some Irish nuns to come over and do the job. But the Irish nuns disliked the somewhat makeshift convent he provided for them, and went home. The frantic pastor eventually persuaded a group of American nuns to take charge, on the condition that he surrender his large and well-furnished rectory for their quarters. "It's the only convent in the country," one parishioner remarked, "with a built-in bar and steam room."

Because of the shortage in the religious orders, there has been a great increase in the use of lay teachers in Catholic schools. Nearly a third of the 168,022 teachers in these schools are now lay people, and a report of the National Catholic Welfare Conference predicts that by 1971 lay teachers will outnumber the religious. And although the salary scale for these teachers rarely tops $4,000 even in affluent New York (in contrast to a range of $4,800 to $8,300 for public-school teachers), their constantly increasing numbers have sent costs still higher.

Suburban pastors are being forced to charge higher and higher tuition for lay-staffed schools. Msgr. James G. Dowling, superintendent of schools for the Diocese of Monterey-Fresno, reports that this fall, tuition in his schools ranges from $50 to $150 a year on the elementary level,

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"The average American Catholic is becoming weary of separatism and suspicion."

and from $100 to $250 per year in high schools. "In no case," he adds, "is tuition sufficient. From 50 to 75 percent of church offerings are necessary to subsidize our parochial schools." In Fairfax, Va., the pastor of St. Leo's parish recently gave up the struggle and eliminated the first four grades of his school altogether. In Westchester County, N.Y., some pastors are charging as much as $500 "entrance fees" for children from outside the parish. Msgr. John J. Haverty, archdiocesan superintendent of schools, admits that the regulation limiting charges to five dollars per month is being tacitly ignored in dozens of parishes. "What else can a pastor do," he says, "when he looks at his books and sees the bills coming due at the end of each month?" In Washington, D.C., Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt, genial executive secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, reported, "Most dioceses have exhausted their reserve funds. They can no longer borrow from diocesan funds to build schools or run them. They must now go to the banks."

Success despite agonies

In spite of this financial agony, some Catholic schools are doing a good job. In Boston, 54 percent of the boys and girls in grade 10 have been proved by tests to be "able," whereas on a national basis only 30 percent of high-school students are in this category. Some 32 percent of eighth-grade pupils made the able category, 10 percent above the national norm. In New York, 42 parochial schools are teaching French and Spanish in the elementary grades. Catholic-high-school seniors annually win about 15 percent of the New York State Regents college scholarships.

But the overall quality of the education is, in the opinion of many observers, on a downward curve. The Rev. Albert Koob, associate secretary of the National Catholic Educational Association, said recently in a speech to Catholic teachers, "We cannot go on starting new schools, if it means unqualified teachers, failure to retire those who are beyond the peak and in general doing a poorer job than we ought to be doing." The growth of schools based on the teachings of Maria Montessori (over 50 established schools and 38 study groups) has been due largely to Catholic backing, and while minuscule compared to the size of the parochial-school system, the "Montessori method's" popularity has been attributed to the dissatisfaction many Catholics feel with the overcrowded mass-production education their children are receiving.

In St. Louis, Joseph Cardinal Ritter has ordered a halt in all school construction until the present schools are adequately staffed and classes reduced to 49 or fewer pupils. (The average public-school class size is 26.)

One solution to the problems besetting Catholic education, a solution currently being pressed by Catholics in an unprecedented campaign across the nation, is the use of state and federal funds for parochial schools. Last year's comprehensive five-billion-dollar federal-aid bill made no provision for parochial schools, and was therefore condemned by the Catholic bishops. This year's aid bill has received similar treatment for the same reason. Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York has declared, "If the Administration's desires should become factual, that means the end of our [parochial] schools. . . . We cannot compete with the Federal Government's support and subsidy of the public schools."

But the demand by Catholics for government aid is raising more problems than it solves. It has aroused violent opposition from an enormous number of Americans, including Protestants, Jews and the religiously neutral. Some Catholics—including President Kennedy—also oppose it as unconstitutional. Last year the Catholic demand for help was one of the main reasons for the defeat of the Administration's desperately needed federal-aid bill, and this year there is every sign that the deadlock will be repeated.

On February 8, 1963, the leaders of 21 American educational organizations gathered in Washington in an effort to avert such a deadlock. The National Educational Association, recognized voice for the public elementary and secondary schools, and the American Council on Education, spokesman for the American colleges and universities, had called the meeting to discuss with representatives of the Roman Catholic Church the possibility of a truce on the present federal-aid bill, which gives Catholic colleges some indirect federal aid, but provides no assistance for the elementary and high schools.

"We were willing and even anxious to discuss possible compromises," said William G. Carr, executive secretary of the N.E.A. But the meeting never reached such a conciliatory point. Msgr. Francis Hurley of the National Catholic Welfare Conference arose and told the group that in any consideration of federal aid to education, the N.C.W.C., speaking for the Roman Catholic bishops, is going to insist that a parochial school be treated exactly as a public school. "According to him," Carr said, "there was not a gnat's eyebrow of difference between them."

In many places around the nation this demand for government aid has passed the talking stage. In St. Louis, Mo., a militant, Catholic-dominated organization known as Citizens for Educational Freedom (C.E.F.) is agitating for changes in state constitutions to permit tax support for parochial schools—and endorsing only those candidates who will vote the organization's way. In New York State, C.E.F. leaders recently claimed to have decisively influenced eight out of 10 elections in which they participated. An equally militant group on the other side, Protestants and Other Americans United (P.O.A.U.), stands ready to shower any city or state with movies, pamphlets, speeches and lawsuits, the moment Catholics seek any kind of public aid for their schools.

In a half dozen states from Alaska to Vermont, Protestants and Jews have recently battled

Children from St. Gabriel's line up in the street before marching back to class after their lunch recess.

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"One third of the bishops are against federal aid."

Catholics in the courts over bus transportation, textbooks and tax-paid tuitions to parochial schools. Oregon's Supreme Court last year reversed a 20-year pattern and ruled state payment for parochial-school textbooks unconstitutional.

But the prime example of conflict on the local level is Wilton, Conn. Until 1962 the 3,000 children in this upper-middle-income suburb went to five public elementary schools, considered among the best in the state. Then the pastor of Our Lady of Fatima Roman Catholic Church built a parochial school and demanded free bus transportation for its 700 pupils. Under Connecticut law this had to be decided by a local referendum. Before anyone knew what was happening, peaceful Wilton was torn by religious animosity.

Letters appeared in the local paper denouncing Catholic "raids" on the public treasury. Words like "bigot" and "un-American" were flung back and forth. In the first referendum the Catholics lost, 1,189 to 750. Bitter and determined, they demanded another election eight months later, and this time lost by a two-to-one margin. "Wilton will never be the same," one resident said. "I never knew what church anyone belonged to before this. Now next-door neighbors have stopped speaking to each other. Kids don't play with those 'others' down the block. It's a nightmare."

Wilton is a miniature sample of what can happen throughout America if the nation's 40 million Catholics continue on a collision course with the rest of the country by demanding tax support for their parochial schools. "I have never seen the religious scene so dark," says Dr. Lewis Webster Jones, president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. "This school issue is poisoning interfaith relations. We seem to be on dead center, with neither side willing to give an inch."

Many Catholics don't seem to realize the mass of power arrayed against them. At last year's 31st general assembly of the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, 1,200 delegates representing 217 groups voted unanimously to oppose federal aid to religious education. The National Council of the Churches of Christ, representing 31 major Protestant and Orthodox denominations with a total membership of more than 40 million, has repeatedly gone on record as opposing all forms of aid to church-related schools. The National Education Association, representing 812,497 public-school teachers and administrators, the National Parent-Teachers Association, with 13 million members, and the small but powerful Council of Chief State School Officers have all voted overwhelmingly against federal aid to private schools.

Catholics have evolved two answers to this opposition. One is what a former staff member of the National Catholic Welfare Conference calls "the muscle approach." This means that Catholics will wreck any proposal for federal aid until they get a piece of it. They have the power to do this, but it would give the rest of the country the unpleasant picture of Catholic legislators voting the way their bishops tell them to vote, something they have scrupulously avoided doing in the past. "No matter how you add it up," the former N.C.W.C. staff member said, "Catholics are still only twenty-three percent of the population. They like to talk down at the N.C.W.C. about how we predominate in the twenty largest cities. But what does that mean? Cities aren't states. We just aren't big enough to push the rest of the country around—and I don't think we should try it if we were."

The second answer is the philosophical approach. Catholics have culled opinions from a number of prominent non-Catholic authorities, such as Wilber G. Katz, former dean of the University of Chicago Law School; Arthur E. Sutherland, professor of law at Harvard University; Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago; and C. Clyde Atkins, president of the Florida Bar Association, declaring that some form of federal aid to Catholic schools is constitutional. But for every such authority Catholics manage to muster, the opposition can cite 10 who insist that such aid is unconstitutional.

Obviously, what Catholics must do to validate their claims is prove that parochial schools are *necessary*. Fifty years ago, even 25, it was easy enough to show such a need. These were the days when Catholic children were beaten or expelled from public schools for refusing to read from the King James Bible. A noted Protestant minister publicly exulted, "The Bible and the common school are the two stones of the mill that will grind Catholicity out of the Catholics."

Public schools during their early years were militantly Protestant. But this is no longer true, except in a few isolated rural areas, most of them in the South. Today's public schools lean over backward to avoid offending any religious group, and there are few Catholic complaints about discrimination in the public schools. Rather, Catholics argue that today's public school, in attempting to please everyone, is "godless." This word covers a lot of ground. Sometimes it is used to describe the lack of formal religious instruction in public schools. When the Supreme Court recently banned Bible reading and official prayers, many Catholics were quick to lament that now the public schools would be more "godless" than ever.

But to Msgr. O'Neil D'Amour, assistant director of the National Catholic Educational Association, the issue goes deeper. "The public-school administrators," he says, "have their own

Public-school children in Fairport, N.Y., arrive at the Rev. Leonard Kelly's Assumption Parish

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School of Religion for their weekly hour of religious instruction, which is given during regular school hours under the state's released-time program.

philosophy of life, which they are attempting to impart to their students. It is a philosophy in which religion is a minor, rather than a primary, concern. It is diametrically opposed to the Catholic philosophy of education."

This is the crucial point, the one on which Catholics and their opponents disagree far more fundamentally than they do on the more frequently debated constitutional question. Public-school administrators and Protestant ministers flatly deny that there is an antireligious "philosophy" of public-school education. Many, such as Dr. Edgar Fuller, executive secretary of the Council of Chief State School Officers, express bewilderment at the charge. "The public school upholds the general moral and spiritual values of the American community," Doctor Fuller says. "It always has, and it always will. I am unable to see how it threatens anyone's religious faith."

Actually, as the Rev. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., points out, "There is an appalling lack of empirical evidence on both sides of the argument." Father Fichter, head of the sociology department at Loyola University in New Orleans, has been attempting to correct this imbalance. His book, *Parochial School*, is one of the few attempts to compare public and parochial schools in depth.

For a full year Fichter and a team of researchers from Notre Dame studied a typical Catholic school in South Bend, Ind., and compared its students with those in a typical public school nearby. For probing his subjects, Fichter used a well-known personality test which rates children for social standards, social skills, freedom from antisocial tendencies, family relations, school relations and community relations. The results: In every single category he found that Catholic-school and public-school pupils were identical to within one or two decimal points.

"There appears to be little difference between parochial- and public-school children in their standards of conduct," Fichter concluded. "The children in both schools accept and demonstrate, in about the same proportions . . . honesty, obedience, gratitude, self-control and kindliness."

Fichter is currently conducting an even more interesting study on the effect of public high schools on Catholic students. Comparing a select group of these students with a similar group that went to Catholic schools, Fichter has elicited some startling results. The Catholic-high-school student, for instance, rates the bigotry of anti-Catholics as the second most important problem of his religion. The public-school graduate rates as far more important the "moral indifference of Catholics." (Both rated lack of vocations to the priesthood first.) When asked what they would like to see improved in their parish, many more of the Catholic-school graduates had no changes to suggest. The public-school graduates, on the whole, were much more interested in improving the local parochial school and involving the laity more in the work of the parish.

There was no difference in the two groups' awareness of, and interest in, the problems of race relations in the United States. But on all other test questions involving what Fichter calls "social awareness," the public-school graduates "consistently showed themselves more socially alert and interested than products of Catholic schools." Most amazing, a larger proportion of the public-school graduates have increased their interest in religious issues during the past 10 years. Fichter concludes this section of his report by asking his fellow Catholics a significant question: "We continue to assume that our teen-agers are better off, get a better education, become better citizens in a Catholic high school than in a public high school, but what do we really know about the results of our secondary educational system and the forces at work to effect these results?"

Father Fichter's findings are remarkably similar to those of Donald A. Erickson at the University of Chicago, who compared students in Protestant parochial schools with those in public schools. "Subjects in the study who attended sectarian schools appeared to be no more religious than the

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Sister Michael Mary makes friends with young Brendan O'Brien at his home in Fairport, N.Y.

subjects from highly similar home and church backgrounds who attended public schools exclusively," he says. Moreover, Erickson carried his study a step further than Fichter, investigating three other factors which he thought had much to do with promoting religion in a child—parent religiosity, home congeniality and church involvement. These three factors, he found, far outweighed any discernible effect he could find from the direct influence of the school. "It appears," Erickson wrote in his summary, "that the present findings underline the need for careful reconsideration concerning the objectives which may be realized through sectarian elementary schools."

In recent years a number of Catholics have wondered aloud if the old ideal of a Catholic education from kindergarten through graduate school might not be obsolete. At the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth, for example, the Rev. R. A. Carlin, a Catholic-school administrator from Oklahoma City, recommended "a sound, scientific survey of Catholic students in both Catholic and public schools to see if the public-school students are as competent spiritually and morally and if, therefore, Catholic schools aren't an extravagant duplication."

Other Catholic educators have suggested eliminating all elementary parochial schools, which account for two thirds of the Catholic-school population. "I think a certain amount of participation in our pluralist culture would do Catholics a lot of good," says the Rev. Neil J. McClusky, S.J., Dean of the School of Education of Gonzaga University in Spokane.

Certainly there is no unanimity among Catholic leaders on the subject of government funds for parochial schools. "One third of the bishops are for federal aid, one third are against it and one third are indifferent," says Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. And he estimates that Catholic laymen are about evenly divided on the issue. "Catholics are about fifty percent liberal and fifty percent conservative," he says, "and they split about the same way on federal aid, with some crossing back and forth that cancels itself out." Gallup polls have generally shown a somewhat higher percentage of Catholics favoring federal aid, but there is obviously no solid bloc of Catholic voters (or even of bishops) ready to endorse unanimously the church's current policy on the issue.

"I have never seen the religious scene so dark."

Although lay Catholics who have doubts about their schools generally hesitate to say so publicly, many have quietly put their children in public schools rather than accept overcrowded, sometimes substandard, parochial education. Until recently, however, this has seldom been a fully satisfactory solution because, while the parents want a good secular education for their children, they also want a good religious education for them. And the religious instruction given public-school Catholics has often been second-class.

For years this instruction has consisted largely of some halfhearted lessons taken from the same catechism used in the parochial schools, often taught by well-intentioned but untrained lay men and women. But with over half the nation's Catholic children in public school, more and more Catholic leaders began to realize that it was folly, even outright betrayal, to ignore this enormous group and to act as if the parochial-school children were the only real Catholics in the parishes.

In recent years, therefore, more than a dozen different orders of nuns have been founded around the country, dedicated exclusively to teaching religion to public-school Catholics. More important still has been the revamping of the course of instruction for these children. A new generation of Catholic educators in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine (C.C.D.), which has charge of the religious education of public-school Catholics, has completely revised the textbooks used in the program and has added the use of visual aids, including educational TV. "Quite frankly, these textbooks are superior to a lot of texts being used in parochial schools," says the Rev. William O. Greenspun of the C.C.D. national office in Washington, D.C.

The key to the future

But that is not all. "The C.C.D. furnishes the key to the future of the church in America," says Bishop Charles P. Greco, of Alexandria, La., chairman of the confraternity, "because it enlists the laity in the work of the bishops and priests." More than 75,000 lay catechists with as much as 90 hours of training are currently teaching C.C.D. courses in special "schools of religion," and as quickly as new catechists are trained, they turn around and train still others.

Out of the C.C.D. program has come another significant development: the growth of catechetical centers. These are special buildings devoted exclusively to teaching religion, located near public schools, and often staffed by specially trained nuns. A number of suburban parishes around the country have built these as substitutes for parochial schools, but only one diocese—Rochester, N.Y.—has made a really extensive effort. There are 26 of these centers in Rochester. The largest is in Fairport, N.Y., where the Rev. Leonard Kelly runs his "Assumption Parish School of Religion." Using only four nuns, Father Kelly is giving 1,000 public-school children what he considers an "excellent" religious education. The instruction—one hour a week—is given during regular school hours, under New York State's released-time program, which has been declared constitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Father Kelly first tried out his plan seven years ago when he saw that his parishioners, who had just paid a huge sum to build a new local public school, simply did not have the resources to construct a parochial school as well. His Assumption School of Religion cost only $150,000, and it also serves as a parish center. Everyone in the parish is delighted with the plan—especially the children. Attendance is close to 100 percent, and the youngsters' enthusiasm is astonishing. "We are especially proud of the fine relations we have with our local public schools," Father Kelly says. He adds that there has been a growing stream of inquiries from other parishes all over America asking his advice on how to start similar schools. "We believe we have something here," Father Kelly says, "that can solve many problems."

For example, these catechetical centers could easily be integrated into another suggested solution to the parochial-school impasse—shared time. Under this program Catholics would take "neutral" subjects, such as mathematics and science, in public schools and "value" subjects, such as social studies or history, in the parochial school. A small pilot study is currently being conducted in Pittsburgh with considerable success.

The widespread and hopeful interest attracted by these new approaches to religious instruction for public-school Catholics seems to indicate that, out of the crisis facing the parochial-school system today, there may presently emerge a solution of truly far-reaching effect.

With Catholic parents no longer virtually forced to choose between a good secular education and a good religious education for their children, a substantial number are now clearly more than willing to accept a phasing out of parochial schools, at least at the elementary level.

This would have to be done gradually, of course, to avoid swamping the nation's public schools with some 3.5 million additional pupils all at once. Nevertheless, there is much to be said for such a move. Not only would this solve most of the financial problems which have led to the controversial demands for federal aid to Catholic schools; by removing many of the children now crowding parochial-school classrooms, it would also enable the teachers to give the remaining students far more individual attention. Perhaps most important, it would go far toward eliminating the barriers which parochial schooling has tended to erect between Catholics and Americans of other faiths.

"The average American Catholic wants to get along with other Americans," says Msgr. George W. Casey, columnist for the Boston diocesan paper, *The Pilot*. "He wants to work and play with them with as few inhibitions and reservations as possible. He is wearying of separatism and suspicion, and dearly hopes his non-Catholic neighbors are doing the same. He not only wants to save money—a very wholesome want—by taking what he can get free; he also wants to have his children go to school with everybody else."

Today, for the first time in a century, this aspiration seems within reach. THE END

Eager children prepare for confirmation in Sister Teresa Marie's class at Assumption.

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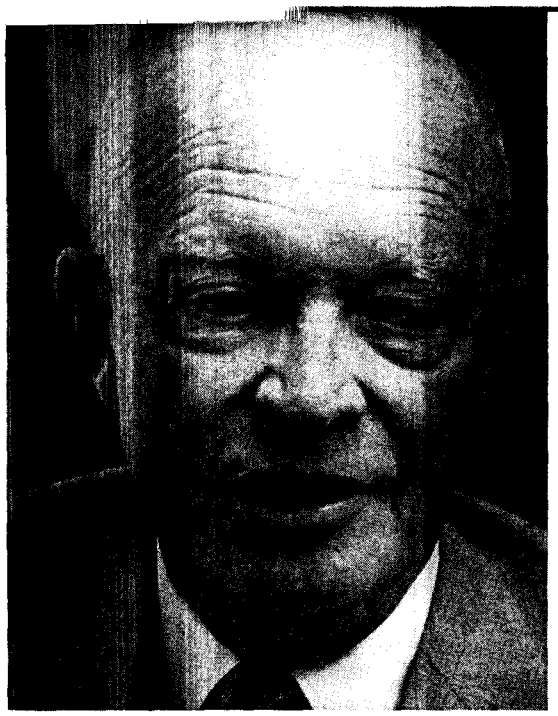

"PEACE MUST BE EARNED."

BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Let's be honest with

This is the second section of a two-part article by Mr. Eisenhower. Last week he spoke his mind on such domestic problems as civil rights, labor and political extremists. This week he discusses issues facing the United States as a world power.

Our country's responsibility for helping to maintain world peace, for meeting and turning back the enslaving forces of Communism, for aiding the family of free nations to build for a more secure future—these are not distant and apart from our daily life. Rather they are an extension of it. The character and strength the United States brings to world councils can only reflect the inner courage, strength and wisdom we have developed as a nation. This is national morale, and it is my unshakable conviction that morale, even more than sheer power, is the deciding factor in the fate of a nation. I recall vividly the inspiring example of Great Britain in the early years of World War II, when that nation seemed on the verge of defeat and ruin. Yet despite her bitter losses and reverses, her people had the morale—and little else—to keep on fighting until the tide turned.

This is the kind of morale that inspired Washington at Valley Forge, Lincoln after Chancellorsville, our nation after Pearl Harbor. In peace such inner strength enables us to be purposeful and firm, without being truculent; and if ever again we should have to face the test of war, that kind of morale will be absolutely essential to our survival.

In this nuclear age any prospect of war may seem unthinkable, but *think* about it we must, as long as any threat exists. As a practical matter, I do not believe that war between the United States and Russia is inevitable, as some people insist, because these two nations now have too much knowledge of and respect for the nuclear strength of each other. Each has too much to lose. But if we face the facts of life, we know that the threat itself cannot be wished out of existence as long as the two great powers of the world, motivated by mutually antagonistic philosophies, have vast arsenals of nuclear warheads and the missiles to deliver these weapons to any point of the globe. We cannot abate our efforts to achieve a world of law. Yet until that achievement we must continue to live indefinitely in an uneasy armed truce, constantly alert to see that a potential enemy does not gain any decisive advantage over us.

Frankly, without in the least minimizing the perils of nuclear war, I am more immediately concerned over the schemes of a militant Communism to achieve world domination by other means. These will severely test the *staying power* of self-government—the self-discipline of democratic peoples. We all know, in a general way, of the Communists' plans to communize and dominate the people of the earth by whatever means promise success in a given situation—subversion, infiltration, disruption, terrorism, *coup d'état*. The one thing of which we can be absolutely sure is that the Communists will continue—with a zeal for an unworthy purpose that we can scarcely understand—to probe for weak spots in democracy, seeking to break down cooperation between free nations. They will not hesitate to use military or quasi-military force, as they have in Korea, Cuba, Vietnam and Laos, whenever they see an opportunity to catch us off balance. We must have the will to continue this tedious and costly struggle.

In our dealings with the Communists—and we must deal with them one way or another in this world—I believe we should keep reminding ourselves that *the basic conflict between their system and ours is a moral one*. Our form of government is based on deep-rooted spiritual values which go beyond man himself. These are spelled out in the familiar phrases of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights. . . ." The generating force of our democratic government is a belief in these God-given rights and in man's inner obligation to deal fairly and honestly with his fellows.

The Communists see our moral precepts as a direct threat to their ideology, which starts by denying these priceless principles. They deny that the individual has either a soul or unalienable rights, viewing him as little more than an educated animal, subservient to an all-powerful state. Their atheistic, materialistic doctrine therefore justifies ruthless domination over others, including summary executions of innocent people—practices that to us are morally and legally abominable.

On the evidence it seems clear that the Communist leaders realize that our free system is far more appealing to most human beings than anything they have to offer. If they did not so believe, why do they prevent free elections in their satellite nations? They fear, and rightly so, that Communism never can exist permanently side by side with prosperous, self-governing nations. To save the system to which they are dedicated, they zealously believe they *must* destroy competing forms of government by any means. They are deterred only by risks that appear to them to be unacceptable.

From a practical, day-to-day standpoint, this means that we must judge all negotiations with Communist nations with our eyes wide open to their long-range goals. For example, we dare not interpret the new treaty for suspension of nuclear tests in terms of a "breakthrough" toward peace in the Cold War. We would be abandoning our common sense if we considered it as evidence that the organic nature of Russian Communism had changed. At the same time, we should do everything within reason, and consistent with our own security, to lessen the areas of tension and reduce humanity's nuclear risks.

If the Russians observe the agreement, the world will, of course, gain a greater margin of safety from radioactive fallout. We all could breathe a bit easier, literally and figuratively, but we should know by now that Soviet Russia cares little for the pledged word, or for the opinion of mankind. I remember only too well when, in 1958, I authorized a moratorium on nuclear testing in the atmosphere for a fixed period. The Soviets, far from feeling any obligation to relieve the fears of humanity, rapidly prepared a vast series of explosions which greatly increased the radioactivity in the atmosphere. Although we had then been well ahead of the Russians in nuclear techniques, these tests indicated that in certain sectors the situation may have changed. We know that they have exploded more-powerful nuclear bombs than we then had in our arsenal—one of them being of at least 58-megaton force. Many of our scientists believe that such massive bombs represent mainly a propaganda gain, a means of spreading fear among unthinking people, and not a military advance. They point out that, first, both sides have more than enough nuclear power to destroy each other and, second, that several well-placed 10-megaton bombs would do more actual damage than one 100-megaton weapon. In any case, our past experience with Soviet Russia clearly demonstrates that we must be on guard against any cheating on the treaty.

Despite these doubts, I expressed my belief that the treaty must be tried. Most nations are desperately anxious to see a halt to radioactive pollution of the air they breathe; and more than 90, I was told, had signed the treaty even before the U.S. Senate had an opportunity to act on it. All these peoples have fervent hopes that this limited agreement may lead to other steps for lessening of tensions—and ultimately to genuine disarmament. We should pray that those hopes are realized in full—but at the same time we cannot afford to let unsubstantiated optimism blind us to the fact that the treaty itself is scarcely more than an experiment.

We should keep in mind, too, that the sudden decision of Soviet Russia to sign this partial test ban did not spring from any newfound spirit of friendship and cooperation. While Russian motives are always hidden, we can speculate that the men in the Kremlin may have wanted to ease tensions and perhaps set the stage for possible aid on Russia's western flank while engaged in an apparently bitter ideological dispute with Red China. We have no way of knowing whether or not this schism between the two Communist powers is genuine or is a massive hoax designed

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ourselves II

The former President states we should withdraw some of our troops in Europe: "One American division can 'show the flag' as definitely as can several."

to weaken the unity of the free world. If it is genuine, we may find practicable means of deepening and widening that breach, thus seriously diminishing the total thrust of Communism. But again we must remember that the two Communist powers are not quarreling about their goal of world domination, but merely about the methods by which they seek to achieve it.

In any case, the security of the free nations must depend on their continued close cooperation to meet the challenges of totalitarianism, whatever form these may take. We should put our lesser quarrels into this perspective, work out friendly settlements, and get on with the overriding job of making democracy work. Just as among members of a family, there will always be differences of opinion, but we should be able to thresh these out without breaking up the furniture.

In the newspapers these days I read much about the supposed shortcomings of many of the nations with whom we are associated in mutual-security efforts. It is true that few countries could say in all candor that they are fully meeting all of their own responsibilities. Many obviously are not carrying their fair share of the military and economic load. Others are not facing up to the reforms which are essential to their own sound development. Some are seeking a temporary advantage, at grave risk to their long-range future, by playing both sides against the middle in the Cold War.

However, before pointing fingers in other directions, I strongly feel that the United States must look to certain of its own glaring deficiencies—especially its lack of a sound federal financial policy. Others might place different problems, such as lack of a consistent long-range policy in foreign aid, in higher priority; but I put our fiscal situation as No. 1 because, unless we get on a sound track financially, we may undermine our whole structure.

I have written before in these pages on the dangers of overspending and government-inspired inflation, but I want to reemphasize that this is not an isolated domestic problem. It projects an image of weakness, not strength, to the world. It threatens the world's confidence in the integrity of our money. There is much concern because our international-payments deficit now is running at the rate of $5.2 billion a year, and the Administration has proposed various regulations and taxes to discourage the investment of American capital abroad. However, such temporary and restrictive expedients merely deal more with symptoms than with the basic disease itself. We know that the sound, long-range answer is to get our federal spending under control and work toward balanced budgets and dollars of assured buying power, as well as to minimize unnecessary and undesirable expenditures abroad. This is not an easy solution, but it is the only way to give ourselves and the world solid proof that we have the self-discipline to protect the integrity of our monetary system.

As one part of such a program I believe the United States has the right and the duty of insisting that her NATO partners assume more of the burden of defending Western Europe. When I went back to Europe in 1951 to command the forces of NATO, the United States agreed to supply the equivalent of six infantry divisions which were to be regarded as an emergency reinforcement of Europe while our hard-hit allies were rebuilding their economies and capabilities for supporting defense. Now, 12 years later, those forces, somewhat reinforced, are still there.

Though for eight years in the White House I believed and announced to my associates that a reduction of American strength in Europe should be initiated as soon as European economies were restored, the matter was then considered too delicate a political question to raise. I believe the time has now come when we should start withdrawing some of those troops. I know that such a move would have many repercussions. Although we have invested billions of dollars in air and naval bases and have built up a supply system all over Europe, to say nothing of the billions we have spent in developing the deterrent power for the entire Free World, all this does not seem to have the same effect of "showing the flag" as far as Europeans are concerned, as the presence there of U.S. ground troops. But the fact is that we have carried and would continue to carry our fair share of the NATO responsibility. One American division in Europe can "show the flag" as definitely as can several.

It would be helpful, at this time, to put all of our troops abroad on a "hardship basis"—that is, send them on shortened tours of foreign duty and without their families, as we do in Korea. Unless we take definite action, the maintaining of permanent troop establishments abroad will continue to overburden our balance-of-payments problem and, most important, will discourage the development of the necessary military strength Western European countries should provide for themselves.

The time has come, also, when we must take into account the effect of the population explosion on our mutual-assistance system. I don't propose to go into the much discussed causes and effects of this phenomenon; I simply want to stress the responsibility we have for finding some realistic means of containing this human explosion. Unless we do, it may smother the economic progress of many nations which, with our technical and economic assistance, are striving to build a decent standard of living. The world population, now above the three billion mark, will have reached 3.5 billion by 1970 and will have doubled to six billion by the year 2000. A large proportion of this increase is occurring in countries which are having difficulty in feeding and clothing their present populations and desperately need a little elbow room while they improve their resources.

Countries such as these need, more than anything else, some means of holding their population growth in check for some period, say 10 years or more, to provide a building spell during which they could construct sound technical foundations for a steady, balanced progress. Otherwise, I just don't see how we can effectively help them for the long pull. There is no real progress or security to a nation which, with outside help, raises its productive capacity by two percent a year while the population rises three percent.

Population control is a highly sensitive problem, of course. When I was President I opposed the use of federal funds to provide birth-control information to countries we were aiding because I felt this would violate the deepest religious convictions of large groups of taxpayers. As I now look back, it may be that I was carrying that conviction too far. I still believe that as a national policy we should not make birth-control programs a condition to our foreign aid, but we should tell receiving nations how population growth threatens them and what can be done about it. Also, it seems quite possible that scientific research, if mobilized for the purpose, could develop new biological knowledge which would enable nations to hold their human fertility to nonexplosive levels without violating any moral or religious precepts.

Of all the questions which worry the world, the one I wish I could answer positively is, "Can we ever have *real* peace?" The paramount goal of our times should be an era in which peoples and nations, free of the fear of war, could drop the sterile burden of vast armaments and devote their God-given resources and energies to building a better civilization.

Yet we know there is no golden road to peace. Peace is not, for example, a matter of a few world leaders getting together to parcel the nations of the globe into various spheres of power. It is not to be gained by imposing the will of the United States on other nations, any more than we can gain it by appeasing those who would dominate *us*. We want no Pax Romana or a modern substitute therefor.

Peace is a blessing and, like most blessings, it must be earned. As a nation, we can best work toward it by determined effort in advancing and supporting sound cooperation within the family of nations for mutual security and economic progress. We should work toward the liberation of the United Nations from subservience to pressures of arrogant dictators and excessive nationalism. We should assist in building it into a genuinely world-representative organization where nations can and will settle their disputes objectively and without resort to arms.

And above all, I repeat, we must face with honesty the test our democracy continually puts to its citizens: to build within ourselves and our children an abiding sense of those moral principles which must continue to be our inspiration. Only our individual faith in freedom can keep us free. THE END

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By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ

"THEY CALL ME TIGER LIL

Owner of a once-plush Philadelphia night spot, show girl Lillian Reis faces a new trial on charges of organizing a bizarre four-man burglary of nearly half a million dollars.

Lillian Reis had been up until four in the morning with her two young daughters, burrowing through a wholesale pretzel can full of pennies for a 1943 copper endowed with the mark of the San Francisco Mint. "It's worth seventeen thousand dollars," she explained with a cigarette-cough laugh. "Believe me, I could use it. Everybody thinks I've got a hundred thousand dollars in the cellar, all that stolen cash from Pottsville. I wish I did. My walls need wallpapering. I don't mean that I'd paper the walls with the money. Not that I wouldn't love to. If I had it, I wouldn't hide it, I'd show it off."

Her voice was husky, flat, hoarse and vivid, with an accent that had been born on New York's Jewish Lower East Side and had become altered, 18 years later, amid the row-house squares of Philadelphia. It was a whiskied voice, aged atop shadowed nightclub barstools. "What people think about me," she said, "believe me, *I* wouldn't even want to know me. They call me Lurid Lil, they call me Tiger Lil, they call me Queen Lil, they call me Luscious Lil, they call me She-Devil, they call me everything but Mother Lil," and she coughed a laugh again.

"Now after all, I am a mother. They think I'm the personification of evil. They call me a hustler, they call me a murderess, they call me a gun moll. A gun moll! If I ever saw a loaded gun, I think I'd faint. In the meantime I don't have enough money to pay my lawyers, and the cops *still* keep making pinches on me. The last time they pinched me, they left black-and-blue fingerprints all over my arms." She blew out the words with cigarette smoke.

"My lawyers, my friends, they tell me not to talk," she said. "But what have I got to be afraid of? I'm not afraid to talk about myself. I like myself . . ."

It was on a Saturday night in 1960 that Lillian Reis, the 33-year-old owner of a once-plush Philadelphia night spot, the Celebrity Room, was arrested on charges of organizing a four-man burglary of nearly half a million dollars from a safe in Pottsville, Pa. Strangely enough, the owner of the safe, a coal-mine owner named John B. Rich, insisted that only $3,500 had been stolen.

Whatever Rich's contention, the bizarre crime was labeled one of the largest burglaries in the country's history, and Lillian and her alleged accomplices were brought to trial in 1961. Before the trials opened, a chain of incredible events took place: One witness was fished from the Atlantic Ocean, another witness was severely beaten, and a third—the victim of a dynamite explosion—was scattered over his rooftop. Lillian's trial ended in a hung jury, although all six women on the panel voted against her. The forelady, in fact, cried in disappointment after announcing the jury's inability to reach a verdict. Lillian, currently free on $25,000 bail, is awaiting a new trial.

For Lillian, an itinerant dancer who has been kicking her way through chorus lines since the age of 13, stardom of a sort arrived with her arrest and trial. But stardom occurred on the wrong stage. "I'm an entertainer," she says. "I always wanted to be a headliner, not a headline."

The evidence that led to those headlines was gathered for the most part by Clarence J. Ferguson, a 63-year-old Philadelphia policeman who has risen to a position of power much higher than his captain's rank. A man whose demeanor is grim, but who can disarm his onlookers with a babyish chuckle, Ferguson is commander of a special 40-man investigation squad. He concerns himself chiefly with narcotics but also keeps a watchful eye over other fields of crime.

"Oh sure," he says about Lillian, "she used to be a beautiful girl, but now she's over the hump. The mileage has got her." His voice has no baby's chuckle when he talks about her. "Did you ever hear her open her mouth?" he says. "She swears like a trooper. In my forty-five years as a policeman, I've had some interesting cases—gun battles and everything. But this, this surpasses them all. It's a movie. That's what it is, a movie. I have to retire when I'm sixty-five, it's the law. But before I do, I'd like to see them put her where she belongs." Lillian Reis has become Captain Ferguson's Moby Dick.

It was from his well-watered grapevine that Ferguson, in the late summer of 1959, first heard rumors of what is known to the trade as a "big touch," although the finger at that time did not point toward Lillian. It wasn't until six months after the burglary, when Ferguson received a message from Eastern State (Cherry Hill) Penitentiary in Philadelphia, that the trail began to lead up the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Pottsville and back again to the Celebrity Room. The message was that an inmate named Richard Blaney—a sometime police stoolie—had some important information.

When "Richie" Blaney sent his message from Cherry Hill prison, Ferguson already had been instrumental in obtaining one suspended sentence for him in return for underworld information. Now Blaney was back behind bars, charged with violation of probation. He had been there one month and seven days when he summoned Captain Ferguson to tell him that the "big touch" was for a half million dollars, that he knew the spot from which the half million had been stolen and that he knew who had stolen it. He also mentioned Lillian's name.

The cast that Richie Blaney subsequently provided for the burglary might have been borrowed from the *Late, Late Show*. In addition to Lillian, the star, there was her boyfriend, Ralph Staino Jr., or simply "Junior," 27 at the time, full-faced, handsome and equipped with the torso of a weight lifter. "Everybody's so surprised at how nice he is when they meet him," Lillian says. "He never even lets anybody curse in front of me. He even makes *me* watch my language." There was John C. Berkery, a tall, sweet-smiling, cherubic-faced young man, who speaks with slow bemusement, addresses everyone as "Buddy" or "Pal," casually hands out five-dollar tips and issues commands in a voice of pleasant foreboding. He is a man who seems to have rewritten all of Humphrey Bogart's old scripts for himself. There was Robert Poulson, a hanger-on of Berkery and one of Richie Blaney's best friends. And then, in addition to the others whom Richie Blaney ratted on, there was his own brother, Vincent Blaney. Eventually Richie won his outright release from prison.

The only character missing from Richie's cast was the finger man, a shadowy Mr. Big whose name, Richie thought, was "Mueller." Richie said "Mueller" had taken a $70,000 share of the burglary profits. It was not until Ferguson had called in state-police officers Jesse Stanton and Roy Wellendorf that they deduced that "Mueller" was Clyde (Bing) Miller, owner of a string of strip-mining machines and Lillian's sugar daddy.

Bing's wife fretted

For some time Ferguson had been uneasily aware of the costly presents Lillian had been receiving from Miller. In fact, Miller's wife, a former dancer, was an old friend of Ferguson, and she had complained to him about the situation.

"When I first met Lil," Bing Miller recalled, "she was a chorus girl. She really made an impression on me. When I met her, she was floundering around. No ambitions, no drive. She had two kids and wasn't hitting it off with her second husband, Michael Corabi. She had been divorced once, she didn't own the Celebrity Room at the time, and she was having a hard time on the $60 a week they were paying her at the club. She was so bad off her refrigerator wasn't even working. I bought her another.

"I don't begrudge one cent I ever spent on her. She was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. When that chorus came out, you saw her—and only her. What I was spending on her, to me it was peanuts."

Lillian's memory of her meeting with Bing Miller is somewhat more detailed. "The first night he came in, he asked the waitress to have the entire line join the table," she says. "There was six girls in the line, and I was captain. And he bought sparkling burgundy for all of us. And then, before I knew it, he had given each girl fifty dollars to leave the table—he wanted me to stay with him. I stayed and we went on drinking wine.

"He was handing out all kinds of money, one hundred dollars for the band every time he wanted to dance, fifty here, fifty there, a hundred here, a hundred there. Anyhow, at the end of the evening he paid an eight-hundred-dollar tab. He said to me what a nice time he had. I said, 'You had a nice time? All I know is you're giving out money like Santa Claus, everybody gets hundreds and fifties, and nothing for Lil.'

"I said it in jest, but he said, 'What do you want? I'm saving the best for you.' So he asked me for a blank check, and he said, 'How much do you want?' Now I know, a blank check, he's been drinking all night, his name he's not going to sign right, and it's not going to go through. I said 'Give me enough to buy a mink stole.' He says, 'How much is that?' I say, 'Around twelve hundred.' So he starts writing it out. I said, 'While you're at it, make it two, I'll get one for my sister.' So they gave him another blank check, and he made out another one, and I said, 'Thank you very much, you're a doll.' He says, 'I'll be back next week. I'll have my personal checkbook with me.' And he makes a deal with the owner that if I don't drink with anyone else all week, whatever I eat or drink, he'll pay for it. Nobody believes him. Who's going to believe him?"

Surprisingly, the checks were good, and she bought the stoles the next day.

In the ensuing weeks, according to Captain Ferguson, Miller, the friendly quartermaster, supplied Lillian with a refrigerator, a washing machine, a garbage-disposal unit, an air-conditioner, a diamond ring, a fur coat, an automobile, a Florida vacation and $200 a week. And then, on a momentous day in July, 1959, he made a date with Lillian for lunch in a Philadelphia restaurant called the Saxony. Lillian at the time had her heart, or as much as police concede of it, set on buying the Celebrity Room, and Miller was talking about mortgaging his last piece of real estate, a property in Arkansas, to finance the purchase.

"I was reading a piece in the paper about an income-tax fraud," Miller later testified. "And she came in, and I, just thinking out loud, said, 'They spend a lot of time and money on these little income-tax cases.' And I said, 'I know some guy—and I mentioned John Rich—who is probably netting a million, and what he does with it, I don't know.'"

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Lillian Reis relaxes with a crossword puzzle on the beach at Atlantic City, N.J. She spent the summer working as a hostess in a bar at the resort.

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The cellar safe was crammed with bills.

The home of John B. Rich, a Pottsville, Pa., coal-mine owner, was the scene of $500,000 burglary. Rich insisted that only $3,500 was taken from his safe.

TIGER LIL

According to police, Miller did know. The police say Miller had lived in Pottsville, had done heavy-equipment contracting for John B. Rich, had twice gone into partnership with him, had visited his house twice to borrow money and had been there socially. According to Miller's testimony at trial, he told Lillian that John B. Rich had a half million dollars in a safe in his cellar.

John B. Rich's name was Giovanni Battista Recchione when he came to America from Italy in 1906, a 14-year-old boy without a single dollar in his pocket or a word of English on his tongue. His first job in Pottsville was for a hard-rock tunneling contractor, working in the mines for $2.17 a day. But success came swiftly, and by the time World War II had broken out, he was the owner of the Gilberton Coal Company, a monadnock of prosperity in an industry that had been eroding for 30 years.

"This is fantastic," Rich said the day after Lillian's arrest when asked about the reported $500,000 taken from his cellar. "Can you imagine me going to Europe and leaving nearly half a million dollars in the basement?"

At Lillian's trial, with the Internal Revenue Service among the spectators, Rich was even more vehement. In answer to police testimony that there had been a huge sum of money in his safe, he exclaimed, red-faced, from the stand, "That's a lie!" The prosecutor asked the court to declare him a hostile witness. "John B. Rich may be the second-largest employer in Pottsville," the prosecutor said, "but that doesn't make him the second most honest man."

Lillian Reis Corabi is today as much a part of Pottsville as John B. Rich, but not even the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania claims that she ever visited his cellar. According to the prosecution's contention at her trial, Lillian hired Ralph Staino Jr. and John Berkery to make the trip for her. To accompany them Berkery recruited Robert Poulson and Vincent Blaney, two of his old pals who, Philadelphia police said, belonged to what they called the K-and-A Gang, a group of loosely affiliated second-story men who used the Philadelphia street-corner of Kensington and Allegheny as both a hangout and a hiring hall.

The burglary took place on August 7, 1959. Bing Miller happened to be visiting Pottsville at the time, although an attack of abdominal hemorrhaging gave him the alibi of a hospital bed. Later, after he turned state's evidence, he testified that Lillian had telephoned him in his hospital room the night before the burglary, complaining that she was broke and saying, "Well, I guess I'll have to come up and see your friend Johnny Rich."

"Don't come up now," Miller said he answered in all innocence, "he isn't home." According to police testimony, Lillian was in a sidewalk telephone booth in Philadelphia when she made the call, while the four members of her "gang" waited in a car parked at the curb.

According to trial testimony, including Poulson's confession, the following events took place: Lillian's alleged task force drove to Pottsville in Staino's new yellow Lincoln, stopping along the way at Reading to purchase the necessary tools—a sledge hammer, crowbars, a hacksaw, screwdrivers and a hatchet. It was after nightfall when the four finally pulled up alongside the Rich grounds. They got out of the car, walked directly to the side entrance, slipped the screen-door lock and then slipped the lock of the inside door behind it. They were through both doors in a matter of seconds.

Staino remained on the first floor, stationing himself at a front window as a lookout. Berkery, Poulson and Vincent Blaney went downstairs to the cellar, found the safe in the pantry room and wheeled it to the cellar hallway. The safe, little more than a fireproof metal cabinet, proved a surprisingly soft job.

In the white unreality of their flashlight beams the safe seemed to be crammed along its top two shelves with old newspapers. "These guys had never really seen any heavy money," Captain Stanton said later. "A big score with them might have been a couple of thousand. Berkery had told them that there was supposed to be a half million in the safe, but they didn't really believe it." It wasn't until Poulson took a closer look that he cried out, "*It's money!*" Indeed it was. According to police testimony at the trial, the safe was stuffed with bills.

Testimony also showed that even Berkery had come unprepared for the sight. All he had brought to cart the loot was a small zippered carryall bag. "Go get something else to put it in," Poulson said. Berkery hurried to an upstairs bedroom and returned with the cover from a bolster. Poulson began stuffing the money into it. But after a few moments he noticed that the money was pouring out the other end. Berkery threw away the empty bolster cover and hurried upstairs again, this time returning with a pillowcase. Bolster covers, he had discovered, are open at both ends.

The pillowcase was almost full when, at exactly 9:50 P.M., they heard a siren in the neighborhood. Staino, from his window post, ran to the cellar door and shouted excitedly, "Here come the cops." Poulson and Vincent Blaney immediately began to grab all the money they could hold. Berkery dashed up the stairs empty-handed. When Poulson and Vincent Blaney came up after him with their fistfuls of bills, they found Berkery and Staino in a traffic jam at the kitchen door. "Berkery was pushing to get out," Richie Blaney later testified, laughing on the witness stand. "Poulson said, 'Don't get excited.' He unlocked the door, and they walked out. Outside they discovered no cops were coming, so they went back." The siren, it later turned out, was sounding the teen-age curfew for Pottsville.

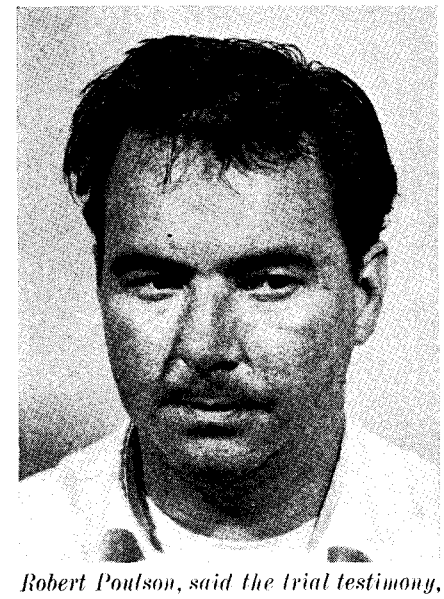
The burglars finished stuffing the money in the pillowcase, but left an estimated million and a half dollars in bonds on the bottom shelf of the safe. Later, Richie testified at trial, Lillian was angry at the oversight. "Lillian's a pig," Richie said Berkery told him. "She's never satisfied." The burglars also left their tools and an envelope containing ten $100 bills. It was found there the next day by a Pottsville police officer.

"They went to Staino's car and put the money in the back," Richie Blaney later testified. "My brother had $13,000 in his hands and kept counting it. Staino was so excited he couldn't drive." Berkery took the wheel of the auto. "We drove back toward Philadelphia," Poulson later confessed to police.

It was at Staino's apartment in West Philadelphia that the four men first tried to count the night's receipts. "They threw the money on a bed," Poulson later confessed. "It damn near covered the whole bed." The bills were in fives, tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds. There never was a complete audit. "We counted three different counts," Vincent Blaney later said to police. "One was $360,000

Ralph Staino Jr., Lillian's boyfriend, was accused of acting as lookout in burglary.

According to trial testimony, John Berkery brought a zippered bag to cart off the loot.



Robert Poulson, said the trial testimony, tried to stuff money into a bolster cover.

The late Vincent Blaney, accused burglar, whose body was found in Atlantic Ocean.

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

What if we took one out?

The soup wouldn't be as good without all 15 of them

There are as many as 15 different vegetables in some of our soups.

Since this is more than most home cooks would even think of using, it might seem that we could leave out one or two of the more minor vegetables, and no harm done.

But our chefs don't see it that way.

These are men who are masters of the flavors that make soup one of the world's best-loved dishes. Every single ingredient in their recipes makes its own unique contribution to—and improvement in—the total blend of flavors. So with even the least important vegetable missing, the soup just wouldn't be the same. It might still be delicious—but not quite as delicious as we know it can be.

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You see, we know there are no short cuts to Campbell Quality. And keeping that fact always in mind is one of the ways we live up to our creed:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
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He showed Yankee independence with an artist's brush...

GO DOWN TO MAINE, to Prouts Neck, and stand on the hard rocks with the smell of salt and the crash of the ocean all around you and you'll know what it is that made Winslow Homer a different kind of painter from the rest.

Winslow Homer was a New England boy. A sturdy New Englander's self-determination made him do things in his own way.

Rather than study other artists' work, he taught himself to paint by studying nature.

Other artists had grown rich painting important people. He painted everyday people instead . . . men who worked in the forest, men who sailed ships and fished in the sea, children who played out of doors in the New England summer.

Other artists had painted for the popular taste. He painted only what he wanted to...the gray, choppy waters of Gloucester Harbor, black waves that battle the coast of Maine, the translucent turquoise seas of the Bahamas.

Eccentric, some people called him. For how else could you describe a man who would go out in all the cold wet and wind—to set up an easel and paint? Others stood before his canvases and saw what Winslow Homer saw. They felt the spray on their cheeks. They heard the boom and hiss of the breakers. They called him a genius.

All through our history there have been Americans who have stood resolute and thought for themselves and given us fresh concepts—whether in the way we govern ourselves or in the way we look at familiar scenes.

Winslow Homer was one of these. He gave us his vigorous and illuminating pictures of America.

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Only one of the six men on the jury voted against Lillian.

Bing Miller phones from Pottsville hotel.

TIGER LIL

that I remember." According to Richie Blaney the men tried several times but couldn't count past $400,000. It was Richie who supplied police with the prosecution's estimate of $478,000.

Without really believing there would be that much money in the safe, the four men had contracted to do the job for $100,000, to be split four ways. When they found there was even more than $100,000, several of them wanted a bigger share. "Poulson told me that my brother wanted *all* the money they found in the safe split four ways and kept arguing to cut out Lillian Reis and Bing Miller," Richie Blaney later testified. "Staino, who was Lillian's boyfriend but who was not going with her at the time because they had an argument, was willing to cut out Lillian and Bing. Berkery insisted that Lillian and Miller be cut in. Berkery said, 'A deal's a deal.'"

As a compromise, Poulson and Vincent Blaney took, in addition to their $25,000, all the five-dollar bills. They called it "pin money" and didn't bother to count it. When they did, it came to $1,200 apiece. They left Staino's apartment and went to Richie Blaney's house in a taxicab. Each carried a brown paper bag.

"Poulson said, 'We just made a half-million-dollar score,'" Richie later testified. "I didn't believe them until they emptied the bags on my kitchen table. There was $25,000 in each bag. Each had $1,200 in five-dollar bills in their pockets besides." Then they went out to celebrate. Before they left, Vincent Blaney hid his money in Richie Blaney's oven.

When Richie Blaney began squealing, some six months after the burglary, Captain Ferguson knew that it was not the most credible sound ever to come from a witness. On the other hand, Ferguson knew that Lillian Reis had suddenly purchased the Celebrity Room for an announced price of $40,000, a strange new display of opulence for a girl who until then had bought sheets and other household furnishings on an installment plan of roughly three dollars per week.

As their first step in breaking the case, Ferguson and his associates began looking for Lillian's boyfriend, Bing Miller. They found him operating a motel and restaurant in the New Jersey fishing resort of Forked River. As Miller later testified, his contracting business had gone bankrupt, and he was suffering from leukemia. Police also learned that he had served two months in a Pennsylvania jail on a charge of issuing worthless checks and that he had failed to report to his probation officer. It was under this pretext that they asked him to accompany them to the Belmont State Police Barracks at Philadelphia on April 2, 1960. Once there, he soon admitted that he had been the finger man for the burglary at John B. Rich's house and that his share of the loot had been $7,000, paid to him in a cardboard box by Lillian Reis's stepfather, Sidney Reiskin. The transaction, he said, had taken place in Reiskin's jewelry store in New York.

The night after Miller's confession, Lillian was arrested at her club, Ralph Staino was arrested outside it and Robert Poulson was arrested at another club. Vincent Blaney was arrested in a taxicab three days later. John Berkery gave himself up through his attorney on April 8. Poulson and Vincent Blaney eventually signed confessions.

On August 13, 1960, four months after Robert Poulson had signed his confession, two nurses coming off duty at Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital in Camden, N.J., found him staggering in the rear driveway. He had been beaten, stabbed in the back at least half a dozen times and shot in the base of the skull with a small-caliber bullet. An emergency operation kept him alive, but from that moment on he refused to continue as a witness for the prosecution.

A lethal fabrication

Shortly after losing Poulson as a witness, Captain Ferguson announced that he had lost Vincent Blaney too. Vincent had walked out of his house on August 3, 1960. He never returned. Two vacationers fishing from a motorboat pulled the remains of his crab-eaten body from the sea off Atlantic City on August 23. He, too, had been shot in the back of the head with a small-caliber bullet. A 37-pound weight from an industrial scale and a seven-foot chain had been padlocked on his body. Some six months later Lillian was arrested for the murder.

This turn of events occurred when an obscure character named Robert L. Russell, in the midst of telling about his own crimes, suddenly told police that he had watched John Berkery and a young accomplice kill Vincent Blaney in an Atlantic City boatyard while Lillian watched, laughing. Russell, who had a small spender's intimacy of Philadelphia night life and an avid interest in the daily newspapers, subsequently admitted his story was a fabrication.

"On account of this nut I spent three weeks in jail," Lillian later said with some heat. "I tell you it wasn't for two years that I got that New Jersey murder indictment quashed, and you know who did it? Russell's own lawyer. He felt so bad about what this nut had done to me."

Robert Poulson was convicted of the Pottsville burglary on March 24, 1961. John Berkery and Ralph Staino Jr. were convicted of it on May 9, 1961. Poulson Berkery and Staino are out on bail, pending disposition of their appeals. Richie Blaney was blown up by dynamite in his car on July 27, 1961. It was his 27th birthday. Captain Ferguson, in Los Angeles at the time, told reporters, "I expected this thing all along. . . . That yellow gang of Staino, Berkery and Reis are responsible for this. I'll take care of them when I get back to Philadelphia. You can put me on record as saying I'll get every last one of them."

Lillian finally came to trial in September. The trial took place in Pottsville, the city that John O'Hara disguised as "Gibbsville" in such best-sellers as *Appointment in Samarra*. It is the capital of Pennsylvania's coal region, and for more than 30 years has ranked as one of the country's most depressed areas.

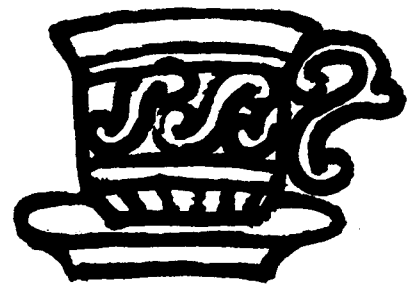
Everybody in Pottsville loves a trial, but particularly the jurors, who are paid nine dollars a day. On the night before her trial, Lillian attended a Joey Giardello fight in Philadelphia. The next morning she arrived in court 50 minutes late and explained that she had gotten lost. During the trial she wore something new every day. Only one of the six men on the jury voted against her.

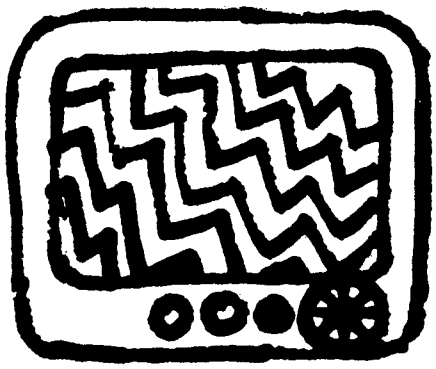
"Those jurors," she said later, "I don't think they understood what was going on. They didn't look like they were listening to the witnesses—they were looking at me. I'm sure they could tell you how I was dressed and how I fixed my hair, but not what was going on. They didn't seem to understand, for instance, that Bing Miller gave me enough money to buy the Celebrity Room three times over."

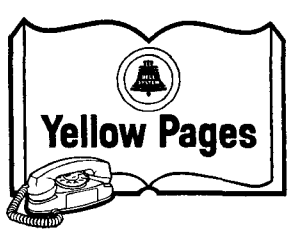
The evidence against Lillian was, as a matter of fact, highly circumstantial. With the brothers Blaney dead and Robert Poulson silent, Bing Miller remained as the Commonwealth's only witness to testify that he had direct knowledge of Lillian's participation in the burglary. "Our biggest drawback," one of the jurors told the court when the panel returned from its deliberations to report that it was deadlocked, "was where, or when, or who delivered the money to Lillian Reis. The other men, they took each $25,000 apiece, and they went. They left the rest of the money at Staino's. Now how was the money delivered to this girl? We don't know."

The Commonwealth didn't know either. Instead, it tried to prove that Lillian had begun to exhibit a mysteriously sudden wealth in the days following John B. Rich's profound loss. The Commonwealth's main case in point was Lillian's purchase of the Celebrity Room.

Lillian never took the stand in her own behalf. To explain where she got the money to buy the Celebrity Room, the defense called on Michael R. Corabi, who legally is still Lillian's husband. "In September, '58," he told the court, "Lillian and I were sitting watching television. My wife, Lillian—she went down to the basement, and she came up with a hatbox. She said she wanted me to help her count some money for her, and she went upstairs in the front bedroom. She emptied out the box, and she told me to


Chinaware?

Hardware?

TV repair?

Let your fingers do the walking


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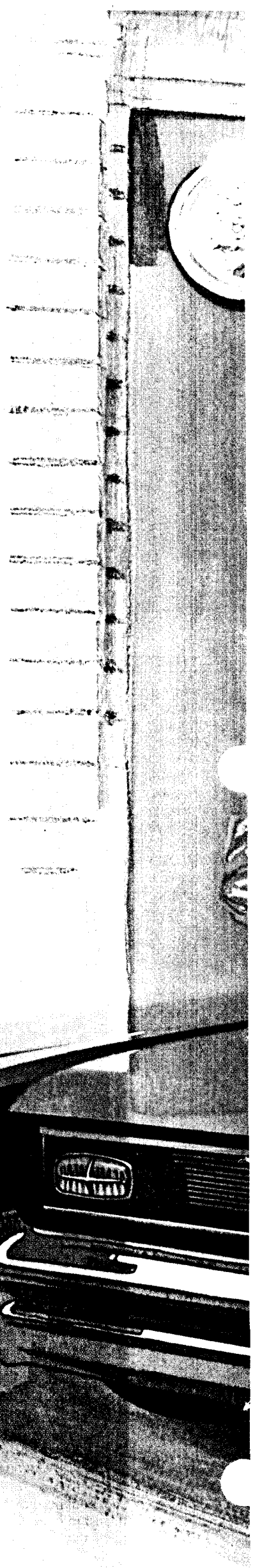
People who thought the '63 Grand Prix couldn't be improved on are in for a surprise. The '64.

As you might well understand, it was a great temptation to leave our GP strictly alone. After all, it's been a long time since a car caught on like this one. But we tuned and refined, we altered and improved, until somehow we came up with a car that should be even more to your liking. The GP's ride, for instance, is smoother—though many thought it was impossible to improve on. We tilted the instruments slightly for a better view from the driver's seat. We even improved the light bulbs. The Grand Prix comes equipped with a silken 306-bhp Trophy V-8, Wide-Track and a whole carful of Pontiac's special brand of roadability. About the only thing it's lacking is you—but you can take care of that with the help of your Pontiac Dealer. GP



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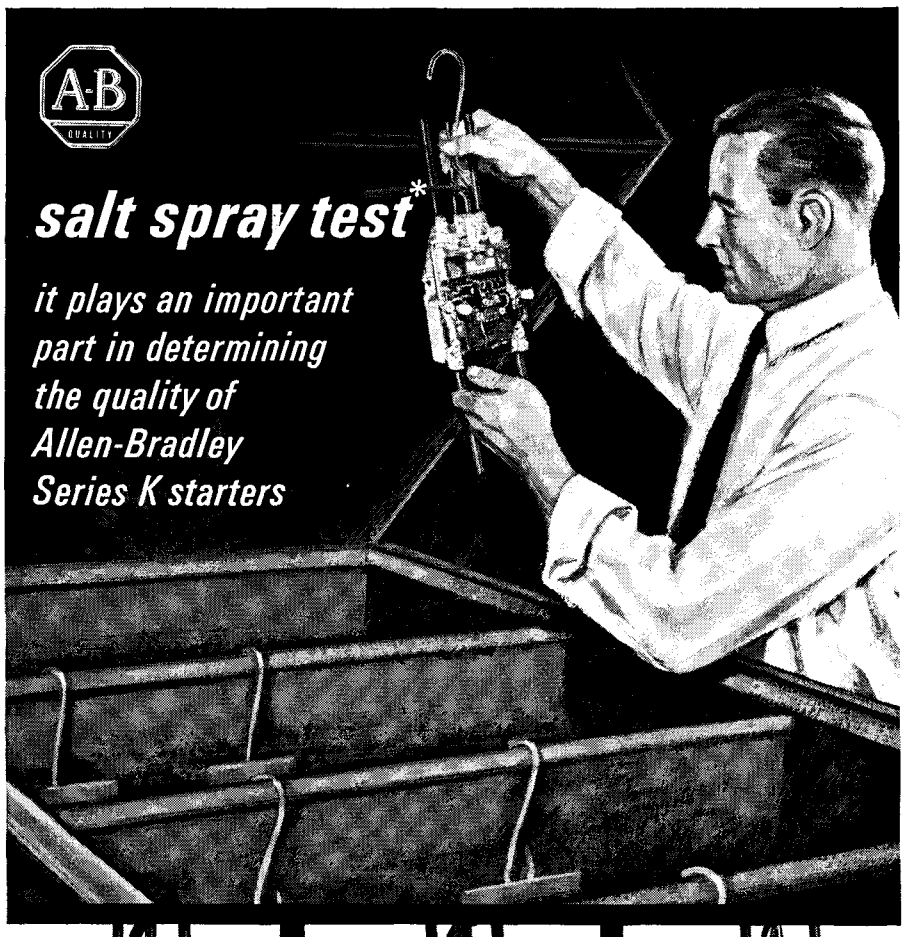
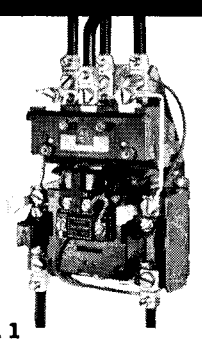
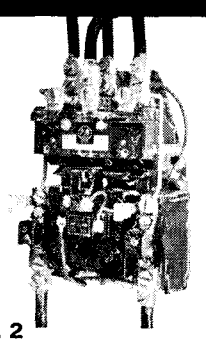
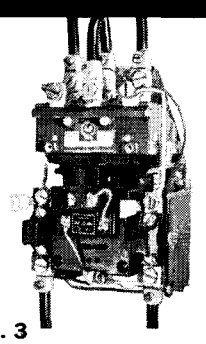




No. 1
BULLETIN 709 Size 2 strictly standard starter taken from the production line for salt spray test. None of these starter photographs have been retouched in any way.



No. 2
The same starter after 100 hours in standard ASTM salt spray test. Thereupon air-dried for 24 hours. Difference in appearance due to salt incrustation.



No. 3
The identical starter after having been dipped in hot water and the salt crystals brushed off with a soft bristle brush. There is virtually no difference in appearance between pictures 3 and 1.

■ If, for this salt spray test, the starter had been protected by its standard NEMA 1 enclosure, there would have been no difference in appearance between pictures No. 1 and No. 2. Nor would there have been any effect from the salt spray on the enclosure itself because of its special triple coating. However, Allen-Bradley continuously checks the bare starter in severe tests, such as the salt spray test, to give you maximum protection from corrosive atmospheres which would otherwise be a menace to the trouble free operation of the control. It is another "plus value" which you obtain at no extra cost, when you buy Allen-Bradley control.

But Allen-Bradley's interest in giving the customer "top value" for his money does not stop with the salt spray test. There is continuous testing of materials, components, as well as complete assemblies which is the company's "standard practice"—in fact, some are carried to total destruction in order to obtain an idea of how much punishment A-B control can really take . . . and possibilities for further improvement are not ignored.

Ask your nearest Allen-Bradley appointed distributor to show you one of the new Series K starters—you'll have no difficulty in recognizing its superior quality. Or, please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

***TEST CONDITIONS**—Equipment set up to provide the accelerated test conditions—with the exposure zone at 96°F, 100% relative humidity and with solution containing 20% by weight of salt and 80% by weight of distilled water atomized within the test tank. These test conditions are maintained throughout 100 hours.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

"I'm a rat," said Lillian. "Everything that

TIGER LIL

count the money. She said, 'We'll put it in stacks so I can re-count it with you.' After we got done counting the money, it was $29,950, and I had remarked to her I was amazed."

To corroborate Corabi's story, the defense produced Lillian's stepfather, Sidney Reiskin, a 54-year-old jeweler with a round, red face, a toothy smile and a pronounced anxiety at facing his stepdaughter's accusers. He said he had borrowed $15,000 from a brother's brother-in-law to invest it in Lillian's purchase of the Celebrity Room. When he found he couldn't repay the loan, he telephoned Lillian, who told him to go to a closet in the cellar boiler room of his home in Flushing, N.Y. There, he said, he found an old valise in which Lillian had been saving money for the past six or seven years. He opened it, took out the $12,000 necessary to repay the balance of his loan, and then brought the valise to Lillian in Philadelphia without bothering to count the remainder of its contents. "I never looked into the valise before that," he testified. "I did not know what was in the valise."

After the trial Lillian seemed annoyed at the prosecution's skepticism. "Why should it be so hard to believe that I'm saving $29,000 in my cellar?" she said. "People are eager enough to believe that John B. Rich was saving a half million dollars in his cellar, and went to Europe and left it unguarded. I mean they don't want to believe I have it when I'm saying I did, and *do* want to believe he had it when he's saying he didn't. I always saved money. I was saving it for a purpose, to buy the club. I would keep it in my own cellar, and then when I went to my mother's house, I would put it away there. And it wasn't only the money that Bing Miller gave me."

When Bing Miller testified at the trial, he said that at the height of his association with Lillian he would telephone Lillian every day at one P.M., no matter where he was. "Well, we always talked about money." he said. "That was the first order of business. Lil had trouble getting along. She had no money. She always kept telling me about it."

In addition to paying her $200 a week for herself, it was testified, he paid her $103 a month for the mortgage on her house, $50 a week for her maid and $100 a month for the rent of the apartment of one of her girl friends. They met there, he testified, every Wednesday at one P.M. She wouldn't allow him in her house.

He would fly into Philadelphia on a Tuesday, see her in the Celebrity Room that night and then spend exactly two hours with her the next day. Later, he testified, when the girl friend wouldn't let them use her apartment anymore, he would see Lillian in his room at the Bellevue-Stratford. Toward the end, after his business began to fail, he gave her only $150 a week. The day after the burglary, he said, she telephoned him again in his hospital room in Pottsville and told him, "The boys were in Rich's last night and got $96,000." Then, he testified, she told him that her stepfather had been in Philadelphia to visit her. "I gave him a package for you," she said. "When you go to New York, stop at the store, and he'll give it to you."

Lillian refuses to accept the scarlet letter that Bing Miller gave her in the courtroom. "Actually," she says, "this man Miller never came close to me. You would never believe me, but what this man wanted was for people to think more than *he* would ever think of doing. He wanted to be known as my boyfriend. We would have lunch once in a while at some godforsaken place, just lunch, in a restaurant, or I would go up to my girl friend's, and she would be there. I wouldn't go if she wasn't there, and this is the truth.

"My husband, Mike, knew about Miller. Mike knew everything. This is the respect Mike has for me, and it's one of the reasons why I respect him and still admire him. Mike never thought I'd do anything other than what I want to do, and I don't think that he would think that I would want to. Nothing came out in the trial that he didn't know."

"Sure I was hurt," Michael Corabi confesses now. He has the same small beautiful Italian face that he gave to Lillian's youngest daughter. "I didn't like these guys whispering among themselves when I'd walk up to the bar. I told her right from the beginning, a guy is not going to give, give, and not want something. I wasn't naïve or anything about their relationship."

He sat in the Bellevue Court cocktail lounge in Philadelphia, a man, thin, dark and erect, with a touch of gray at the temples. Currently he is a wholesale jeweler. "We were having our battles," he said. "But I guess the turning point was the mink coat, when I decided to move out. She said he's giving her a mink coat. I said, 'If you want a mink coat, we can get a mink coat.' She was making a few bills a week, I was making a few bills a week. We could have managed. I mean, it would have been no sweat. I told her, 'He's going to give you a mink coat, he's going to want something for it.' Sure, I was hurt."

Standing at the bar of the Celebrity Room with a double Scotch in one hand, Lillian was told what Corabi had said. The police had been raiding her club at least once a week, she had been forced to spend several early mornings in jail, the authorities had ordered her to dismiss her bartenders, the city had just announced its intention to padlock the place. She began to cry. "I'm a rat!" she said, fighting the tears. Her mascara mapped a blue river down her face. "I hate myself. Everything that I love, I hurt. Nothing's ever good enough, I always want something more. I wanted a refrigerator. I thought, 'Oh, I'll just get one more thing, a refrigerator.' For a refrigerator, do you hurt somebody you love? Everything I touch, I ruin. He should have broken my head. Nothing's ever

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I love, I hurt. I always want, want, want!"

good enough for me. I always want, want, want!"

The story of Lillian's life, as a matter of fact, has been an attempt to escape from want. "But no matter how poor we were, my family always tried to see to it that I had," she says. She won't tell who her father was. "You don't have to use his name," she said. "A Romeo, that's all I can remember about him. Gilbert Roland always reminds me of him. My dad was a milkman." Her mother was born in Budapest. "She came here, I think, when she was eleven," Lillian said. "Her name is Marge. She met my dad in New York; she was about sixteen when they got married. When I was born, they were living in Brooklyn. Then, when I was two months old, they moved to Denver. In Denver they separated about three different occasions, and the third time it was to stay."

Lillian and her mother returned to New York and moved in with her mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Goldstein, immigrant colonists among the teeming, pushcart-fronted tenements of the Lower East Side.

To describe her life in her grandmother's sixth-flight walk-up, Lillian once wrote a manuscript in a single sitting, a two-and-a-half-hour outpouring of memories. "It's easy when you're young," she wrote. "You don't see the aches and pains of the adults about you. And you don't have the hardships! You just wake up in the morning, eat your breakfast that Mom put on the table, grab a few cookies and your skates, and away you go to play. Funny how at that age you soar down the steps without a thought in your mind that very soon you'll only have to climb them all over again."

Mother made flowers

Her mother worked in a factory, making artificial flowers. Her grandfather used to take her for walks in the fenced asphalt countryside of a Lower East Side park. Her grandmother was superintendent of the tenement.

When Lillian was nine years old, her mother divorced her father and married Sidney Reiskin. "Now I wasn't the janitor's granddaughter any more," Lillian said; "now I was the jeweler's daughter. Now I'd stand in front of the jewelry store, and if anyone would say they didn't like something in the window, I'd give them dirty looks. I wanted to tell everybody, 'This is my father's store, my new father's store.' I really loved Sid."

When she was 13 she ran away to join a rodeo. "I was riding two white horses," she said. "I was raised in Denver. I knew how to ride. I would ride the horses at the beginning of the rodeo and then after the rodeo I was doing ballyhoos, but I wore a mask, nobody should know me. And then my mother said I should come home, please come home. She said she'll let me take lessons and go into show business the right way."

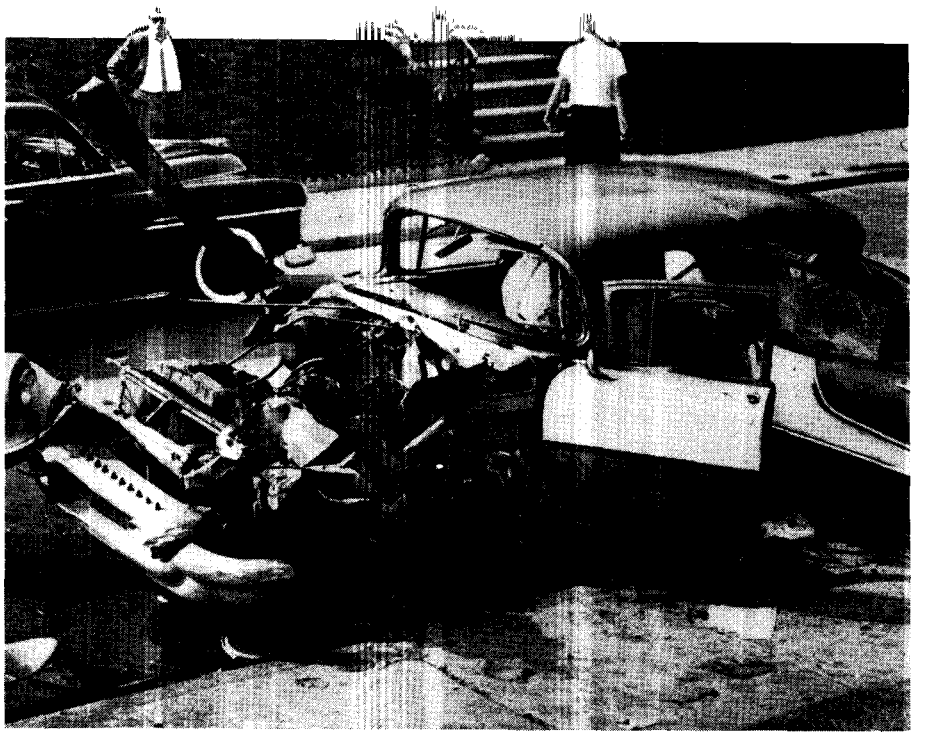
She did come back and was fifteen and a half, three months short of a diploma, when she quit high school to become a chorus girl. A booking agent got her a six-week job in the line at the Beachcomber in Miami Beach. Before she left her mother gave her a Saks Fifth Avenue charge plate. "Don't lose it, baby," her mother said. "I know you won't ask for anything, so take this, and if there is anything you need, go and get it." At the time, Lillian said she had no intention of using the charge plate.

When she arrived in Florida, however, the first sights that greeted her were the mink stoles, diamond bracelets, gold bathing suits and other gifts that her colleagues in the chorus line were receiving from bald-headed boyfriends. "They were just run-of-the-mill, natural gifts from the dates they had the night before," she wrote in her manuscript. "And there I was with Mom's charge plate. The beaded dresses are what really stunned me!" One day Lillian went to Saks, bought her own beaded dress and wore it in the club. "But I didn't prove anything, I guess, because—nobody believed my Mom bought it for me," she said. "They all took it for granted that I had done something wrong.

"After a while I saw I was missing out on everything, and I stopped using the charge plate. Many times the girls would all go to somebody's table, and I would join them, and then the whole party would go somewhere else, and if somebody didn't take me home, they would offer me cab fare. Cab fare would be a $100 bill, and many times I'd turn it down. This is the truth. I really have to enjoy someone's company to be with them, and if I'm enjoying their company, I don't want their money. This is the way I felt at the start, but after awhile, I learned how to not refuse money.

"After this, whenever I went to work, I always found somebody—or somebody found me—that was wealthy. There was always somebody giving me something. I think every girl in show business has what they like to call a 'John.' She might not be in love with him, but he likes her, and he wants to do things for her. I always had one, and later, when Bing Miller came along, it was like anyone else that had ever given me anything."

She stayed in Florida for three months, then went back to New York and had the measles. "In the meantime," she said, "I had this little romance with a fellow from the East Side that I went to school with, and he was cute and polite and a gentleman, and maybe we'd go to the movies, and he'd put his arm around me." Then Earl Carroll hired her for his *Vanities*. "In California," she said, "it's bar nothing. You go out, and this is it. When I was out in California, what would go on in the parties, you wouldn't believe. I'd go home, I'd *run* home, I'd call me a cab and run out. I'd see movie stars that I'd idolized, that I had so much respect for. They made me sick, the things I saw, the things that they did. They were creeps. So me, all I was thinking about was the guy back in New York, how nice and respectful he was to me."



Dynamite blast killed informer Richie Blaney in car near his Philadelphia home.

Lil and Capt. Ferguson appear at Philadelphia extradition hearing connected with Jersey murder of Vincent Blaney. Murder charge against her was quashed.

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"Junior and I," says Lillian Reis, "it's really quite a love story."

TIGER LIL

Lillian had been married, at the age of 17, to Joe Bozyk, the 19-year-old butcher. They lived on the Lower East Side. "He was working, and I was sitting home," she said. "I was scrubbing the steps, and I was a beautiful girl, I was. I'd get up at 4:30 and make him his breakfast and give him his lunch box. I had a budget book, and I had to mark everything down. If I put a nickel in the phone, I had to put it in my budget book. He was making forty-five, fifty dollars a week, and he saw that I wasn't happy, and it was bugging him. I think I had a housedress on for one month straight. Honest to God, my feet spread, I didn't wear shoes for a month. And then we tried separating, and I went to my mother, and he went to his mother, and that was it. So I left him and took a job on the chorus line at the Latin Casino in Philadelphia."

She met Mike Corabi, who was 11 years older than Lillian. He had been married once before. "Let me tell you about Mike," she said. "If this house was on fire, and he was up in the bedroom, and the steps were starting to burn, he'd tie his shoe laces, he'd fix his handkerchief, fix his tie, do his hair and very nonchalantly whistle and walk down the steps. That's how cool he was."

When she met him, he was a steady ringsider at the Latin Casino, then the headquarters of Philadelphia's good times. "I'd say without a doubt she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever met," Corabi recalled. "Everybody was after her. She was a very wild chick, always, very tempestuous. I couldn't be away from her a minute but that she was getting into a fight. She would go to the ladies' room, and on the way she would end up in some brawl. Some guy would make a pass at her, and she'd get into a fight with him, or she'd accuse some girl of having eyes for me, and I'd have to go over and haul her out of it."

They were married May 27, 1953, in Philadelphia's Blue Angel, a club which Corabi was managing at the time. "Just the way he treated everything else, that's the way he treated me, very lightly," Lillian said. "My birthday comes, but with him, it was just another day. I would say, 'Are you going to play cards? I'm going to such and such a place.' And he'd say, 'All right, enjoy yourself. You want me to pick you up? You want me to have someone come and get you?' He'd come home from the card game, I'm still not home five in the morning, I'd get home six, six-thirty. 'You get home all right? Did you have a nice time?' Maybe some women think this is what they want, but I wanted more attention."

Mike had a close friend named Larry Speed. Larry Speed had a close friend named Junior Staino. "To me," Junior said, "Lil was the unattainable woman. She was just out of my league. I was the kind of guy, all I could do was look at a woman like that and dream. I had no more thought of making out with her than the man in the moon. I used to be her chauffeur. I would pick her up, drive her to the Celebrity Room, drive her home. We were thrown at each other, that's what it was." Junior was a bartender at another club.

"I had heard a lot of things about Junior before I met him," Lillian said. "When I met him, I couldn't believe it, because to me he was just—well, I knew he was manly, but he overpowered me. Like, with Mike, he'd come home, if I cooked, all right, if I didn't cook, that's all right. But with Junior, it's like, 'What do you mean you're too busy to cook?' If I told Mike this guy came in the club and brought me a few things, he says, 'Look, if you feel that it's all right for you to keep it, keep it.' If it was Junior, he would have broke my head."

Lillian wept when a Pottsville jury convicted Junior Staino of burglary. She put her hands to her face, but the tears leaked between her fingers. "Junior and I, it's really quite a love story," Lillian said. "There's nothing wrong with it. When I met him, he was torching. He had just broke up with his wife. And I was like one of the boys. But Junior would dance with me once in a while, and it got to a point that even when Mike would be with us, I wanted to be with Junior."

When the Latin Casino closed for the summer, Lillian took her talents to the Celebrity Room, a couple of blocks away. Within six months she was captain of the line. "After the show Lil would always mix at the bar," another chorus girl recalls. "I remember she always had money. She would come back into the dressing room, and she would take fifty-dollar bills and hundred-dollar bills out of her stocking. I used to ask the other girls, 'Where does Lil get all that money?'" According to Lillian, she saw Bing Miller only once a week. There were six other perfectly good working days.

Nowadays, with the Celebrity Room padlocked by the city, Lillian can be found in her home, one of a regiment of brick-uniformed houses standing shoulder to shoulder in South Philadelphia. From her back window she can see the red and green lights of the Walt Whitman Bridge, a black runner to New Jersey. "It's pretty, isn't it?" she said recently as she gazed through the window. "For a year and a half I used to look at the lights of the bridge, and I couldn't cross it. I was under indictment for murder in Atlantic City on account of this nut Russell, and if I went across the bridge, they could arrest me. They didn't have enough evidence to extradite me."

She put out her cigarette in an oversized ashtray and turned toward the gas range, her afternoon's work. A vast tureen stood on one of the burners, bubbling with beef-barley soup, the recipe of centuries of Jewish housewifery. She wore an ink-black jersey shirt and a black wig. A turquoise ribbon ran through her hair, and another band of turquoise, on her wrist, held her watch to it. Her slacks were also turquoise. Her face was white by contrast, and the bright red of her lipstick blazed alone in her ensemble. Her eyes, darkly painted beneath the added turquoise shadow of her lids, were brown. Her clothes looked new.

"They keep closing me down," she said. "The Celebrity Room is the cleanest-run club in the city; I've got thousands of dollars tied up in that club. All these holier-than-thou politicians, I've got the names of sixteen of them who are big shots in City Hall who were very good and steady customers in my club, that I assure you they used to look for girls for their own use, and they'd get mad at me when they couldn't get them."

In the living room doubled by two walls of paneled mirrors, there was a curved, sectional sofa stained by water seepage from an overflowing bathtub upstairs. There was also a color-television set in the room, another dividend, according to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, of the Pottsville burglary. Whether the Commonwealth's charges were true or not, the television set had dispensed its own judgment. The color didn't work.

She coughed a laugh. "There isn't one thing I've been accused of somebody else hasn't done at one time or another," she said. "Why're they picking on me? Maybe they need someone to liven their jails. They can't afford my salary. That's what you call a booking, pal. How'd you like to be my agent and get ten percent of that? I'll tell you, if all this is over, and I beat it, I'm liable to get a complex I'm not wanted anymore.

"Somebody told me the other day, 'Lil, how can you joke?' You know what I said? I said, 'My mother once told me if you lose your money, it's OK, but if you lose your sense of humor, you lose everything.' So all day long I walk around like a happy idiot." THE END

While her daughters, Barbara, 14, and Midgie, 9, look on, Lillian toys with pet poodle, Toulouse, on the Atlantic City sands. Lillian, now free on bail, says, "There isn't one thing I've been accused of that somebody hasn't done one time or other."

Lillian Reis twists for customers at the bar in Atlantic City where she recently toiled.

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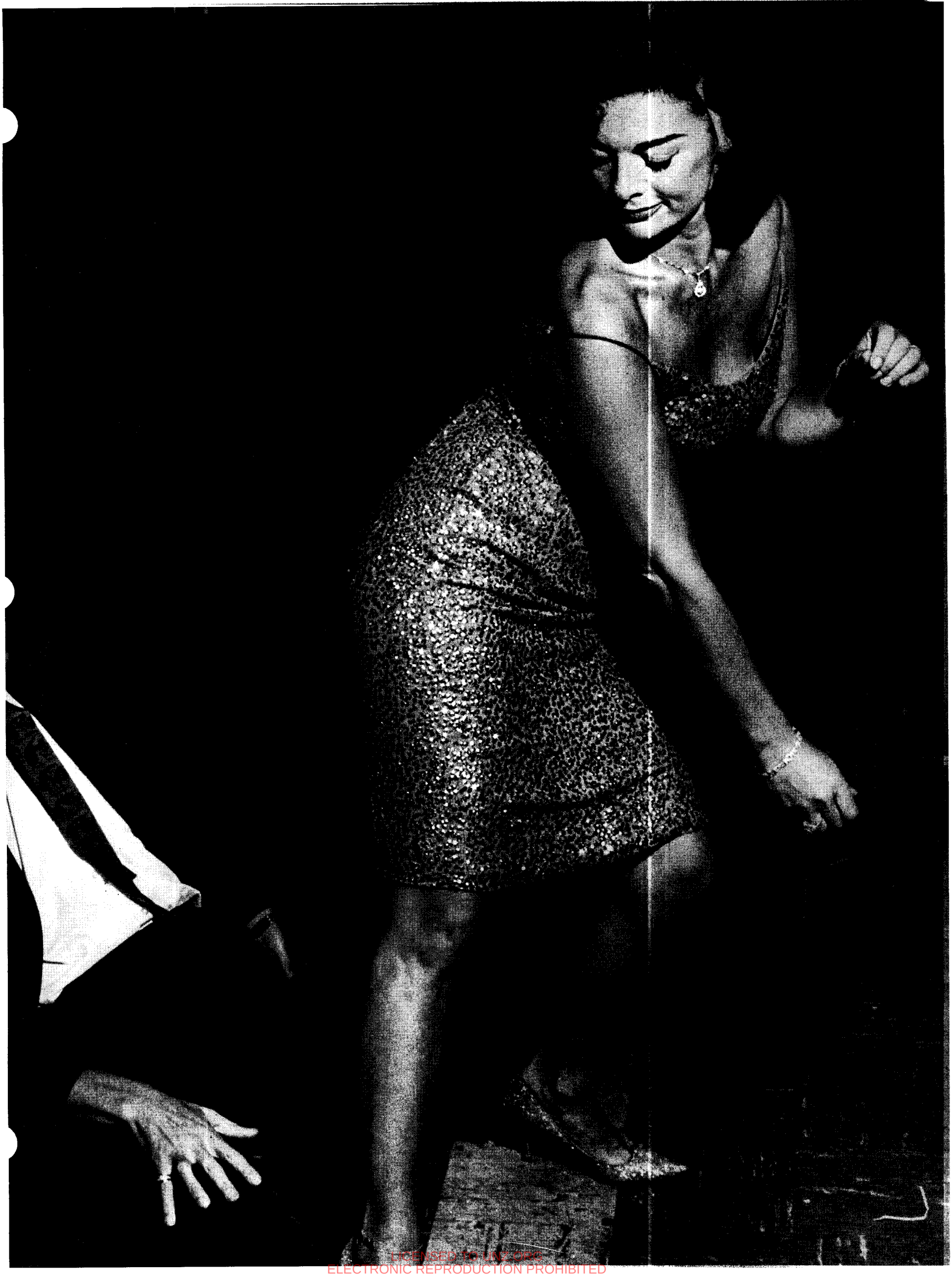

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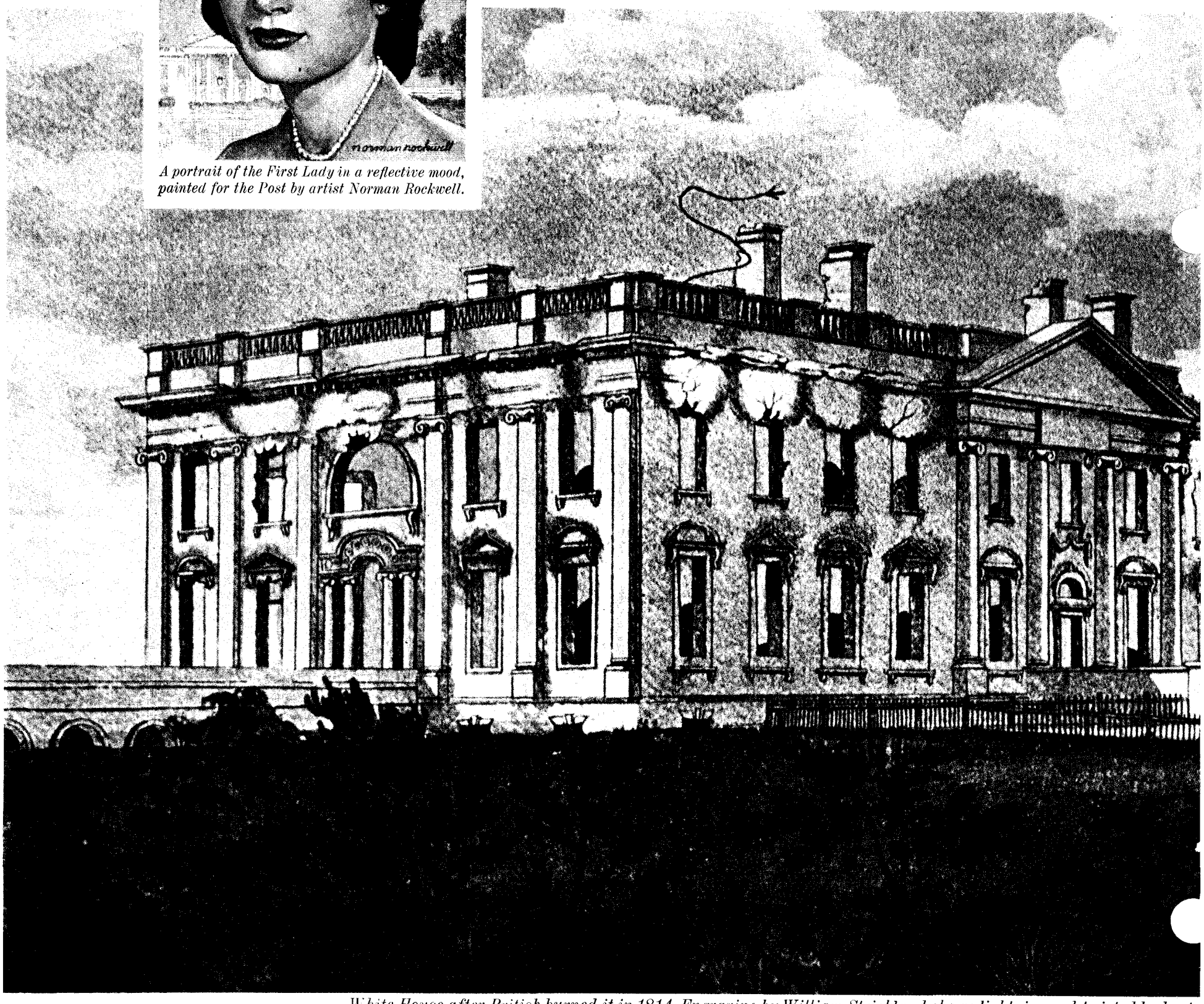
HOW JACKIE RESTYLED THE WHITE HOUSE

Paintings, antiques and historic objects have revived a

A portrait of the First Lady in a reflective mood, painted for the Post by artist Norman Rockwell.



White House after British burned it in 1814. Engraving by William Strickland shows lightning rod twisted by heat.

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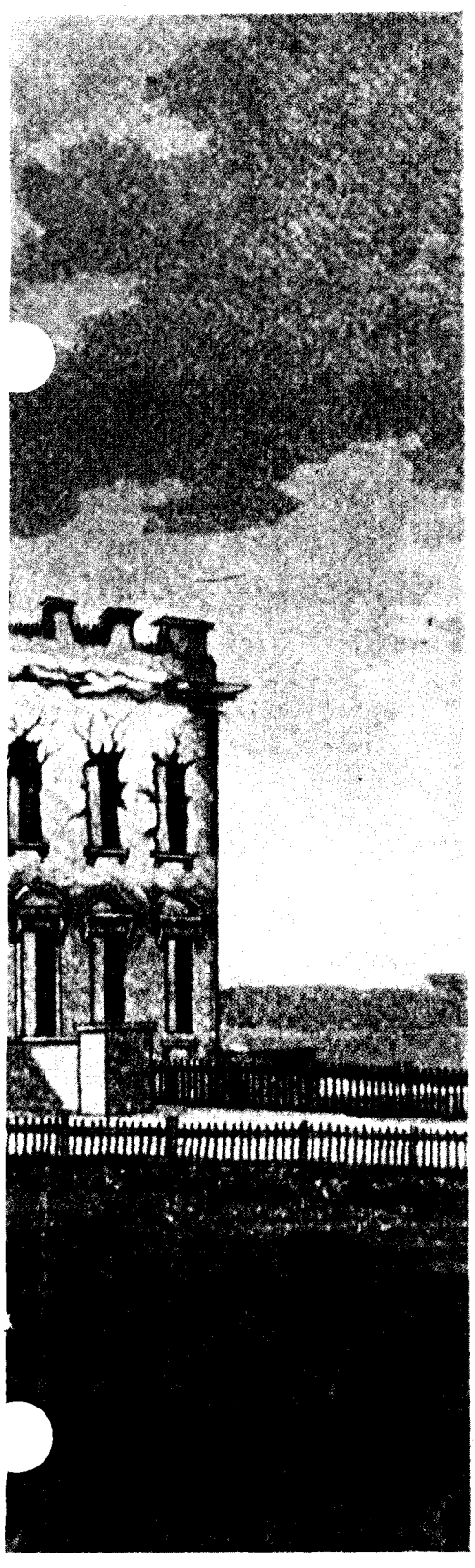
tradition of grandeur.



French wallpaper in President's private dining room shows English General Cornwallis surrendering at Yorktown.

To millions of Americans the White House is a familiar but rather remote public institution. To Jacqueline Kennedy, as to every First Lady before her, it is also a home, a place where the children leave toys around, where friends come to dinner, where animals romp and somebody has to install the new sofa.

The problem of how to live in the White House is a special one. In fact, it has been a problem ever since Congress voted in 1790 for the construction of a "suitable building for the President." George Washington called it "a palace in a forest." Jefferson said it was "big enough for two emperors, one pope, and a grand lama. The entrance hall was all stomach." The British engaged in more practical criticism by burning the building when they occupied Washington during the War of 1812. And while the first Presidents complained of its being too big, later tenants found it too small. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison proposed an expansion plan that featured a "historical wing," an "official wing" and a huge glass house for tropical plants. Theodore Roosevelt finally added two office wings in 1902.

In addition to all this, the White House was decaying slowly over the decades. When Harry Truman's bathtub sank through the rotting floor, Congress appropriated $5.5 million to tear up the insides of the building and construct it completely anew. As a result, all the mellow feeling of the old house gave way to a stark atmosphere of solidity. As one Washington columnist observed, "The White House is safe, all right, but it has completely lost its charm. That restoration took the heart out of the building. When those floors creaked, you *knew* Lincoln had been walking there before you. Now it has no more appeal than the Pentagon."

This was the problem that Jacqueline Kennedy faced when she moved into the great mansion almost three years ago. Her solution was to furnish the White House with works of art that earlier Presidents might have liked. To attract some of the best art available, she persuaded Congress to grant the White House "museum status," under the administration of the National Park System—thus making any donations tax-deductible. This incentive soon began prompting gifts from rich benefactors all over the country. Mrs. Vincent Astor donated the 19th-century wallpaper in the picture above, and New York stockbroker John Loeb provided $100,000 worth of furniture for the Oval Drawing Room.

In its three years of operation, Mrs. Kennedy's program has drawn support not only from millionaires. People from all over the country have sent everything from paintings to chamber pots, from wallpaper to silverware. The clearest evidence of public support has been the increasing number of tourists who visit the White House as an essential part of the national heritage. Some 800,000 visitors poured in during the first six months of this year—as many as during the whole year of 1960. And the White House Historical Association's guidebook, from which these pictures are taken, has more than one million copies in print.

This revitalization of her temporary home fills Jacqueline Kennedy with satisfaction. "Like any President's wife, I'm here for only a brief time," she has said. "And before everything slips away, before every link with the past is gone, I want to do this."

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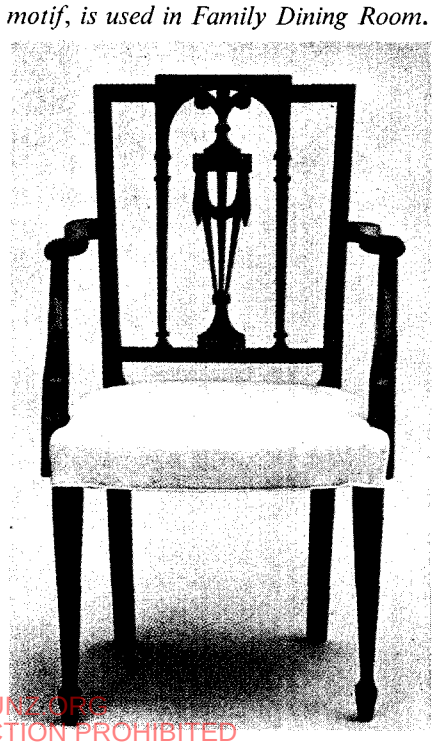
Wallpaper of Diplomatic Reception Room came from Alsace in 1834. Amateur antique hunter found it on a Maryland farm, sold it to White House in 1961.

Worcester urn, depicting naval victory, sits in President's West Wing office.

Dining chair, with a "lattice-back," dates from Federal period, around 1800.

Another Federal chair, with classical motif, is used in Family Dining Room.



Empire clock (about 1830) stands on mantel in the new "Lincoln Bedroom."

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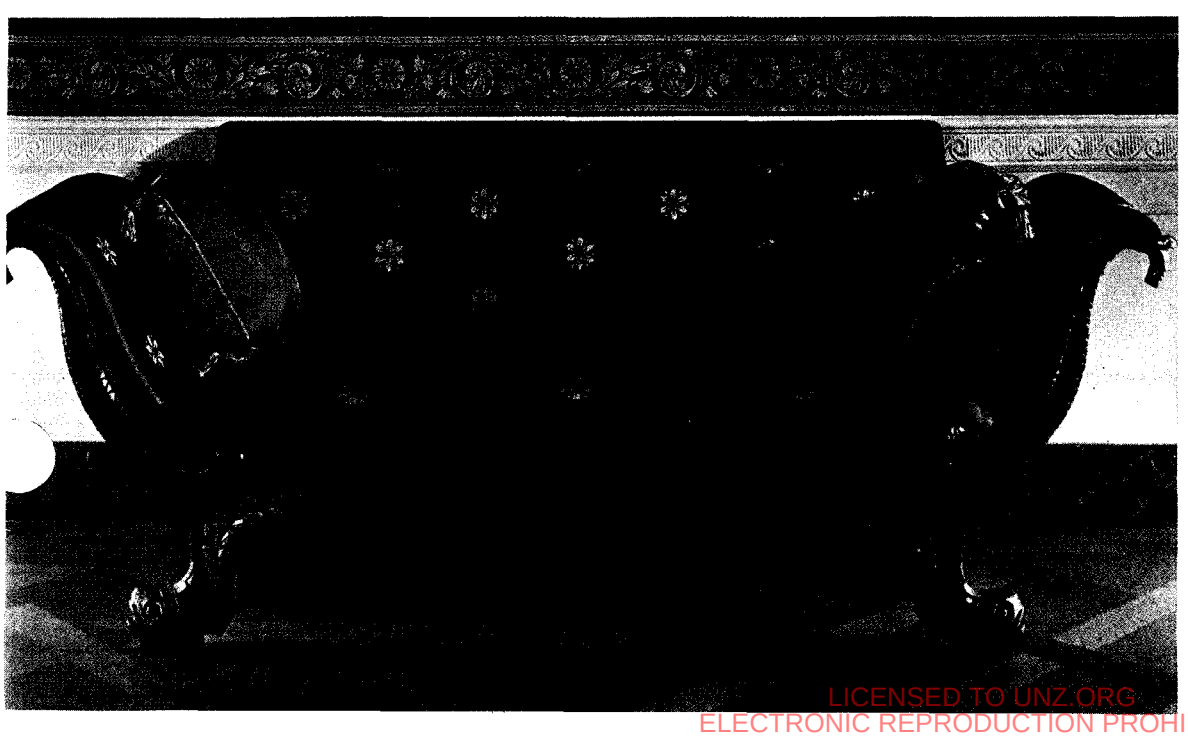
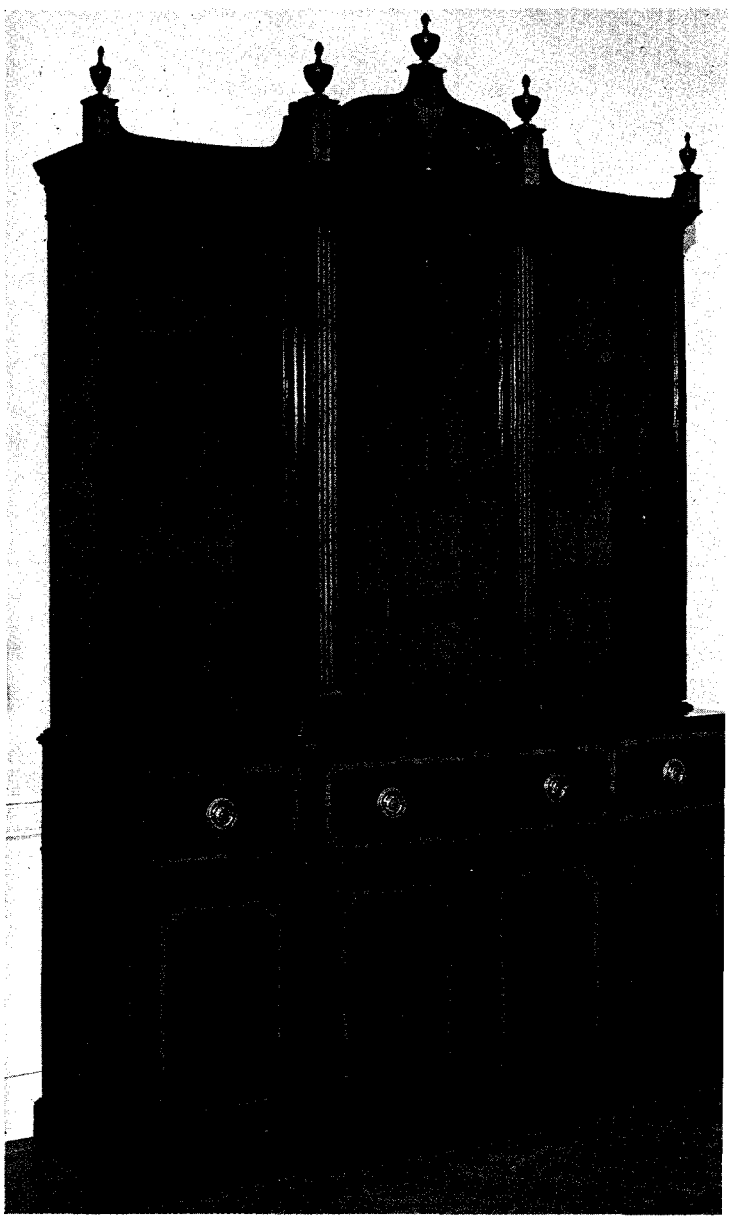
Newly assembled White House furniture represents a variety of historical periods.

"Lincoln Bedroom" was the Cabinet Room where Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Every President has furnished the White House according to his own taste and resources. James Monroe, once ambassador to France, took a special delight in costly Parisian bronzework and furniture, while Andrew Jackson spent $50,000 on glassware and china for large-scale entertaining. (At his famous farewell party he treated his guests to a cheese weighing over 1,400 pounds.) Chester Arthur, a lover of things ornate, sold almost all the furnishings in 1881 and hired *art nouveau* decorator Louis Comfort Tiffany to fill the mansion with palm trees and Tiffany glass, including a screen in the entrance hall. This appalled Theodore Roosevelt, who is said to have ordered architect Charles F. McKim to "break in small pieces that Tiffany screen." (Its replacement value today would be $50,000.) McKim remodeled the White House in the neoclassical style of James Monroe. "Roosevelt was second only to Thomas Jefferson in the care and knowledge of the White House," Mrs. Kennedy once remarked. Following his example, she has set out to restore each of the public rooms in the style of an earlier period. The Diplomatic Reception Room (opposite page) features Federal furniture dating from the time of Washington. The Lincoln Room (left) contains not only period pieces but also objects and furnishings that Lincoln knew and loved: a portrait of Jackson, a table bought by his wife Mary.





Breakfront, dated 1800, stands in the Family Dining Room.

Red Room Empire sofa was gift of Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon.

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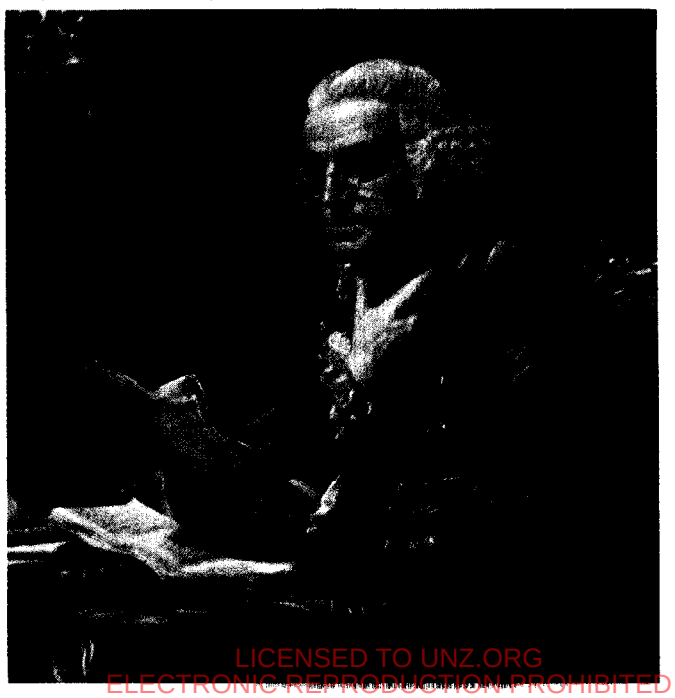
During White House reception for General Grant, the hero of the North stares wearily into space, while Lincoln stands nearby to welcome guests.

A superb collection of American art portrays the nation's history.

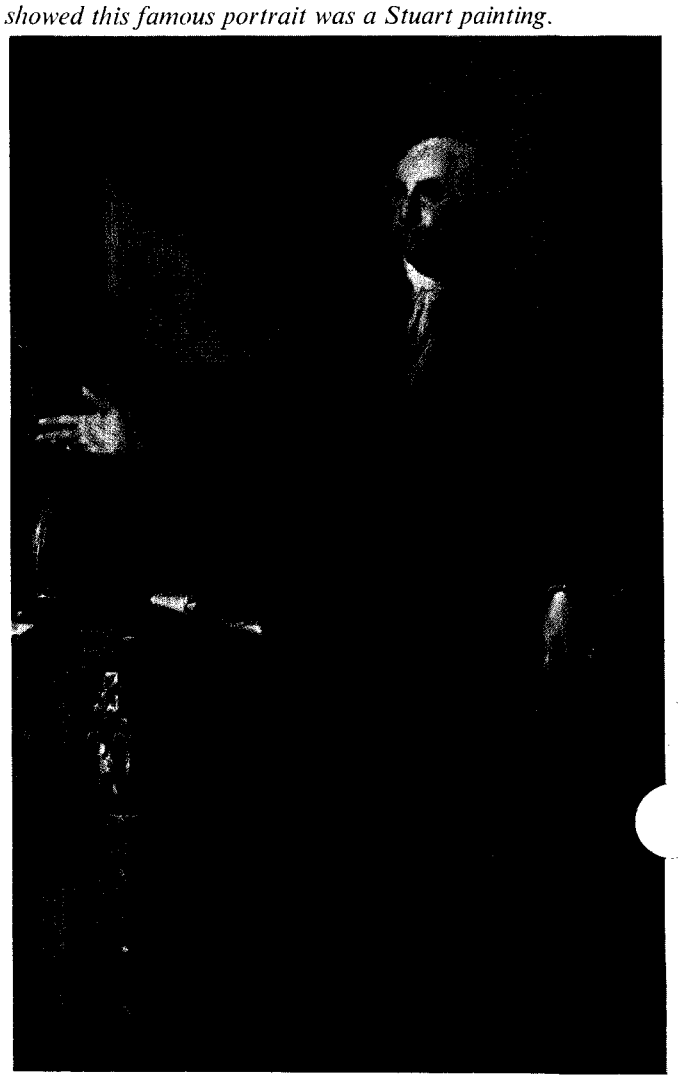
When Mrs. Kennedy came to the White House, she was shocked by its collection of paintings. "I found hardly anything that had been here before 1902," she recalls. Most categories of painting—still life, landscape or historical scene—were missing altogether. Only a few old portraits had survived the whimsical tastes of incoming families; yet even these, Mrs. Kennedy found, were for the most part badly painted or copied from missing originals. To improve the White House collection—not only portraits but other types of painting as well—she searched for the most characteristically American canvases by the best American painters, and added only a few works by foreign artists. Among her prized acquisitions: an original portrait of Ben Franklin (below, center), painted in 1767 by a Scottish artist named David Martin. Valued at $135,000, it was donated last year by Philadelphia publisher Walter H. Annenberg, and now hangs over the central mantelpiece of the Green Room.

Angelica, Van Buren's hostess.

Benjamin Franklin ponders document before bust of Newton.



It took nearly a half century before a restoration showed this famous portrait was a Stuart painting.



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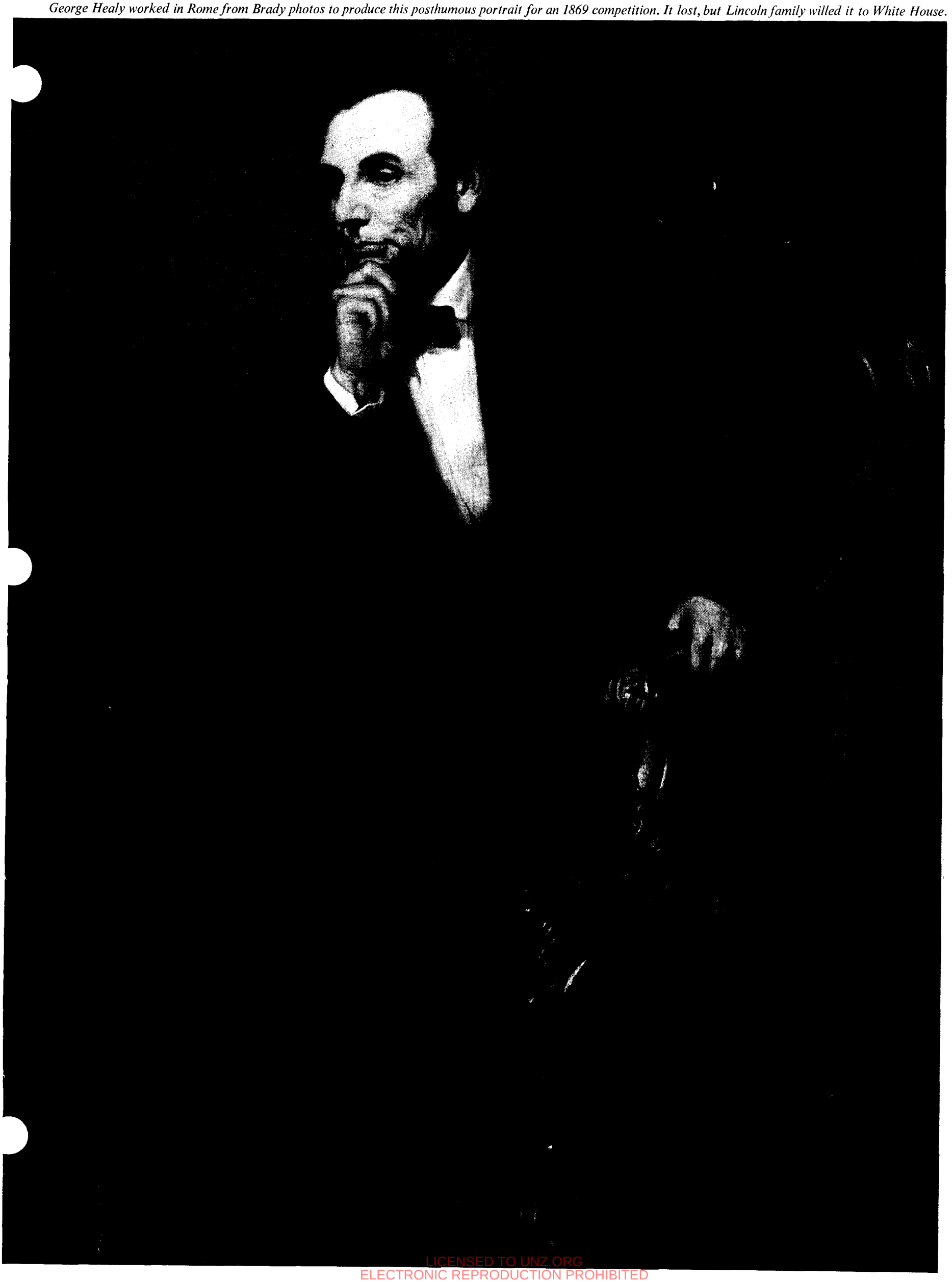
George Healy worked in Rome from Brady photos to produce this posthumous portrait for an 1869 competition. It lost, but Lincoln family willed it to White House.



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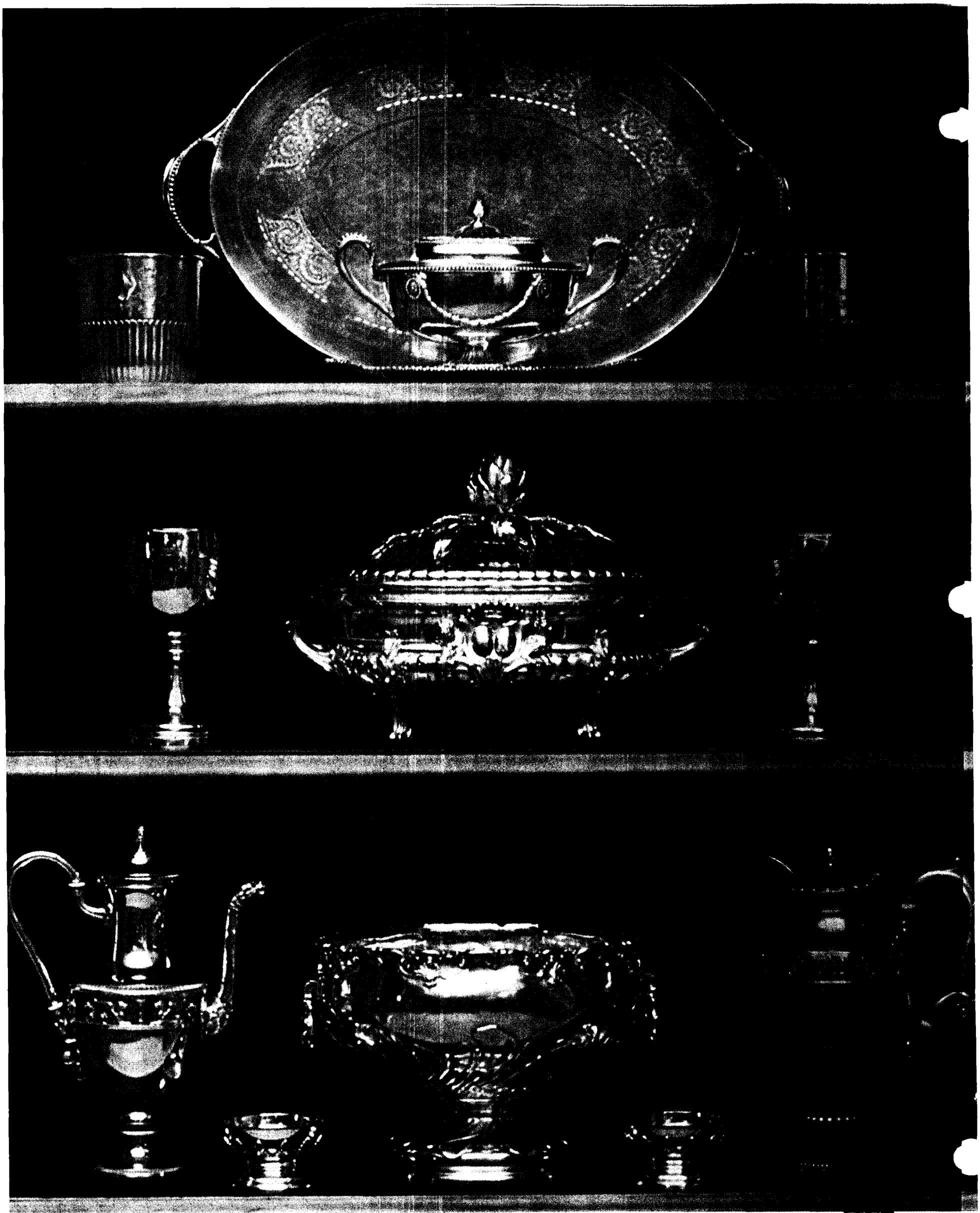

This glittering collection of silver-gilt French and English cups, tureens and trays dates from 1735 to 1884. They were donated to the White Hou[illegible]6.

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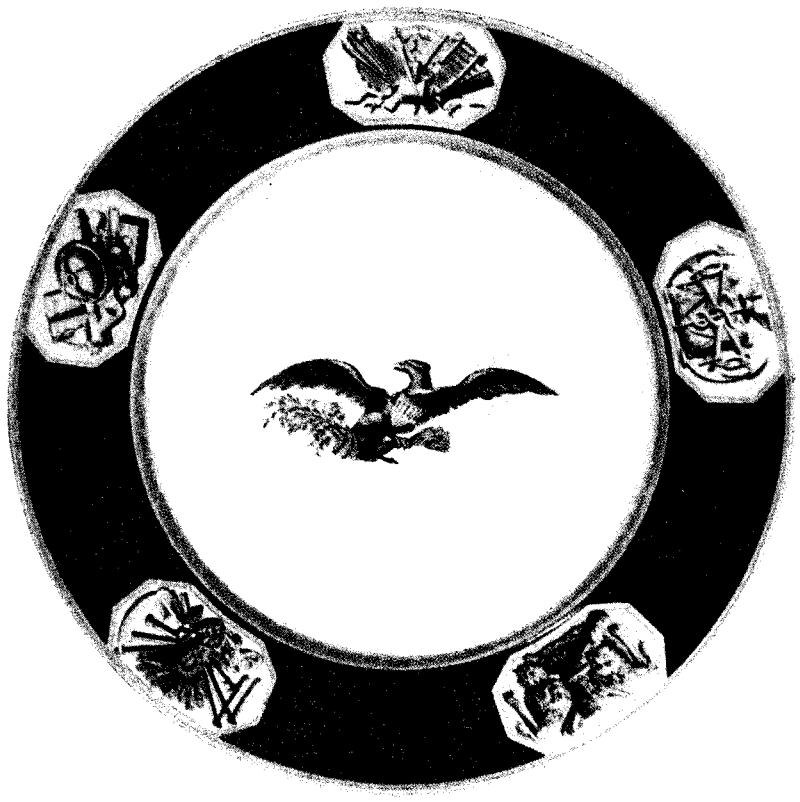
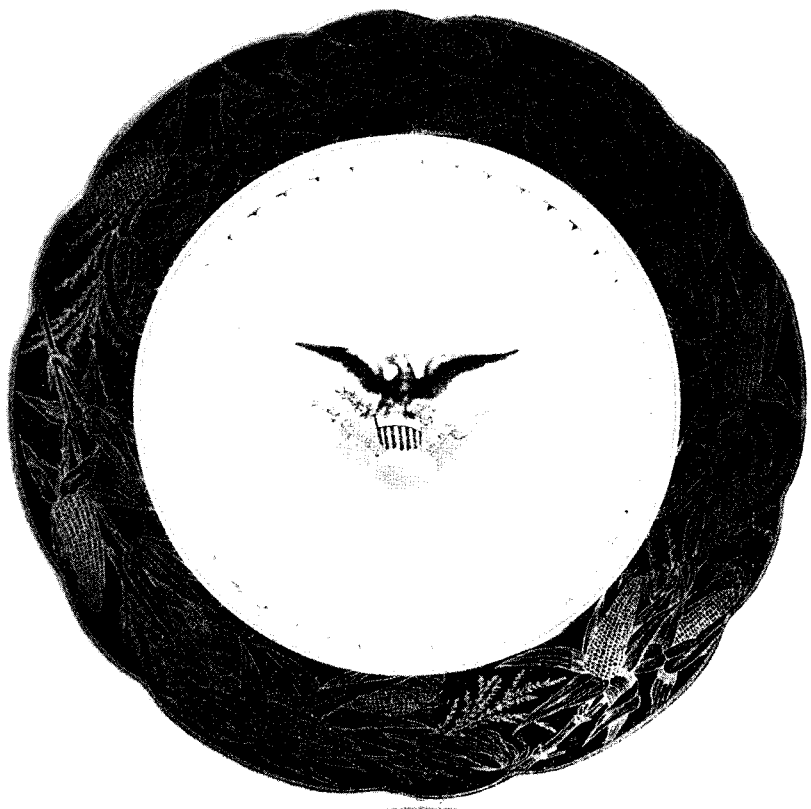
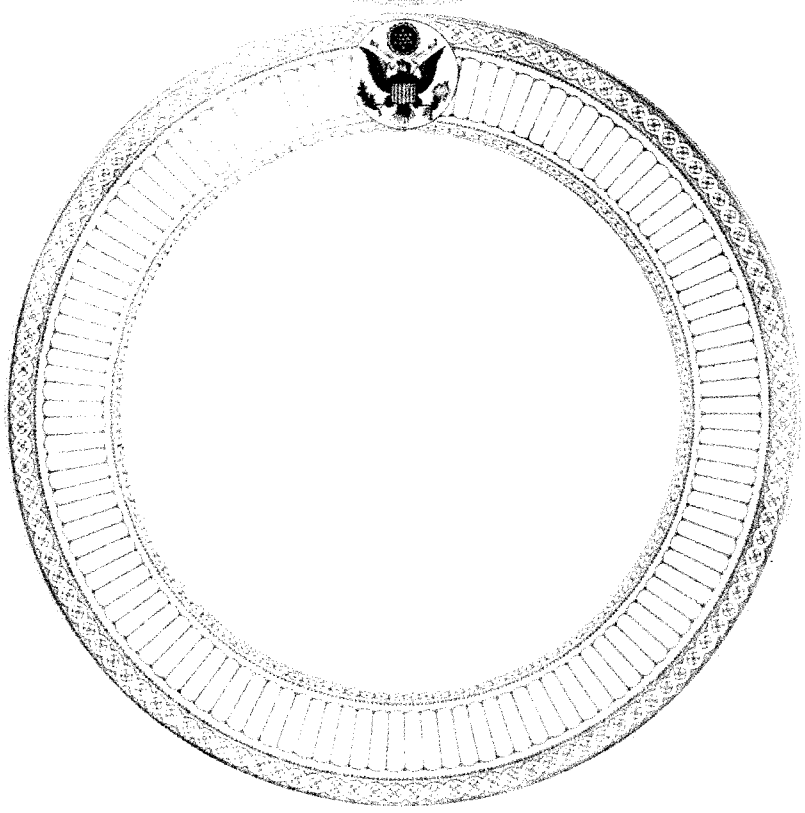
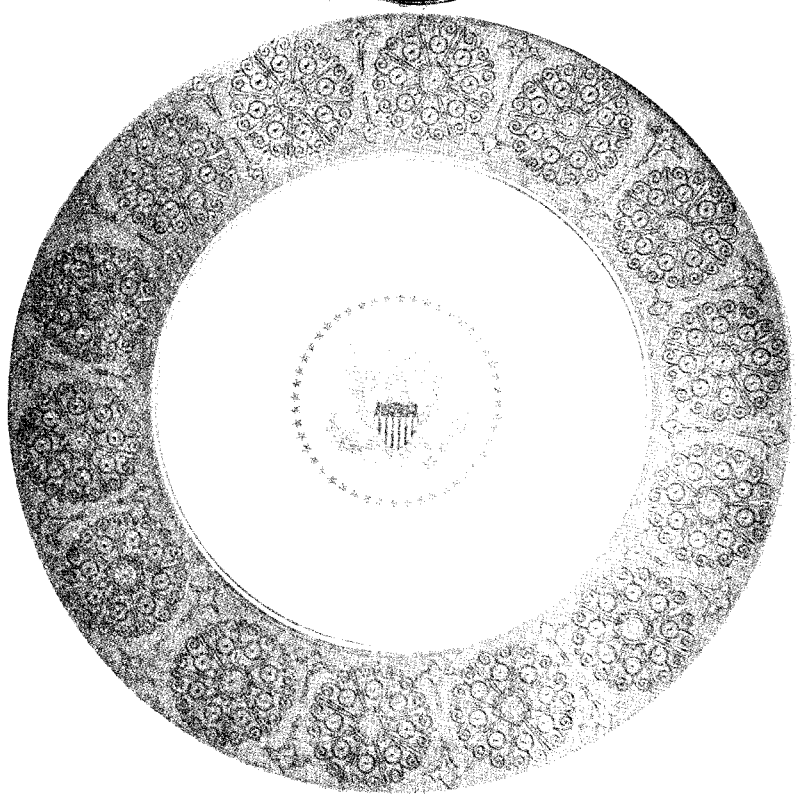
A priceless array of silver and china.

"Your house glitters with all imaginable luxuries and gaudy ornaments . . . foreign-cut wine coolers, exquisite china and goblets." So Congressman Charles Ogle charged Van Buren in his famous "gold spoon speech" of 1840. Attacking the President for lavish personal expenses has always been a favorite weapon of Congress. Van Buren was on the defensive from the start. He needed "exquisite china" to entertain in dignity, and because American-made silver, glass and chinaware had not achieved a Presidential level of elegance, he was forced to set his table with "foreign-cut" accessories. Not until Wilson's day were American plates used at a state dinner. On the upper right, for example, is a dinner plate bought by Monroe from the Dagoty factory in Paris. Descending clockwise: a Wedgwood plate belonging to Theodore Roosevelt; a Limoges plate belonging to Benjamin Harrison; a Castleton plate bought by Eisenhower, 1955.









Too valuable to be priced now, this Sèvres tureen was bought by John Adams.

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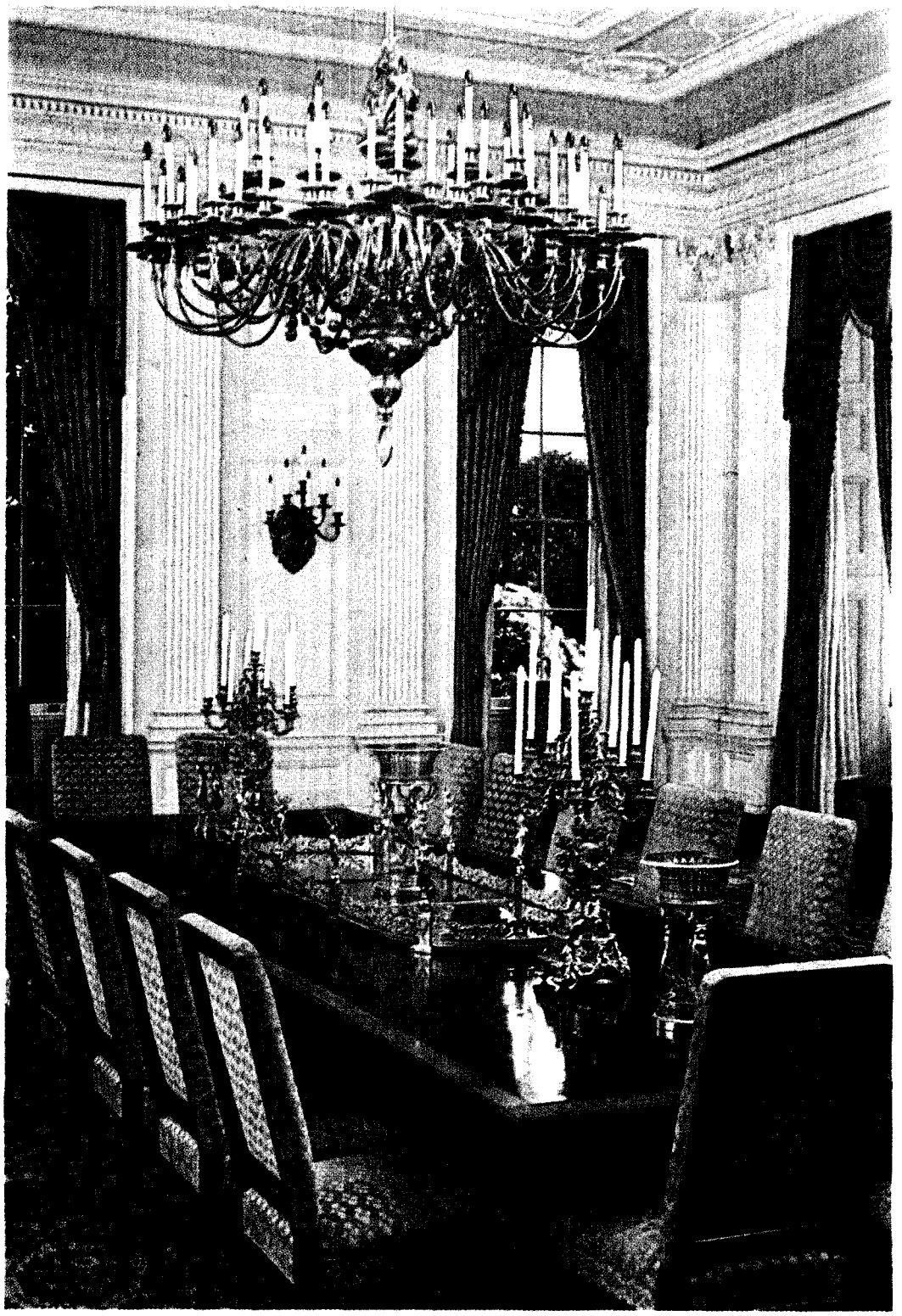
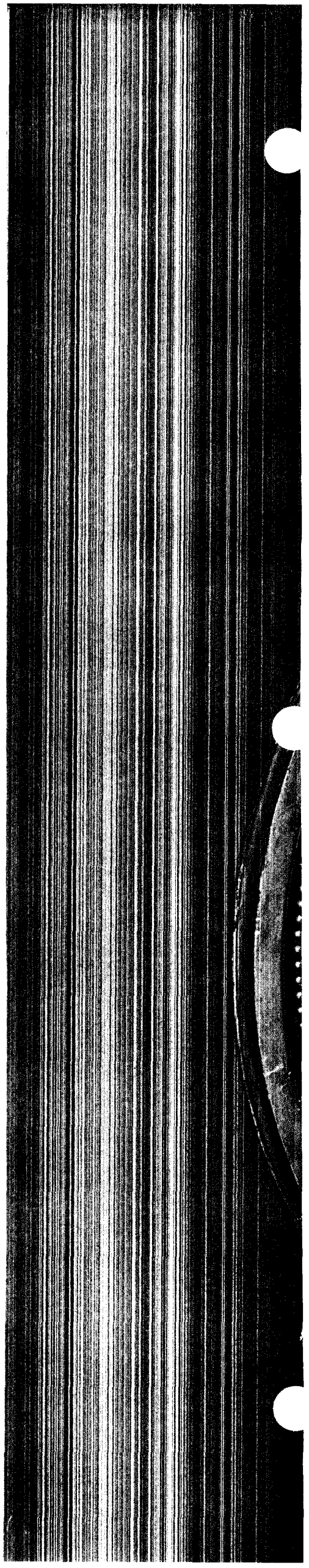
A living sense of the nation's past in a house for the living.



These bronze-doré table pieces, ordered by Monroe in 1817, are still used for White House dinners.

When Mrs. Kennedy first visited the White House—she was 11 years old and touring with her mother—she distinctly felt what she has often called its "interior remoteness." Since becoming First Lady, she has done everything in her ability to make the White House a congenial place to live. She favors small dinner parties, such as the one set above in the State Dining Room. By converting the Red Room (right) from a cold and dreary receiving room to an Empire salon of Monroe's era, with warm hues of red and gold, she has made it the perfect place for guests to congregate after dinner. "Jackie," as a friend once said, "is at home with the two great assets of the White House—its social facilities and its history. The history dignifies her entertainment, and her hospitality makes the history really human."



The Red Room, furnished in American Empire style, is reflected in a 19th-century convex mirror.

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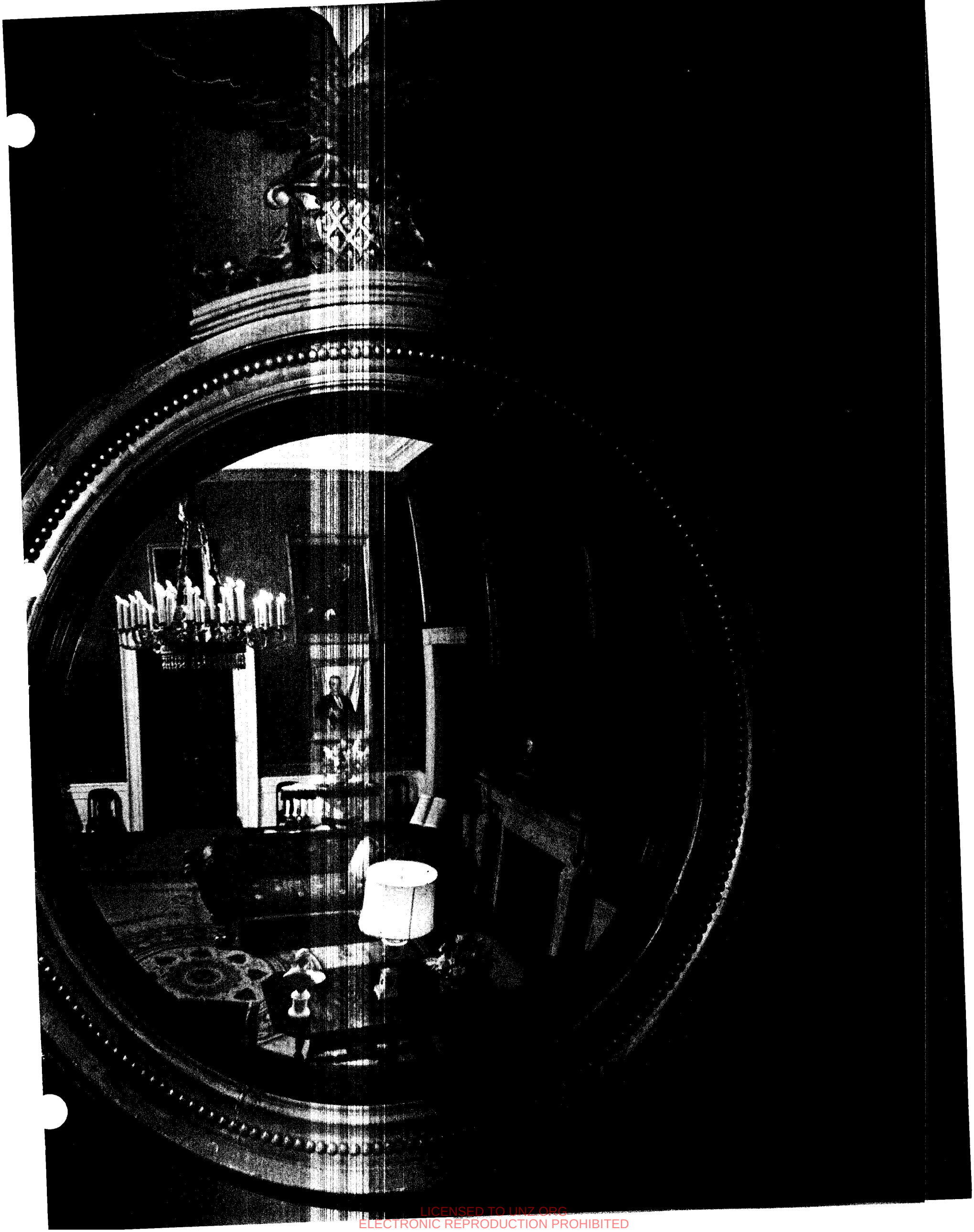

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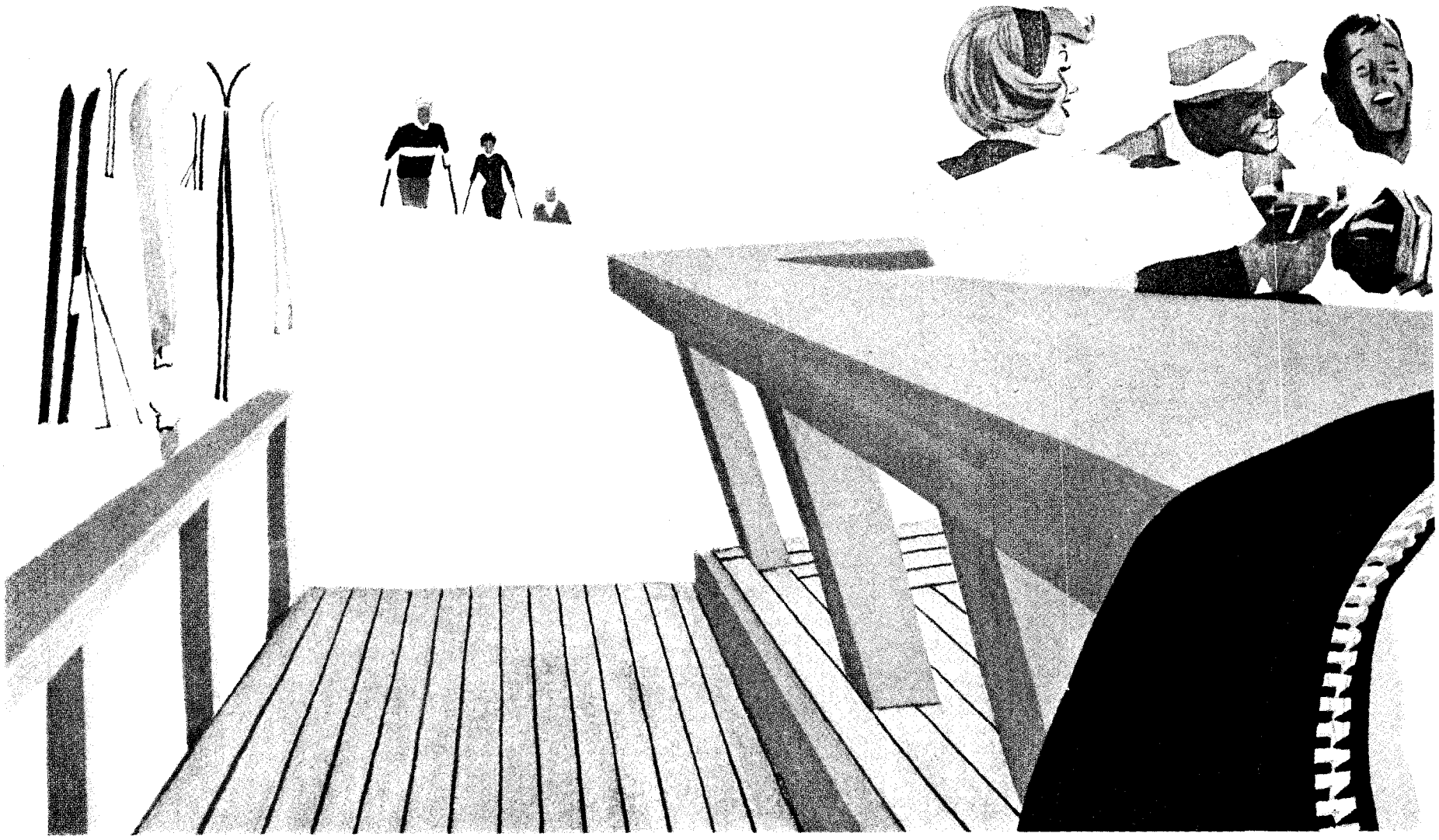

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By Eve Merriam

"It's like investing in A. T. & T. or an impressionist painting," claim the women who pay thousands to wear dresses labeled

GALANOS

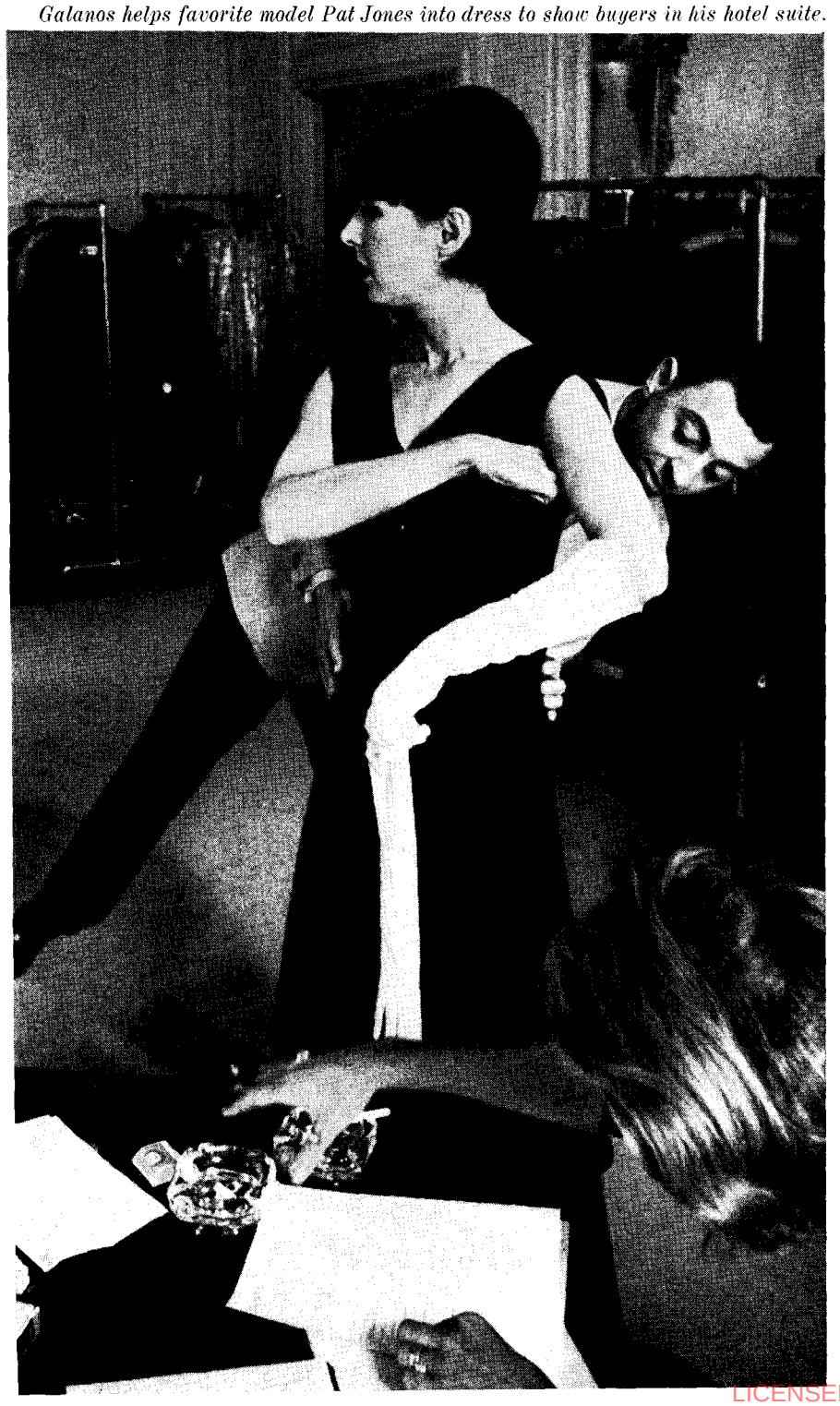
Ostrich cocktail hat moves like a mobile.

For years Paris has been the fashion capital of the world, and well-heeled women have traditionally turned to the likes of Balenciaga, Dior, St. Laurent and Givenchy for "the new look." But new looks today are coming out of America, and one of those most responsible is the son of a Greek immigrant who works in Santa Monica, Calif., the fashion capital of nothing. His name, Galanos, appears discreetly embroidered inside the dresses, suits and coats of women who know that a Galanos label has more snob appeal than a Paris creation.

His clothes are not for the timid or budget-conscious. Take, for example, his newest hostess outfit, a sleeveless sable jump suit which carries a price tag of $9,000. One of his casual numbers, unadorned by buttons, bangles or bows, generally costs a minimum of $595 or $695. Says Galanos blandly, "Those are my bread-and-butter numbers. Others, of course, go up." And up, up they go, the dresses, coats and suits he designs, to $1,000, $2,000 and off into orbit.

Don't customers get vertigo at these price tags? "Once a woman is willing to spend more than $300," claims Galanos, "there's no more price resistance." Obviously this brainwashing theory works in practice, for while such items are not exactly snatched off the counters like bargain-basement apparel, they are sold as ready-to-wear in 40 retail outlets from coast to coast. It is not unusual for Galanos to sell a thousand copies of a single number in his line in any given season. Such nonexclusivity, if you can follow the Alice-in-Wonderland logic of high fashion, makes a Galanos creation even snobbier. If you can afford to dash into a store and dash out with a $1,500 garment plucked off the hanger, who could deny you a straight A for affluence?

Galanos helps favorite model Pat Jones into dress to show buyers in his hotel suite.



Fashion editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, Peg Zwecker, rates Galanos the top designer in this country. "If he showed in Paris," she claims, "he would be the couturiers' stiffest competition."

Although a few of his clients have names that make news—such as TV's Betty Furness, Hollywood's Rosalind Russell and Cyd Charisse—most of them lead lives of quiet distinction surrounded by money. Wouldn't he like more celebrities to wear his clothes? He shrugs. "Ninety percent of the movie stars have no taste, anyway. Besides, they won't pay my prices."

What about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy? He shrugs again. "Her clothes look too skimpy on her, and her hair styles are awful. Her sister is more subtle—I'd rather dress her.

"I design for the woman who is willing to be daring," he says, "the woman who doesn't want to eat packaged sliced white bread all her life. Eighty percent of the women in this country don't coordinate their wardrobes and don't get their clothes fitted right. They lie about their size the way they lie about their age."

Galanos, who looks somewhat like a cross between a thin Garry Moore and a shortened Ray Bolger, has broken almost every rule to achieve his status in the trade. Most everyone assumes the only important designers are in Paris or New York. Galanos, however, remains in Santa Monica. "It's better for me to keep away from my own professional people," he says. "Inbreeding is bad for business."

Besides being a geographical maverick, he is freewheeling about the fashion calendar, a seasonal schedule no one is supposed to depart from. Galanos avoids the regular buyers' weeks, and makes the trek to Manhattan to show his collections when he is ready.

He is totally unconcerned about competition and never attends anybody else's shows. When he flies to Paris twice a year, it is not, as is the case with most American designers, to find out what the big-name couturiers are up to, but simply to buy fabrics and trimmings. Furthermore, in an industry not known for kid-glove tactics, he has not clawed or scratched his way to the summit over writhing bodies below. On the contrary, he has been unobtrusively helpful to young designers such as Gustave Tassell and Paul Whitney. He has never pushed for publicity; even after winning every top fashion award the industry has to offer, he still has not had a professional picture taken of himself.

All these maverick tactics have paid off. Galanos's original backers have long since received full payment. In the 10 years since he has been on his own, he has reached the point where volume is over a million dollars a year.

"He has no equal," declares Amelia Gray, whose Beverly Hills specialty shop caters to the richest women in that area. She is such a devoted fan that she not only buys from him on an almost daily basis for her customers but her own wardrobe is made up entirely of his designs. Galanos seems to thrive on the arduous life of designing three collections a year—each one containing an average of 125 different models—then taking orders, checking invoices, following through on every detail.

Although he is boyishly deferential in his manners, he kowtows to no one. Recently one of his most lucrative accounts, Neiman-Marcus, asked if one of his black dresses could be made up in other colors. Galanos said simply, "No." One buyer wrote him that one of his best clients objected to the narrow line of a Galanos creation and asked for material so she could widen the skirt and walk more comfortably. "Your customer should take more ladylike steps," he replied.

Nor does he design with an eye to what the high priestesses of the fashion magazines will consider newsworthy. "Frankly," he says, "they're too far out. They go for the overdramatic or the gimmick. I don't mind doing outrageous things, but with my tongue in my cheek. When you take yourself too seriously the way some of them do, it becomes grotesque. After all, you have to realize that this whole business is 95 percent phony."

"Sweetie, darling, honey, lover and doll" are routine salutations in the fashion world. Galanos does not go in for any of these sugar droppings; at the most, he will respond on a first-name basis. He leads an unheadlined life, behaving more like the owner of a small neighborhood candy stand than a top fashion designer. When a magazine decides to photograph one of his dresses for a cover—a high honor for any designer—he ships the garment over C.O.D.

Nothing about him is particularly ostentatious, not even his sapphire cuff links or the elegant dark suits made by

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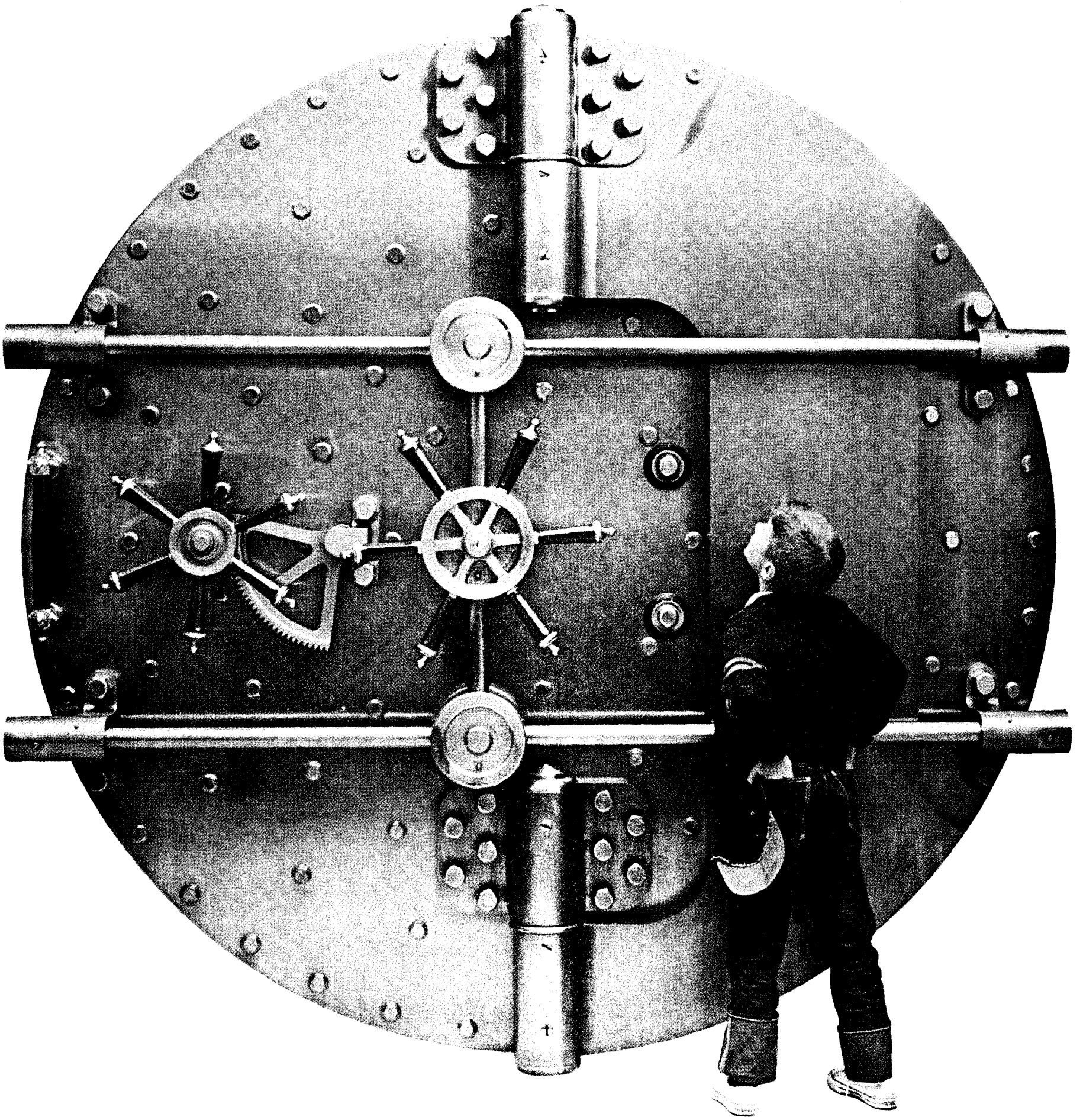

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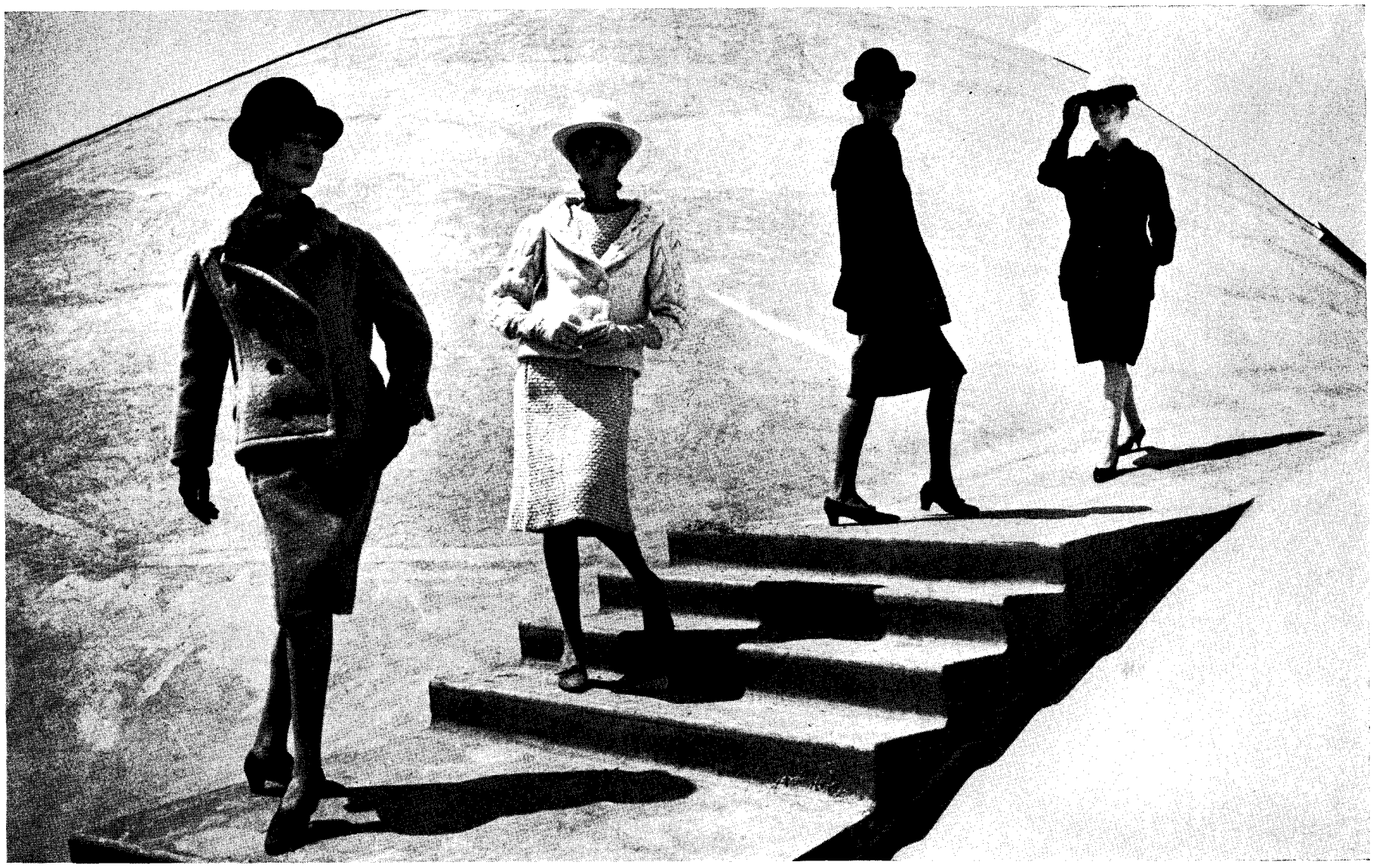
GALANOS

"I design for those women who don't want to eat packaged white bread all their lives."



Galanos clothes are not for the timid or budget-conscious. Four daytime outfits (shown at New York World's Fair grounds) add up to a $3,350 wardrobe.

his personal tailor in his California workrooms. The diamond ring and stickpin he occasionally sports are less in evidence now that his top perch on the high-fashion ladder is secure. His Jaguar is a discreet black sedan with beige leather; his brick house in Beverly Hills is furnished correctly in 18th-century French Regency. He has no swimming pool.

But even this is a long way from his father's Greek restaurant, where he got his start. Jimmy and his three sisters had to help out in the family business. "I don't cook at all anymore," he says. "I had enough of it to last me the rest of my life."

He began early to plot his escape, and at the age of 17 sold his first fashion sketch—for two dollars. "Later I really got into the big money," he recalls. "Sometimes five dollars or even ten. One of these sketches grossed half a million dollars for the firm. I got none of it."

After various apprentice jobs in New York and California he migrated to Paris for a short time. But all along he was determined to strike out for himself, and in 1952 he finally launched his first collection. It consisted of only five numbers, and they were all bought—by a single store. This is on the order of an unknown painter selling his first one-man show to a museum, and he has never had an unsuccessful season since. At his latest winter show he coordinated everything each model wore, from her dark hose to the French stickpin in her scarf. After the frantic activity of the show—which included such diplomatic details as seating the *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* editors at opposite ends of the runway and dealing with a model whose left earlobe turned out to be longer than her right—one would expect Galanos to take a rest. Instead, with two crowded weeks of order taking following each collection, he had to become a salesman. He turned his three-room suite into a showroom to cope with the stream of buyers who started pouring in from eight A.M.

Galanos the salesman is constantly in motion—pacing back and forth, wheeling racks of garments in and out, answering the phone. And there is an endless flow of comment from buyers.

"God, it's only a low-necked nothing."

"It's a $5,000 nothing," Galanos retorts. "If you don't like it, forget it."

"Jimmy baby, I think we better pull the chain on this one. All those scarves make you look hunchbacked."

"Scarves are the big thing this year," he says briskly. "Here, I'll show you how to drape them."

"Now, Jimmy sweetie, some of my customers don't like your hats."

"That's too bad, isn't it?" he says.

And it goes on like this, hour after hour, until the buyers have all gone and it's time for him to begin thinking about the next collection.

For those who can't afford his designs, Galanos has a heartening word. "The best-dressed women rarely make the best-dressed lists. You can look better on a stenographer's salary than many a millionaire's wife, if you follow some basic rules. One, coordinate what you wear, including handbag, gloves, hat. Two, don't have long hair. It looks messy. Three, dress in scale. If you're short, don't wear tottering spike heels, but stick to medium height. You'll look more graceful. If you're tall, don't slump. Four, your personality counts more than any price tag. You have to give of yourself. Don't try to be a frozen-faced clothes horse. Even on them it doesn't look good. Five, be underdressed, whatever the occasion. Six, avoid conformity whenever you can. Find something just a little different, even if it's only replacing the original buttons on your coat."

Although Galanos cuts up to size 12 and will make a 14 or 16 on order, he prefers the size 6 to 10 range. The clothes are created on model Pat Jones, who is so narrow-hipped that when Galanos puts on his New York show it takes a frantic girlhunt to find other mannequins who can fit the samples. "Jones has no bones," Galanos sings out cheerfully, and closes his eyes to the fact that all customers, let alone models, might not have the same thin Modigliani structure. "Let them *not* eat cake" is his motto.

Already, from the tennis courts of Beverly Hills to the saunas of New York, women who aspire to wear Galanos creations are following his advice. Not only are they avoiding calories, but they even take massages and do strenuous tone-up exercises to stay in trim. This Spartanlike existence is not mere vanity; after all, an investment is at stake.

"Buying a Galanos is like putting your money into A.T.&T. or an impressionist painting," says one enthusiast. "Its market value will never go down." This, in an industry based on instant obsolescence, is a real tribute. THE END

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A HUMANIST

Hiding in his own cellar,

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

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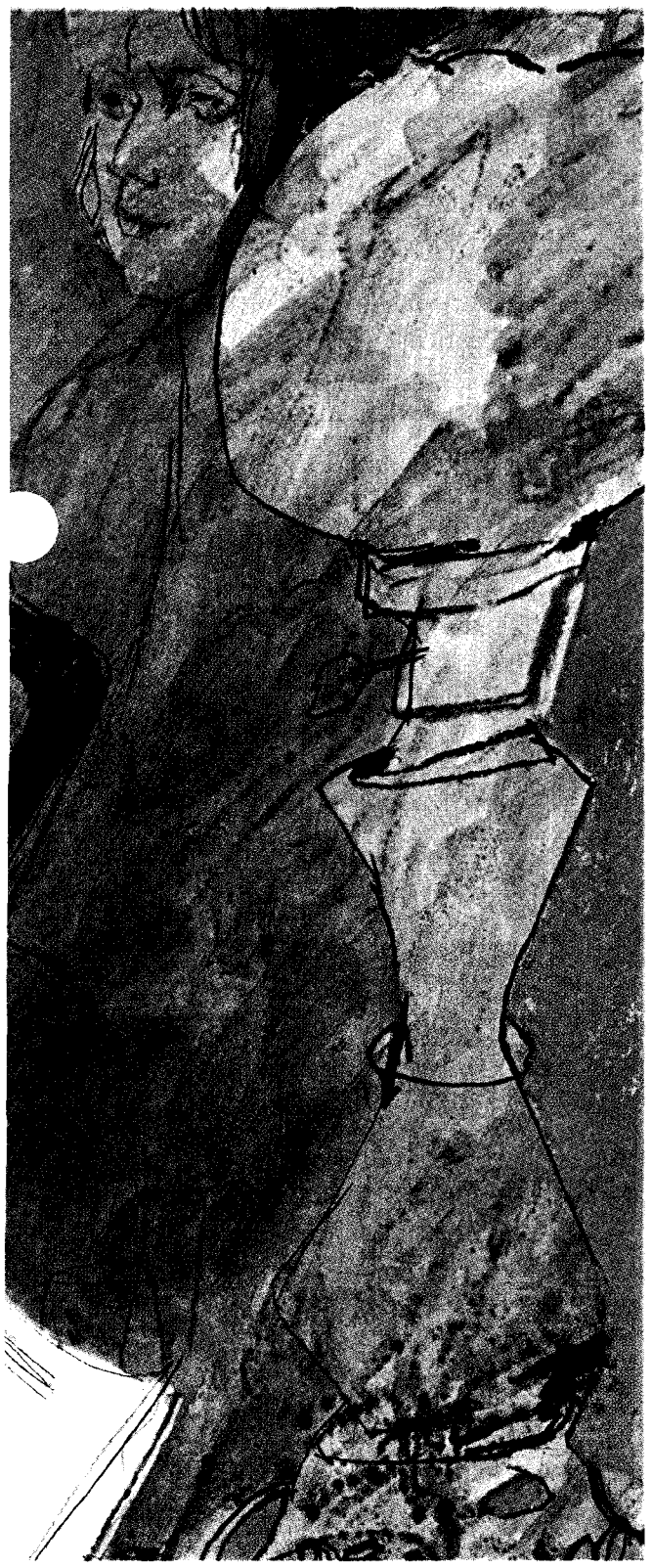
Herr Loewy believed justice and tolerance would prevail. / *By Romain Gary*



At the time of the *Führer* Adolf Hitler's rise to power in Germany, there lived in Munich one Karl Loewy, manufacturer of children's toys, a kind, jovial, optimistic *bon vivant* who was a great believer in human nature, good cigars, good books, and democracy. Although somewhat non-Aryan himself, Herr Karl refused to take the new chancellor's anti-Semitic proclamations too seriously, convinced that reason, moderation and a certain innate sense of justice, so profoundly embedded in the hearts of men, would soon triumph over all their ugly, but temporary, aberrations.

To the warnings showered upon him by his Jewish friends, who were packing their bags and urging him to follow them into exile, Herr Loewy answered with a robust laugh and, wedged solidly in his comfortable armchair with a cigar between his round, gourmet's lips, reminisced aloud about certain firm, nay, unshakable friendships he had made in the trenches during the war of 1914–1918, men now in high places who would not fail to act in his behalf should the need ever arise. He offered his anxious visitors a glass of liqueur and raised his own "to human nature," in which, he said, he had complete confidence, whether it was disguised in a Nazi uniform or a Prussian one, a Tyrolean hat or a worker's cap.

Indeed, the first years of the regime were, for friend Karl, neither overly perilous nor even painful. There were, of course, certain vexations, a few rather crude practical jokes; but either because the "friendships of the trenches" had indeed operated discreetly in his favor, or because his typically German air of jovial self-assurance had delayed inquiries into his case for some time, our friend Karl continued to live calmly between his toy factory and his library, his cigars and his good cellar, sustained by his optimism and the unshakable trust he placed in the human race.

Then came the war, and things deteriorated rapidly. One fine day access to his factory was brutally denied him; the next morning some young men in uniform threw themselves upon him and beat him up. Herr Karl wiped the blood from his face and proceeded to make a few calls here and there, but the "friendships of the trenches" no longer answered the telephones. For the first time he felt a little worried. He went into his library and gazed a long time at the shelves that lined the walls. He brooded over his books: These accumulated treasures all spoke in favor of men, defended them, pleaded in their behalf, and begged Herr Karl not to lost heart, not to despair. Plato, Montaigne, Erasmus, Descartes, Heine.... He must have faith in these true spokesmen for the species. He must be patient; he must leave time for the permanent human qualities of goodness, tolerance and reason to find their way once more through the chaos and misunderstandings of the age. The French had even devised a splendid expression for this; *Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop*—chase human nature away, and it will come back in a gallop. They were right, of course, but it was obvious now that it might take some time. He must not give way to pessimism and defeatism; yet all the same, it might be a good idea to take certain precautions.

Herr Karl sat down in his armchair and began to think.

He was a plump man, with a pink complexion, gaily glinting spectacles, and lips whose smiling outlines seemed to have preserved the trail of all the witty things they had uttered.

He stared for a long time at his books, his boxes of cigars, at the bottle of old Burgundy by his side, as though to ask their advice; and gradually his eyes grew brighter, a conspiratorial smile spread across his face, and he raised his glass toward the thousands of volumes in the library, to assure them of his loyalty.

Herr Karl had in his employ a couple of good *Müncheners* who had taken care of him for fifteen years. The wife served as cook and housekeeper; the husband acted as chauffeur, gardener and watchman. Herr Schutz had only one passion: reading. After his work was done, while his wife was knitting, he would sit for hours over a good book Herr Karl had lent him. His favorite authors were Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Erasmus; he read the noblest and most inspired passages aloud to his wife in the little cottage they occupied at the other end of the garden. Often, when Herr Karl felt a little lonesome, he invited his friend Schutz into the library; and there, cigars between their lips, they engaged in long discussions on the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, humanism, freedom, progress and all those great truths to be found in the books which surrounded them with their reassuring presence.

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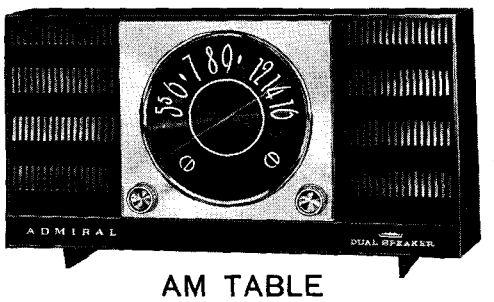

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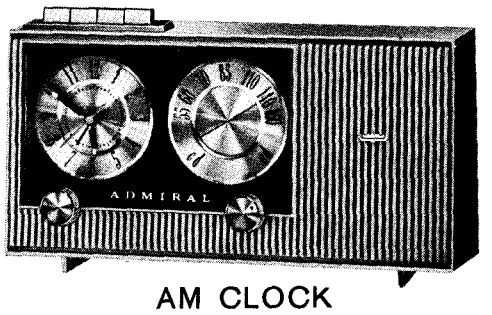

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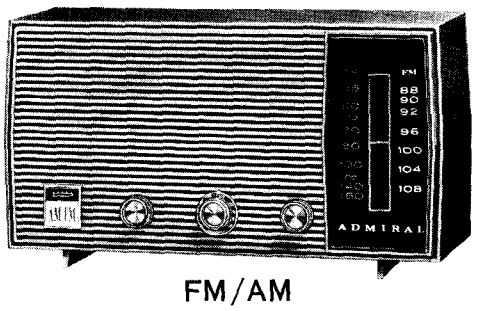

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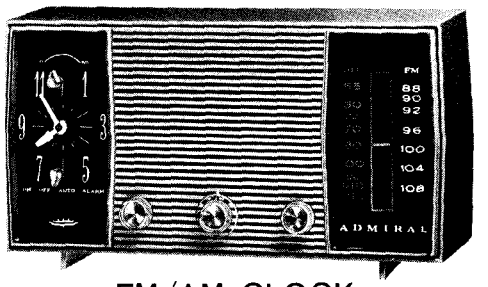

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A HUMANIST

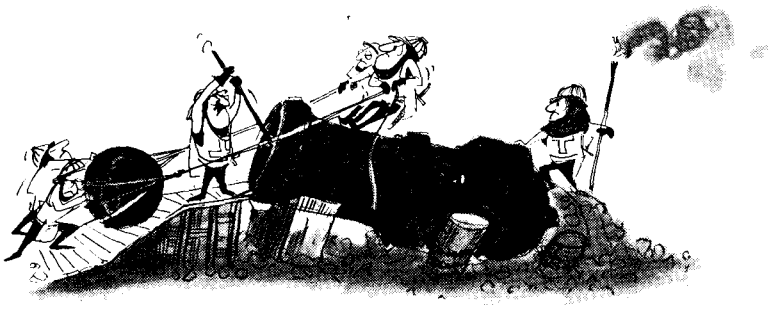
Hence it was to friend Schutz and his wife that Herr Karl turned in this hour of peril. He took a box of cigars and a bottle of schnapps, made his way to the little cottage at the other end of the garden and explained his plan to his friends.

The very next day Herr and Frau Schutz set to work.

The carpet was rolled up, the floor sawed through, and a ladder installed connecting the library with the cellar. The old cellar door was walled up. A good part of the library was transferred to the hideout, followed by the boxes of cigars; the wine and the liqueurs were there already. Frau Schutz arranged the place as comfortably as possible, and in a few days, with that typically German sense of *gemütlich*, the cellar had become a pleasant, snug little room. The hole in the parquet was carefully concealed by a well-matched panel and covered over by the carpet. Then Herr Karl went out into town for the last time, accompanied by Herr Schutz, and arranged a fictive sale to avoid the confiscation of his factory and house. Herr Schutz insisted on signing counterdeeds that would permit the legitimate owner to resume possession of his property at the appropriate time. Then the two accomplices returned to the house, shook hands, and Herr Karl, a sly smile on his lips, went down into his hiding place to await, in safety and comfort, the return of better times.

Twice a day, at noon and at seven, Frau Schutz lifted the carpet, slid back the panel, and carried down into the cellar a tray of succulent dishes; in the evening, Herr Schutz would come to discuss some immortal subject with his friend and employer over a glow of wine: the rights of man, tolerance, reason, the coming age of enlightenment and the importance in our difficult lives of reading the works of the classic masters. And the little cellar seemed to glow, illuminated by those generous and inspired views, by man's unshakable confidence in his own nature.

At first Herr Karl also had the newspapers sent down and kept his radio set beside him, but after six months or so, inasmuch as the news was growing more and more discouraging, and the world truly seemed to be hastening to perdition, he had the radio removed in a gesture of defiance, so that no echo of a transient reality should broach the strength of his spirit. With his arms crossed over his chest, a smile on his lips, he held fast to his beliefs deep in his cellar fortress, refusing all contact with a futile if hideous actuality. Finally he even refused to look at the newspapers, which were far too depressing, and was content to reread the masterpieces of his library, drawing from these refutations, with



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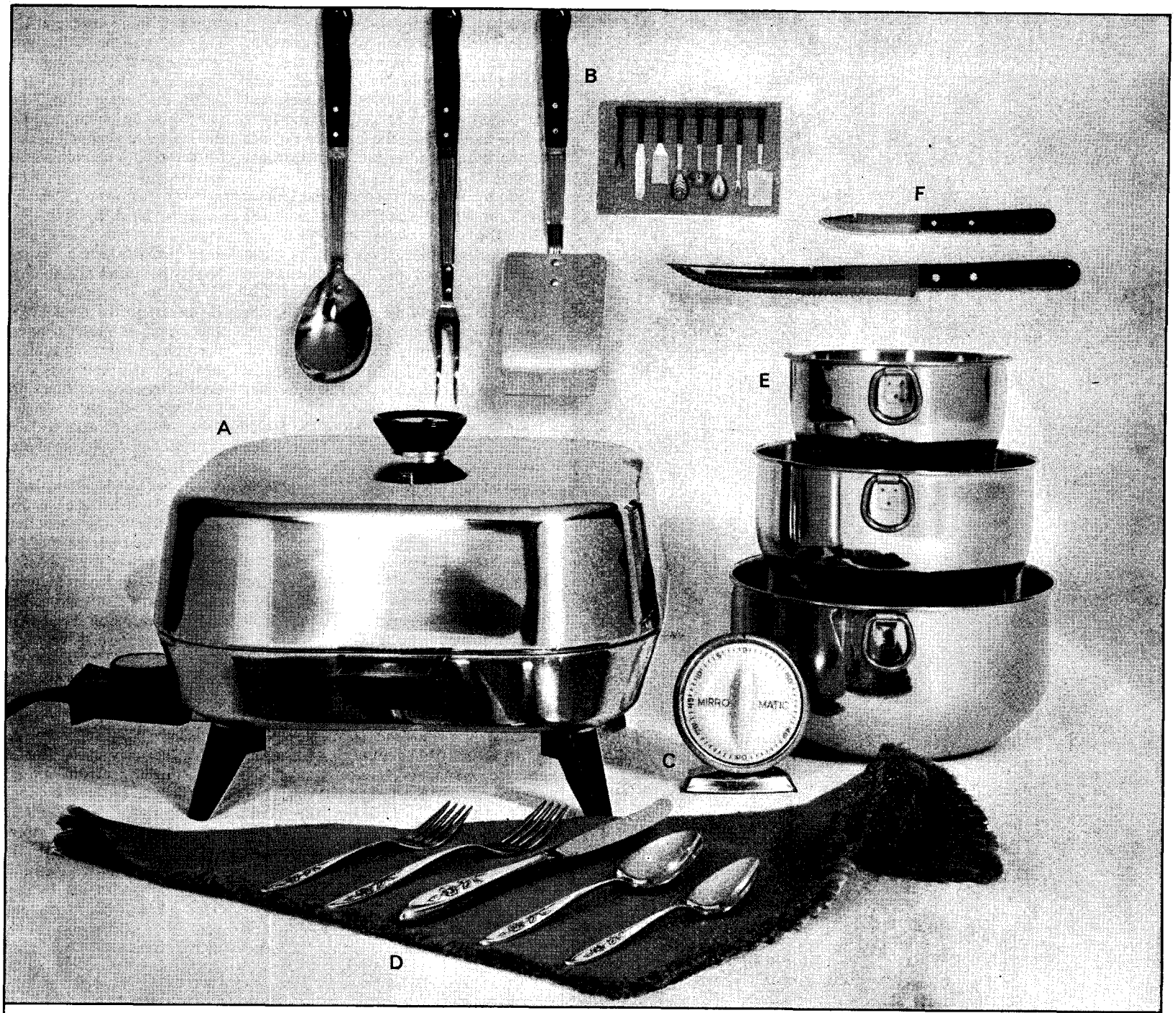

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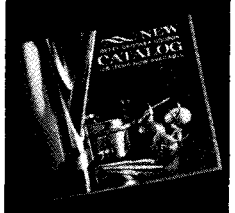

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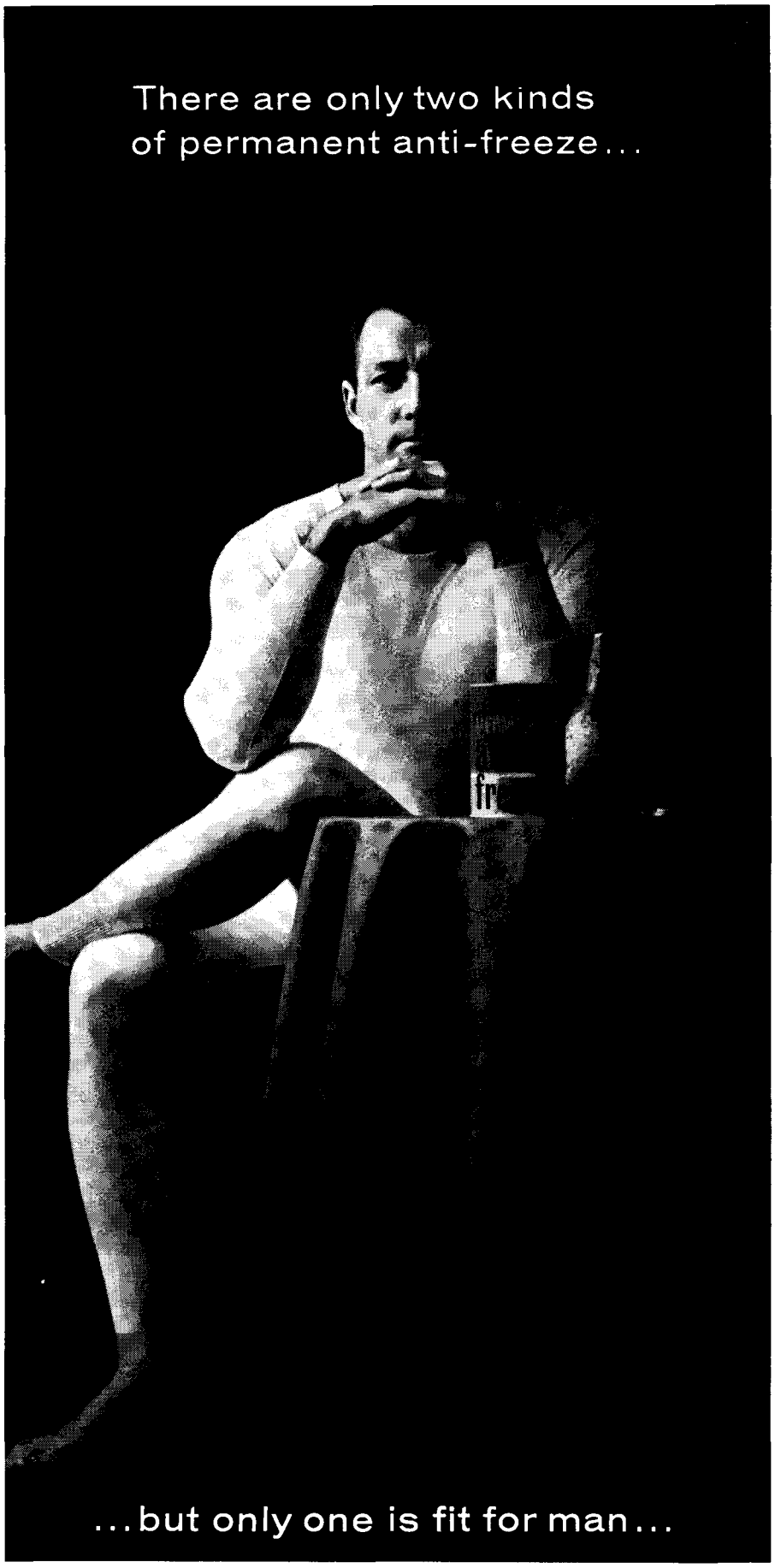

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A HUMANIST

which the permanent confounded the transitory, the strength he needed to preserve his humanistic creed.

Herr Schutz and his wife moved into the main house, which was miraculously spared by the bombings. At the factory there were some initial difficulties, but the papers were there to prove that Herr Schutz had become the legitimate owner of the business after Herr Karl's flight abroad.

Life by artificial light and the lack of fresh air and exercise further increased Herr Karl's corpulence, and his cheeks as the years passed, lost their pink glow. But his optimism and his confidence in humanity remained intact. He sat firm in his cellar, waiting, as Saint Thomas said, "for the milk of human kindness to flow freely upon the earth"; and although the news friend Schutz brought him from the outside world was extremely bad, he refused to despair.

Some years after the fall of the Hitler regime, a Jewish friend of Herr Karl, having returned from exile, came and knocked at the door of the house in Schillerstrasse.

A tall, graying, slightly stooped man with a studious-looking face opened the door. He was still holding a work by Goethe in his hand. No, Herr Loewy no longer lived here. No, it was not known what had become of him. He had vanished without a trace, and all inquiries made since the end of the war had produced no results. *Gross Gott!* The door closed. Herr Schutz turned around and walked toward the library. His wife had already prepared the tray. Now that good Doctor Adenauer's Germany enjoyed abundance once more, she spoiled Herr Karl by cooking him the most delicious dishes she could imagine. The carpet was rolled up and the panel in the floor pulled back. Herr Schutz set the volume of Goethe on the table and went down the stairs, carrying the tray.

Herr Karl is much weaker now, and suffers from phlebitis. Further, his heart is beginning to weaken. He needs a doctor but he cannot expose the Schutzes to such a risk. They would be lost if it were known that they had for years been hiding a humanist Jew in their cellar. They must all be patient and arm themselves against doubt. Justice, reason and the natural goodness of man would soon regain the upper hand. Above all, they must not be discouraged. Herr Karl, though quite altered physically from his former self, preserves all his optimism, and his faith in humanity is unimpaired.

Every day, when Herr Schutz comes down to the cellar with the bad news—Hitler's occupation of England had been a particularly harsh blow—it is Herr Karl who encourages him and cheers him up by some wise or witty remark. He points to the books along the walls and reminds his good friend that the human heart always prevails in the end, and that this was how the greatest masterpieces of literature had come into being—they were born out of this very confidence and faith. Herr Schutz always comes up from the cellar greatly reassured.

The toy factory flourishes remarkably. In 1950 Herr Schutz was able to enlarge it and double the sales figures; he has handled the business more than competently. He has a chauffeur-driven Mercedes now, and even plays a certain role in the local Christian Democrat Party.

Every morning Frau Schutz takes a bouquet of fresh flowers downstairs and places it at Herr Karl's bedside. She plumps up his pillows, helps him to change his position, and feeds him with a spoon, for he no longer has the strength to feed himself. Indeed he is so frail that he can scarcely speak. But sometimes his eyes fill with tears, his grateful gaze rests on the faces of the fine good people who have so richly justified his confidence in them and in human nature in general. It is clear that Herr Karl will die a happy man, with Schiller, Goethe and Erasmus at his side, clasping in each hand the hand of a loyal friend, and doing so with the satisfaction of having been proved right. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"So the farmer said to the traveler, 'I'm sorry but we do not have an extra room, you will have to sleep . . .'"

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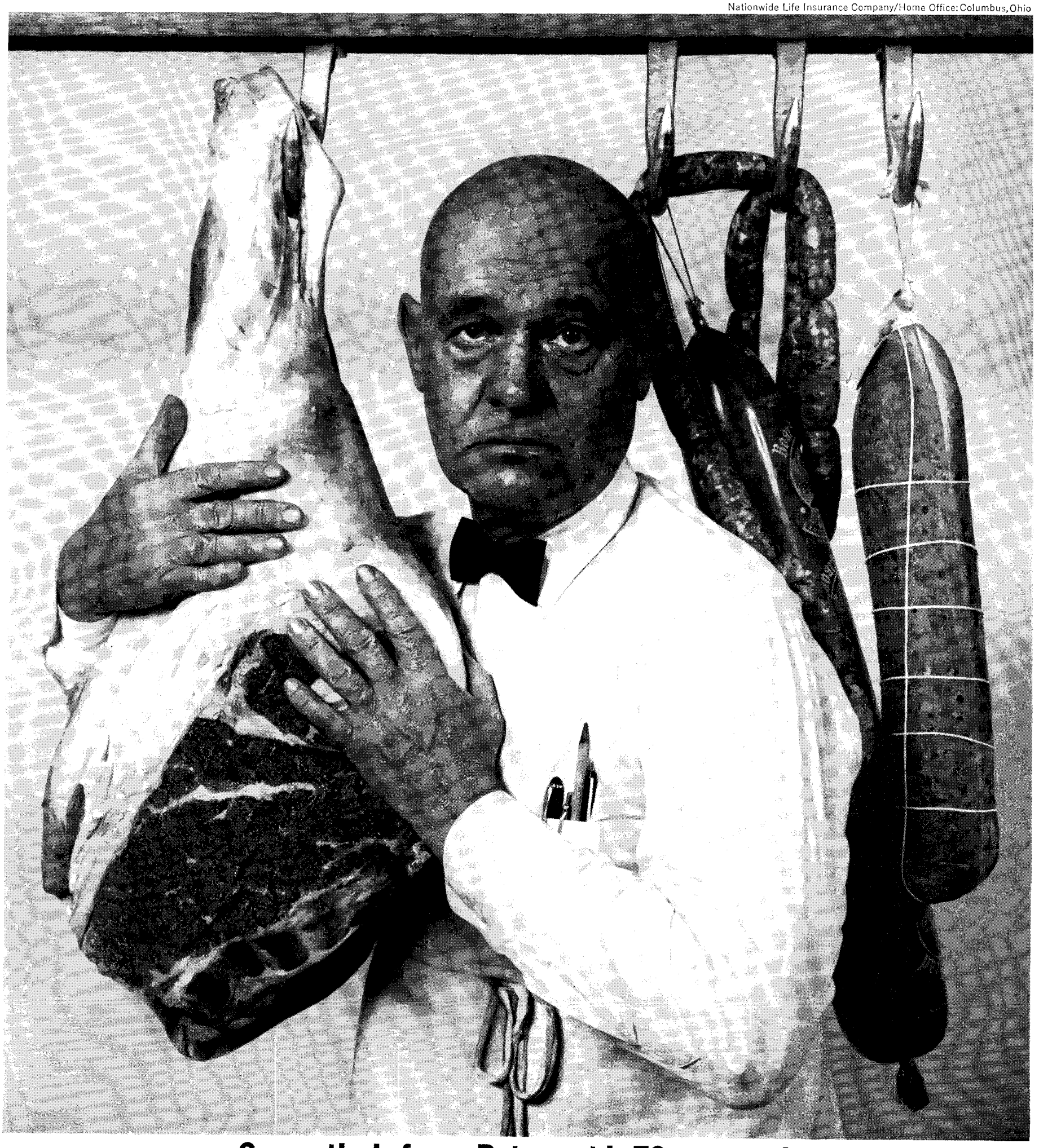

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SPRING and MRS. MALLOY

Mike—Michael Forbes—became six years old on the day Our Country retrieved its honor and grappled with the Hun. (Mike's grandfather felt that way about the First World War and often spoke of it so, in the spring of 1917, to Mike.)

That spring was a good one for Mike. In the fall he was to start school, but school was unimaginable as far away as Christmas. Meanwhile there was the war to furnish games while he spent the warm, opening months at his grandfather's house near Chicago, in a neighborhood still largely prairie. Garter snakes lived under a square white rock down the slope that ran from the house to a creek. Mike's grandmother rustled in gray dresses and squeezed him when she saw him; she smelled pleasantly of the many lavender drops she ate. Early that spring his Uncle Douglas married a dark-eyed, white-skinned woman named Roxana, with whom Mike fell in love. Uncle Douglas and Aunt Roxana moved into a house a few doors away and kept a pitcher of lemonade always on hand. And there was Mrs. Malloy too, that spring, with her pile of red hair and her anger at President Wilson. Mike liked her. All in all, he was having the best time he could remember.

For his grandfather, the season was less good than it seemed to Mike. Mr. Forbes kept remembering that he had crossed the line of threescore-and-ten since the last spring. What enraged him most—and frightened him too, at moments—was that he seldom cared. Sometimes he let his moustache grow stained and his vest stay half unbuttoned. He reminded himself that he had always been fastidious and alert as well, but in fact he felt himself floating unanchored between the past, which he loved, and the dubious future. There were valid things left, of course; right was still right; sound money was sound money; the destiny of America was glorious if obscure; he could say that he had made his own way in real estate. But his son Douglas, who conceived of himself as modern, was running the business now. Mike was a pleasure (they should call him Michael, not Mike; Mike was a laborer's name), but he was always off by himself or playing with his invented people, of whom Mr. Forbes was jealous. He wanted to take Mike's parents' place himself, if anyone did; the boy's father was in an Army training camp, and his mother had died long ago.

By and large Mr. Forbes felt a trifle apart from everything that spring, and often he found his mind turning to the darting little red-haired woman—unsettled in her own mind, he understood regretfully; also apart from things—who lived in the house facing his across a hundred yards or so of grass and wildflowers. Mrs. Malloy. He would have liked to help her if he could.

But she was not in need of help, really, beyond what she was getting. Her husband, a Regular Army captain, had brought her there on his way east to the war. She lived with a nurse-housekeeper and was seldom seen out of doors. Still, data seeped back and forth among the neighborhood ladies. She was crazy but harmless, possibly even curable. She had followed her husband to the Mexican border during the trouble with Pancho Villa the year before; her baby had come prematurely, during some sort of bandit raid. Bullets had lodged in her room. Later she had gone mad. She had been in a "place" for a while. The baby was in the care of a relative in Chicago and was brought to visit her once a week when she was up to it. Sometimes she was just eccentric—you would hardly know she was crazy. Sometimes she had spells. The doctor thought it best that she live as normal a life as she could, that she have her own things around her. She had very, very nice things and she was very fond of them. They might help. It was all a pity.

And it was a pity also to Mrs. Forbes, Mike's grandmother, who called on Mrs. Malloy as she called on all new neighbors. She took her new daughter-in-law, Roxana, along. Mrs. Malloy was resting that day. The nurse, who seemed quite ladylike, explained that Mrs. Malloy was nervously depleted. It was possible that she had had a spell. They all spoke in low tones. The parlor blinds were drawn. Porcelain figures were everywhere in the dimness—dogs and cats, burros, monkeys, owls. Eighteenth-century ladies and gentlemen bowed on mahogany tables; shepherds and shepherdesses capered on top of an upright piano on both sides of a silver-framed picture of Captain Malloy. Twice Roxana lifted one of the figures, startling Mrs. Forbes, who had always considered her a child much too young for Douglas, but well bred. The callers stayed fifteen minutes and left cards. Home again, Mrs. Forbes dropped down on a sofa—shaking a little, even though she had her own things around her now—and wondered if she oughtn't to bake a cake or pie and take it back there, as one did when there was what she called a house of death. But the Malloys' was not a house of death at all,

No one seemed to know what to take to it. then or later. It was just there—always there. Sometimes at night no lights at all would appear in it; sometimes every window from garret to basement would blaze. Roxana avoided it when she went to the grocery store, taking the long way around.

Among Mike's people with whom, according to his grandfather, he spent so much time was a Mr. Kitzbewl. Mr. Kitzbewl was rich and wore a bowler hat and a heavy watch chain and a bullet-proof vest. He lasted well through March, but by mid-April he had all but disintegrated. Still, Mike thought him worth mentioning to Mrs. Malloy, after he got to know her.

He was hopping on the square white rock, hoping to chase the garter snakes out from under it or, alternatively, to kill them, when she came along the creek for the first time. Her hair, pale red in the morning sun, was heaped in soft coils such as Mike had never seen before. She was humming as she came, and smiling even before she saw him. Her dress was blowing in the wind, and she wore a light-green scarf. She asked Mike's name and age and said that she had a little boy who was also six and whose name was David, and that she was Mrs. Malloy. In one hand she held a few dandelions, which she gave Mike as if they were a present. Though they were only weeds, he thanked her. He liked her; he liked her hair. When she sauntered away, he took the dandelions home with him and began a game in which he saved her from rattlesnakes. Up to then it was usually his Aunt Roxana he saved, from wolves.

Of course, he didn't know that Mrs. Malloy was crazy. He didn't know precisely what the word meant. Even after everyone was calling her "the crazy woman," he just went on thinking of her politely as Mrs. Malloy. But for a while he didn't speak of her at home, since she was something in the nature of Mr. Kitzbewl.

Illustrated by Russ Hoban

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The Army captain's wife was different in a way that frightened her new neighbors. Mike would never understand how he, a child, had changed her life.

By Robert Henderson

Douglas Forbes—Mike's Uncle Douglas—paid little heed when he learned that Mrs. Malloy had had a spell (unquestionably a spell, his mother said) on her front porch. She had come out, on a warm afternoon in May, in a disreputable blue-flannel bathrobe, her hair streaming to her waist. She had marched herself up and down the porch for an hour, talking, waving her arms. Then the nurse had taken her back inside—quietly, or so it appeared. Douglas's mother was upset; so was his father. They had watched, though they hadn't liked to. They wondered if she was really getting competent care; the doctor in charge was new to the neighborhood. Roxana, when she heard what had happened, hid her face in her hands and seemed, alarmingly to Douglas, about to cry. But Roxana was impressionable—gentle—and his parents tended to worry. They were getting on. Douglas had a good deal else on his mind—the real-estate business he had taken over from his father and, even more, Roxana and the war. Bad eyes had kept him out of the war and at home with her, but he was sure he shouldn't be as glad about it as he was. He could not quite believe that Roxana, too, was glad, though she said so fervently; it seemed to him that she deserved and must want a soldier, and he longed to compensate her. He hoped that an up-to-date businessman, a community leader, would do it, but he wasn't sure. He was thirty-six. She was somewhat younger. Their outlook might not be the same. At any rate, he wasn't concerned about Mrs. Malloy. He had never seen her. But the next day Mrs. Cunningham—a widow, a little black-haired thing—who worked for him part-time as a stenographer, also came to tell him about the spell on the porch. She, too, had seen it.

She said that "for the sake of us all" someone should have another word with the woman's doctor. People had a right to know what was what. She herself had tried, but the new doctor was slippery. He would pay more attention to Douglas.

They were in Douglas's office, a place in which he loved to stand at the window imagining the many empty lots around him filling up with solid houses—himself and Roxana in the solidest. It was also the place in which he had, perhaps ill-advisedly, sold a house to Captain Malloy. Now everyone knew about the crazy woman's fit, it seemed—or soon would know. The entire community—tranquil, wholesome, growing—would know. Douglas agreed to sound her doctor out before she had another.

He went that same afternoon. The doctor, a middle-aged man who chose his words with care, said at some length that Mrs. Malloy was harmless. The doctor said she was really the patient of a colleague—a classmate—to whom he reported her progress. "Now, she does have her relapses, airs her grievances," he said, "but she obeys the nurse." Her remaining at home depended on that, and she knew it. The nurse had orders to interfere as little as possible. "I don't like to discuss the case," the doctor said. "I do so reluctantly. It's a private matter. At least I think it is, but since you consider it a community one—and of course, I've just come here and I want to cooperate wherever I can—I hope I've reassured you."

Douglas left feeling far from reassured. It was not that he believed the woman was dangerous, really; he wasn't afraid of her, though he guessed

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that Mrs. Cunningham was. Of course, he had never seen Mrs. Malloy in a fit. He had simply supposed that her doctor wouldn't want her making a show of herself, and so would contrive to keep her out of sight or send her away. Walking home, he was embarrassed to find himself crossing to the far side of the street before he reached her house and hurrying past it, as bad as Roxana. But if the woman was going to stay on, he hoped he would never see her face to face.

He stopped at Mrs. Cunningham's house to report that the crazy woman was harmless. Mrs. Cunningham said that the doctor was keeping things back. At home, Roxana said only, "Poor woman—oh, poor woman!" Douglas said he would just drop over to his parents' house, and then, through the window, saw his mother coming toward his. She was wearing a hat and gloves, as always when she went out, but she was almost running. "Mike has been talking to that woman," she said when Douglas let her in. "He's been playing games with her. He says she's been trying to get him into her house."

What Mike had said was that Mrs. Malloy had invited him to a chicken dinner with her and her little boy, and it was true. She had invited him again and again—almost every sunny day that they met out on the prairie—but she had never said when to come, nor had she ever produced the little boy, whom Mike considered immensely lucky to have such a friendly and beautiful mother. He had imagined the dinners; he had imagined the boy. But the boy, in Mike's imagination, was disagreeable as well as fortunate—selfish, stuck up—so he had been quite happy alone with Mrs. Malloy o the prairie.

She wore bright, floating dresses and a number of bracelets, which she always pointed out to him. (She said she put them on each day before her husband got home, because he liked them.) She and Mike knew some of the same songs—*I've Been Workin' on the Railroad*, and *Lead, Kindly Light*. She knew others that Mike regretted he could not follow (she said they were soldier songs), although she sang them in a noisy way that he disliked, and she said that Woodrow Wilson was a wicked man, which unsettled him because Mr. Wilson was highly spoken of at home.

On the whole, though, whatever she said or did delighted Mike. He liked the way she would pick a flower—a shooting star, a bluebell, any kind—exclaiming, then settling over it in a soft movement, then taking it in both hands for a minute before she plucked it. She told Mike she had seen Indians, and she showed him how they had danced. In return, he told her about Mr. Kitzbewl, who owned a grocery store and spent his nights locked inside it, eating and growing strong, unafraid of the dark. She said she was anxious to meet Mr. Kitzbewl, restoring Mike's confidence in him briefly.

Mike had not intended to talk about Mrs. Malloy at home, but once when his grandmother accidentally called him Frank—his father's name—he laughed and told her that Mrs. Malloy kept calling him David, and then the cat was out of the bag. His grandmother said that he must come home—inside the yard, inside the fence—whenever he saw the woman loose on the prairie, and though Mike did disobey four or five times, Mrs. Malloy was different after that. She still asked him to dinner and wore the bracelets for her husband, but she seemed remote and a little silly. He didn't know why he wasn't supposed to talk to her. No one would say.

Besides, he was busy. Augie Cunningham, a round boy who ate all the time and whose hair hung down into his eyes, had taken to playing in the prairie in the late afternoon. Augie was seven and already in school. Mike walked behind him, the first few days, with humility and respect. Later Augie let Mike play with him. Each day, before deciding what they would play, he would tell of his feats at school, making clear the distance that separated him from Mike. Often he arrived white with chalk dust, having been chosen to clean erasers. Sometimes he was late, kept in for crimes. Mostly Augie elected to play war and, like a good soldier, he lived off the land. He foraged. He ate the new wild strawberries, just up, and wild cherries from a tree by the creek, and he chewed on the stalk of a weed he said tasted like licorice. Mike, under a blanket injunction to eat nothing in the fields, never shared these repasts. Augie was scornful.

He was scornful, too, of Mrs. Malloy, whom they sometimes saw at a distance. The first time she came to them she came as she had come to Mike before, walking along the creek, singing to herself, her hair bright. Mike's throat closed painfully; he wanted to run to her, but not with Augie there. He knew that Augie would never sing with her, or hunt for caterpillars or four-leaf clovers. Augie

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would want to play war. She came near, smiling, and said hello as she always had, calling Mike "David" once again. Augie stared at her and then at him, guffawed, and walked away. Mike followed, paying no heed when Mrs. Malloy called after him, "*I* have a little boy like you." He knew by now that she was only pretending—she had nothing but a baby—but he didn't mind. He was dazzled by her again and as he walked away he nearly cried, but when he tried to tell Augie just "That was Mrs. Malloy," the name—even her name—would not come out.

It seemed implausible to Roxana that she should have Douglas for a husband. She had not known many men besides her father and a cousin or two, but she had read enough and thought enough to realize that Douglas was exceptional, viewed coldly. Viewed otherwise, there was no adequate word for him. Even when he was away at the office, he filled every room of their house. She found him in each one as she went through to polish and dust. And until the poor crazy creature had come to trouble him—and he was troubled—Roxana's spring had been a gliding succession of these rooms in which she worked or read or slept, or dined by the light of tall candles, or played her piano, always with Douglas present one way or another. The crazy woman broke Roxana's heart (mightn't she herself go mad someday?), and she tried not to think of her.

But everyone else remembered Mrs. Malloy constantly. There was Mrs. Cunningham, for instance. When she talked she always seemed to be catching her breath. She came again and again to Roxana's kitchen to worry about the lunatic. Roxana gave her tea and sugar cookies and tried not to listen, but she heard. Things went on, Mrs. Cunningham said. That house could tell tales. Who had ever once laid eyes on the baby? The nurse was in cahoots with the doctor. The doctor was bribed. Sometimes it was very quiet indeed over there. Too quiet. People said that madness was bound to grow. Always. People said. . . . Things went on. . . . Roxana wanted to cover her ears like a child, to talk loudly of something—anything—else. She prayed that Mrs. Cunningham would go. But then Mrs. Cunningham would speak of her widowhood and of how she had been left to protect her son alone, and Roxana, who shrank from the thought that Douglas must someday die, would grieve for her and bring her more tea and cookies, and listen again.

Mrs. Cunningham talked on, to Roxana or whoever else would listen—neighbors in the dry-goods store, neighbors on the street. Almost every night of her three years of widowhood she had walked through her house checking all the window locks and all the bolts on doors, aiming a bull's-eye lantern into the laundry room, into the coalbin, before she could sleep. Now at last she knew what she was guarding herself against—not housebreakers, not hoodlums (though she still woke at times thinking that cigarette smoke was coming up from the basement), but a raving maniac.

The woman's doctor was new—untrustworthy, perhaps corrupt—but he was the only solution. Young Mr. Forbes was good and kind, but too easy a mark. Mrs. Cunningham went to see the doctor once more and asked him outright to put the woman away.

The doctor sat fidgeting. "She was in a—an institution, for a while," he said. "Now, I'm sure you don't know at all what that sort of a place is like. Suffice to say it's no place for a curable person, and she may be curable. In my opinion."

Mrs. Cunningham said she expected to be murdered in her bed, and her son along with her.

"She is safe," the doctor said. "My colleague vouches for it. I can't send her back for no reason. She is under treatment at home. I have my obligations to my colleague."

Mrs. Cunningham said the community, with which the doctor was scarcely acquainted yet, was up in arms.

"I do understand," the doctor said miserably. "I do sympathize. Naturally. Naturally. Still . . ."

Mrs. Cunningham said nothing.

"I will send her back if she does anything whatever out of the way," the doctor said. "I don't include a little

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Wausau Story

by **ADOLPH BERNSTEIN,** *President Fin 'n Feather Farm and Milk Pail Restaurant, Dundee, Illinois*

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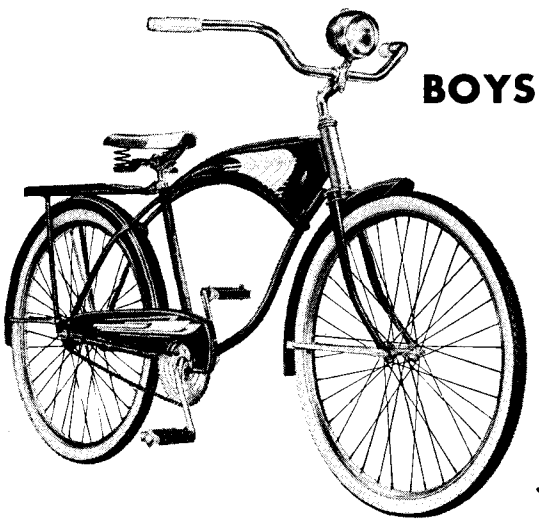

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MRS. MALLOY

speechmaking on her porch. Not pleasant, I know, but it's to be expected now and then. Harmless. But anything more, anything at all ——"

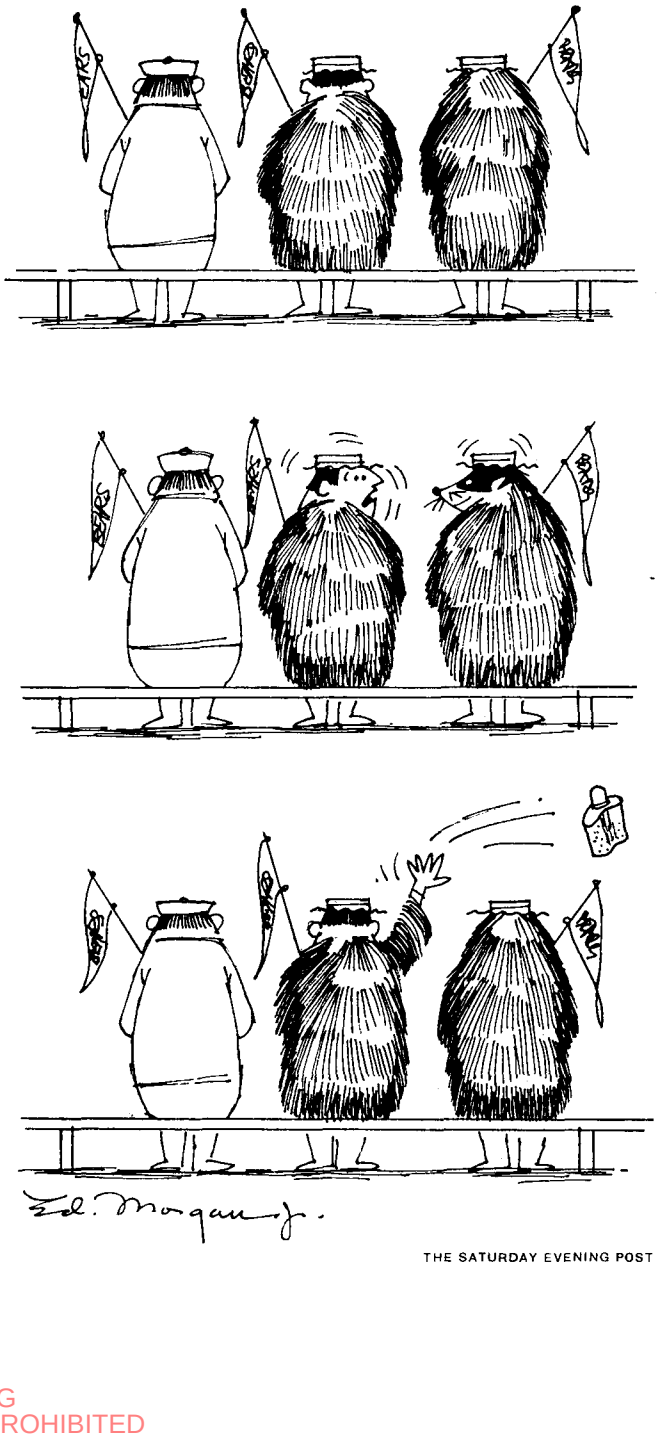
"I'll hold you to your word," said Mrs. Cunningham. "And I hope it won't be too late."

On a Saturday afternoon in June, when the grass was limp on the hot ground, Mrs. Malloy had a second—and last—spell on her porch. Old Mr. and Mrs. Forbes and Roxana and Douglas witnessed it. They were in the Forbeses' yard in the shade of the house, where they had gone to sit after lunch with a pitcher of iced tea while the women shelled peas. At the outset, Mrs. Malloy's spell was stormy. Her voice carried well on the still air. It was an oddly melodious voice, the voice of a lady even when it was raised, even when words no lady would permit herself floated across the field. Then she was silent, and only paced back and forth in her blue-flannel robe, her hair drifting around her like a veil. She paced for two hours, making hardly a sound.

But at first she had run here and there, striking the railings. (Her fists were small, Roxana thought; they would be bruised and sore.) She had sung songs that were unfit for barracks, though doubtless, Mrs. Forbes surmised, that was just where she had got them. She had defamed the President—something not done in wartime, in Mr. Forbes's opinion, though he was aware that she was not to be held responsible. Still, it troubled him. Twice people had passed, to Douglas's embarrassment and dismay, and crossed the street as he once had himself at the mere thought of Mrs. Malloy hidden inside her house.

And then she was quiet; she had locked her grievances in. Her arms were crossed, her hands held the shoulders of her robe.

Soon Mrs. Cunningham dropped by, uninvited. Douglas brought her a chair from the house, and she accepted a glass of iced tea. She said nothing about Mrs. Malloy, but her face made it plain that she had come to seek safety in numbers. Mrs. Forbes glanced at her husband and was relieved to see that he was woolgathering; sometimes he was less than understanding of Mrs. Cunningham, though he was a patient man, a kind man—too kind, almost, in his pity for the madwoman. Pity was a Christian virtue, but there were limits. Mrs. Forbes shuddered to think what could have happened to the child—to little Mike, so like his father—what still might happen. Mrs. Cunningham was a busybody to some extent, no doubt, but she was alone and brave, and on the whole a lady. At least she was never ordinary, never gross. The words the woman on the porch had spoken and sung—words that must never be uttered about things that must never unnecessarily cross the mind—they, too,



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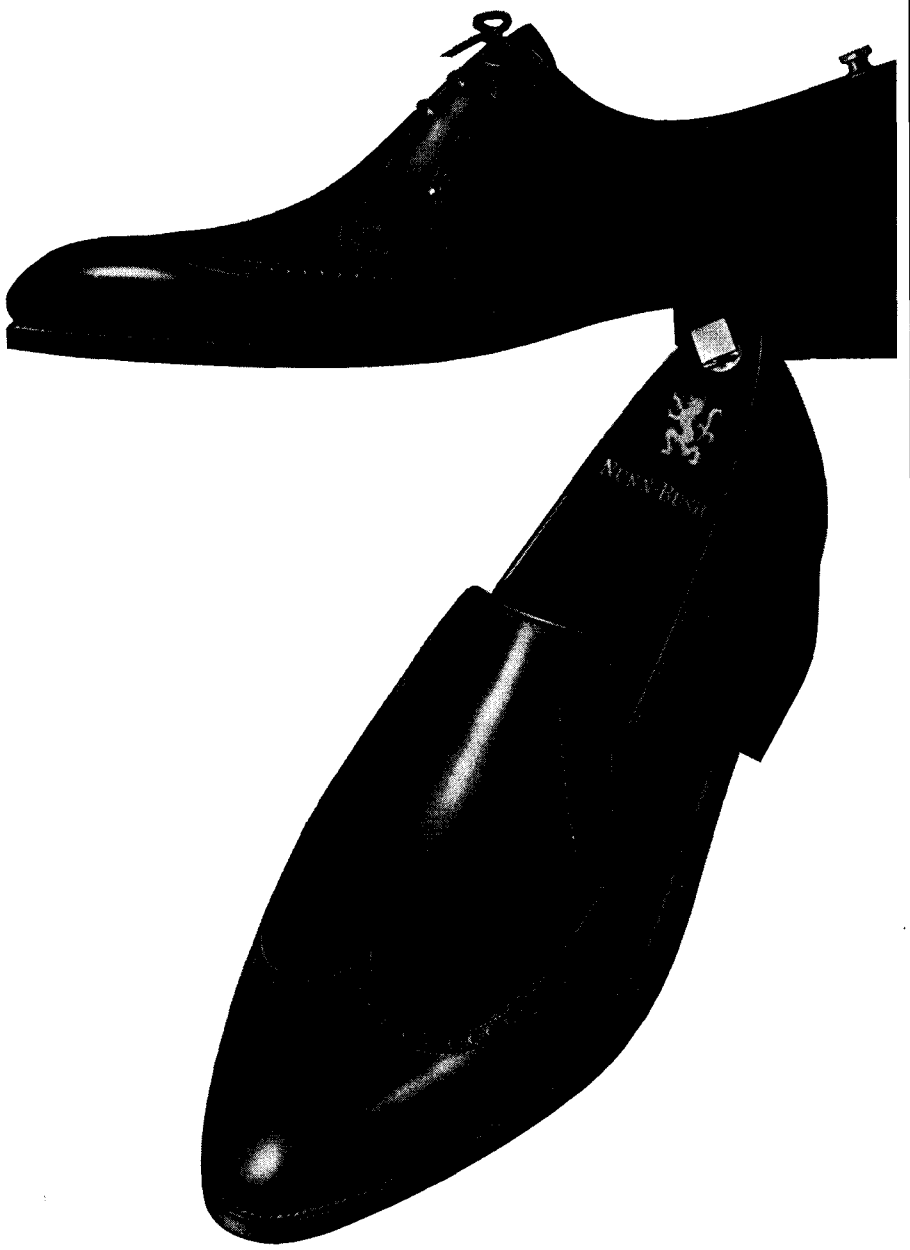

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MRS. MALLOY

made Mrs. Forbes shudder, and more violently than even the nearness of great danger.

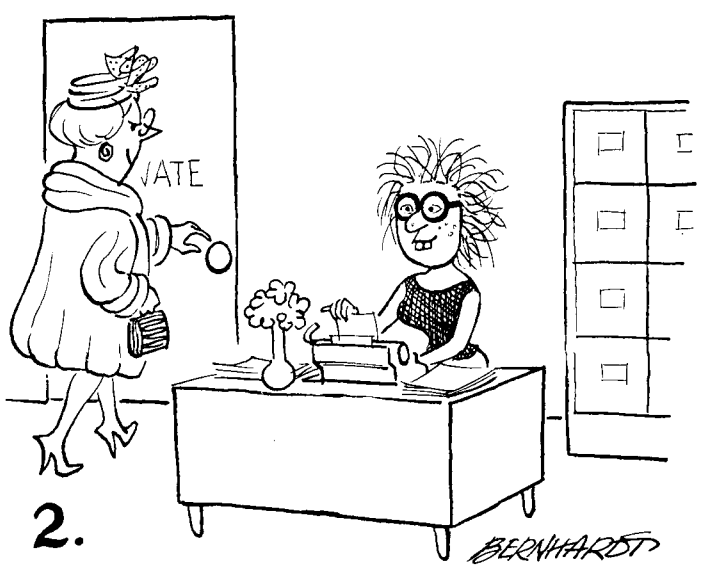
Twenty paces across, twenty paces back. Douglas counted them. He wanted to tell Roxana to go home, but he could not. He had to pretend, like the others, that he was sitting quite at ease in the shade on a warm, ordinary afternoon. He had to smile and talk. But he hated the woman for being where Roxana, here beside him in his father's yard, could see her. He held back an alarm that he knew was senseless, yet the woman's presence in the place to which he had brought Roxana surely must lessen him somehow in Roxana's eyes. He wondered if he ought to try to get rid of the creature once and for all, and found himself sweating with more than heat. He would never do it. It would involve too much—the law, and just possibly some meeting with the woman. Face to face.

Mrs. Malloy struck the railing again and said something no one could catch. Then she went back to her pacing. "One wonders about her background," Mrs. Forbes said to her husband, who thought her uncharitable although he wondered too. Clearly the woman was confused about the war; to her it was still in Mexico. They said she was a casualty herself, in a way, and this Mr. Forbes fully honored. No doubt it was her confusion that caused her to speak as she did. But her notions—this reviling of the President and the flag and the country's cause—were disturbing, unhealthy things to hear from anyone, anyone at all. He supposed that an elderly man needn't feel so strongly about a distant conflict. Still, he had always felt strongly about the land, the nation. He thought of how his grandfather had fought with Andrew Jackson at Horseshoe Bend, how his father had come west with the railroads in the Forties. He reflected that he himself had made his own way in real estate—here, among these fields and vacant lots, after the fire in Chicago. He remembered the fire well. . . . Mr. Forbes stirred and sat erect. His mind had been wandering again. He stared at the crazy woman marching up and down. All along he had been sorry for her, with almost a fellow feeling, but he had never seen her quite like this before. He realized that whenever he forgot something nowadays—to wind his watch, to put on his tie—he thought of her. She was always near him with her unsteady mind and lost faculties—incapable, having to be cared for by a nurse.

"I have the doctor's absolute promise," Mrs. Cunningham said to Roxana, who, done with the peas, was loosening the dry earth of a pansy bed with a trowel. Roxana longed to run away, to hide, but she felt queasily that now, having watched the crazy woman, she never could. There would be nowhere to hide now, Roxana thought—not in her own house, not in her kitchen with the scent of clover blowing in from the fields, not in the candlelight

1.

"My wife's on her way up!"



2.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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at dinner, not with Douglas in their bed at night. The woman could no longer not be thought about. She was there, and Roxana—though puzzled to find herself so merciless and hard—wanted with all her soul to have her gone.

Mrs. Malloy wailed a little.

Mike and the Cunningham boy came wandering in from the prairie. "Damn it to hell!" said Mrs. Malloy loud and clear.

"If we could cast out unclean spirits," said Mrs. Forbes. "If only." And Roxana told herself that the doctor might be wrong. Perhaps it would do the woman no harm whatever to be taken away. Perhaps after a while she could come back. She would be welcome. Roxana tried to see her as she would be on her return—healthy, a reliable neighbor, gay, her hair up, wearing white gloves to church on a spring Sunday, the unclean spirit cast out, drowned at last.

"Mark my word, she will do *something*," said Mrs. Cunningham, willing her to, and for Roxana there was now a scrap of comfort in the thought that the woman herself might yet solve the problem for them all.

Two weeks went by. School was out for the summer. Mike and Augie spent their days playing war in the tall grass, starting up meadowlarks, cutting down thistles. When they got tired they hunted for mushrooms, or lay in the damp shade near the creek and teased spiders and beetles with twigs.

Even at night they could keep in touch if necessary. By kneeling on his pillow Mike could look out a high window and see the lights of Augie's house, and they could signal back and forth. Mike slept in the little spare bedroom across the narrow hall from the front parlor, and he left the door ajar. When he wanted to, he could lie with his head at the foot of his bed and hear most of what was being said in the parlor. But mostly he was too tired and lay where he belonged and went to sleep.

One night the telephone woke him. His grandmother answered it. She kept saying, "No! How dreadful!" Then she said, "No, he seemed fine. Just wait." Mike shut his eyes and lay still. His grandmother opened his door wide; he could see the light through his eyelids. She went back to the telephone. Later he heard her talking to his grandfather in the parlor, and he turned himself so that his head was at the foot of his bed. She said that the Cunningham boy was deathly ill. No one knew what had caused it. He was too sick to tell. Douglas and Roxana had gone over there. The boy was having convulsions. He might die. Mike went to the head of his bed and knelt, looking at Augie's house. Then he slid back down into the bed and fell asleep again.

The next time he woke, his grandmother was shaking him gently. Douglas was standing beside her. They wanted to know if Augie had eaten anything out on the prairie. Mike said he didn't remember. He usually answered questions that way until he found out why they were being asked.

The third time Mike woke, he found himself lying with his head at the foot of the bed. At first he could not think why he was there. Something was strange and frightening, like a nightmare. Several people were talking all at once in the parlor. He heard Douglas say he was glad that Augie would pull through, and Roxana say "Amen." He could hear Mrs. Cunningham's voice, which shook and trembled, and he thought that even if Augie was not going to die, he was going to be in trouble. Mike thought he himself might be. Then he heard his grandmother say, "I'll wake him, of course. If she got the poor child to eat toadstools, Mike would know."

"Oh, she did," said Mrs. Cunningham, her voice so low that Mike could hardly hear. "The lunatic. He told me so. He swears it. *I know* she did, but I want you to hear it, too. I have only a minute. Augie's sleeping. I must run back."

So they crowded in and asked Mike if Augie had eaten anything. He said again, several times, that he didn't remember, but he felt a lot easier. Before, he had been afraid. He hadn't known what was expected. Augie might not get punished after all. They had been nowhere near Mrs. Malloy on the prairie that day, though Mike had glimpsed her walking far away, and he thought for a moment that perhaps he ought not to tell an untruth about her. But ——

"Did anyone give you boys something to eat? Some mushrooms?" asked Mike's grandfather.

"Did you *see* anyone on the prairie?" asked his grandmother.

"Mushrooms?" said Roxana under her breath.

"To eat?" said Douglas.

So—"Yes," Mike said. He could see her dimly, her bracelets and her smile, fading away sleepily in the back of his head, disintegrating. "The crazy lady."

"There!" said Mrs. Cunningham, who was crying in the doorway. THE END

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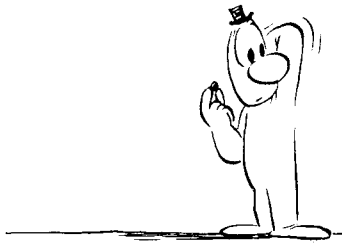
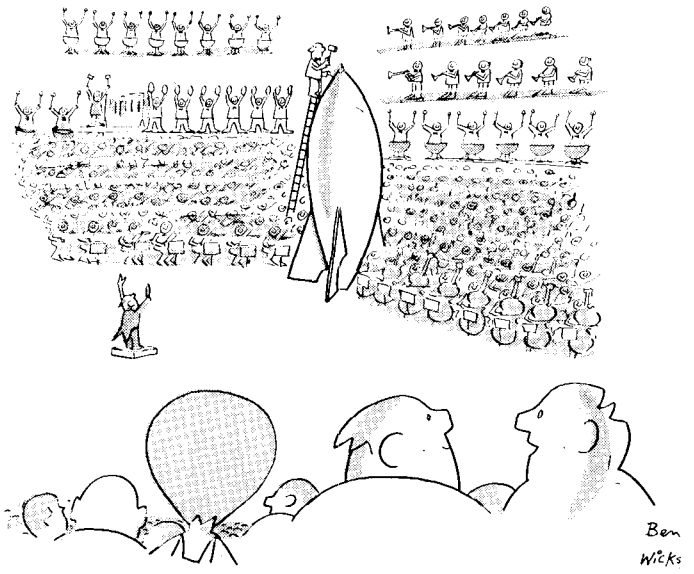


post scripts

"Henry read one of those articles on air pollution."



"Here comes the part I was telling you about!"

n n n n l n n n

"Get down here and help us hunt, Joe; they're your contact lenses!"

o o — —

"But Roger, we just can't close our eyes to the whole affair!"

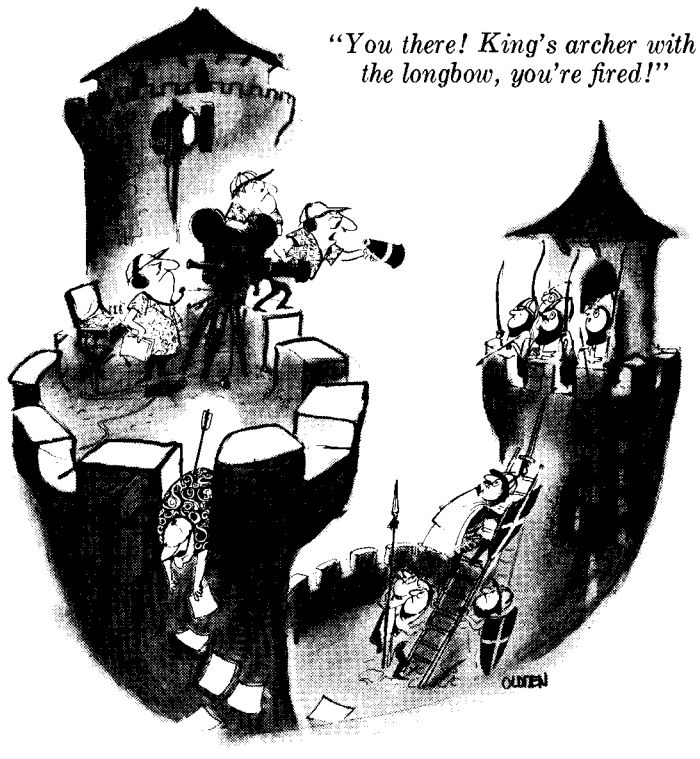
l l l l / l l l

"He claims it's the world that's tilted."

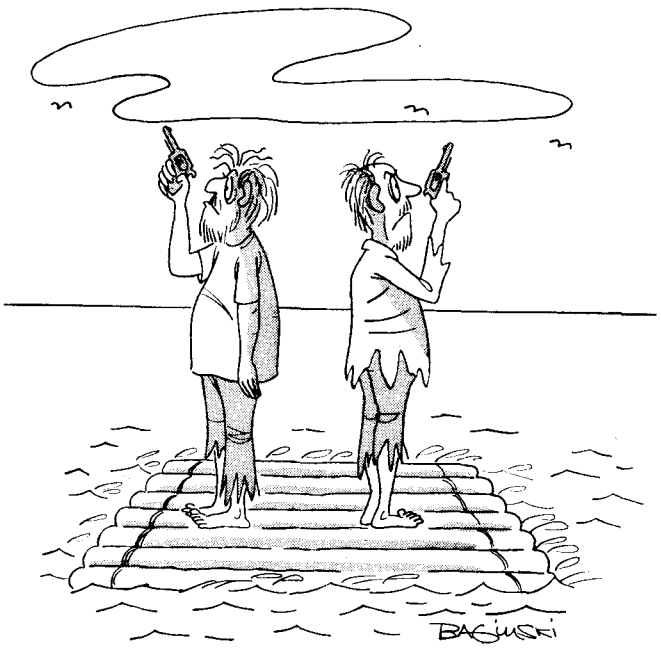
o o o O o o

"Guess who just got an engagement ring?"

CHARLES V. McGUIRE



"You there! King's archer with the longbow, you're fired!"



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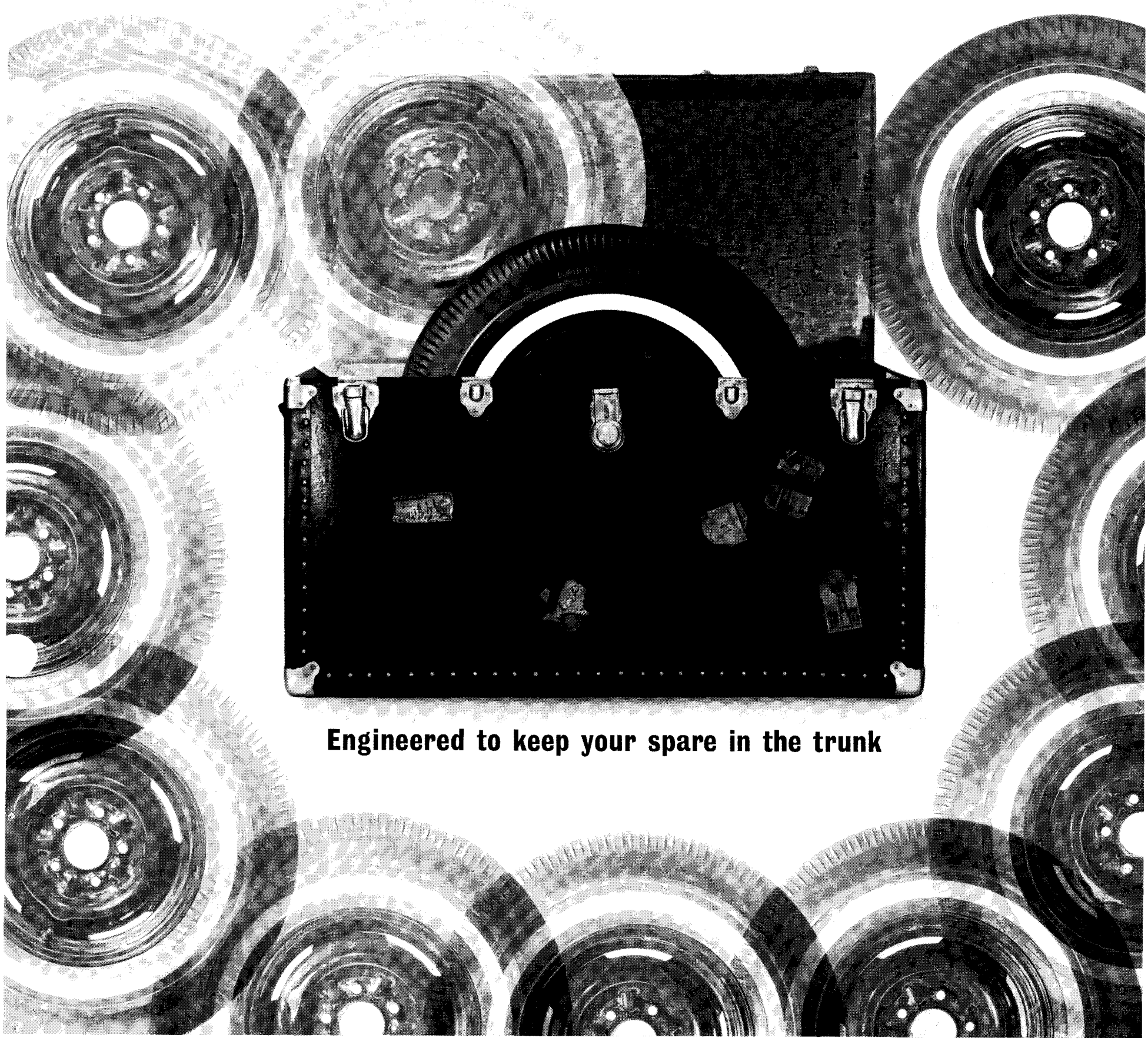

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By Myron Cope

"KISS THE GUY OR TACKLE HIM?"

John Henry Johnson is a large and aggressive professional fullback, who tends to break things when he runs. What does John Henry break? A cheek here, a skull there, a jawbone somewhere else. By the grudging admission of opposing linemen, John Henry Johnson is the most rugged all-around fullback in the whole rugged National Football League.

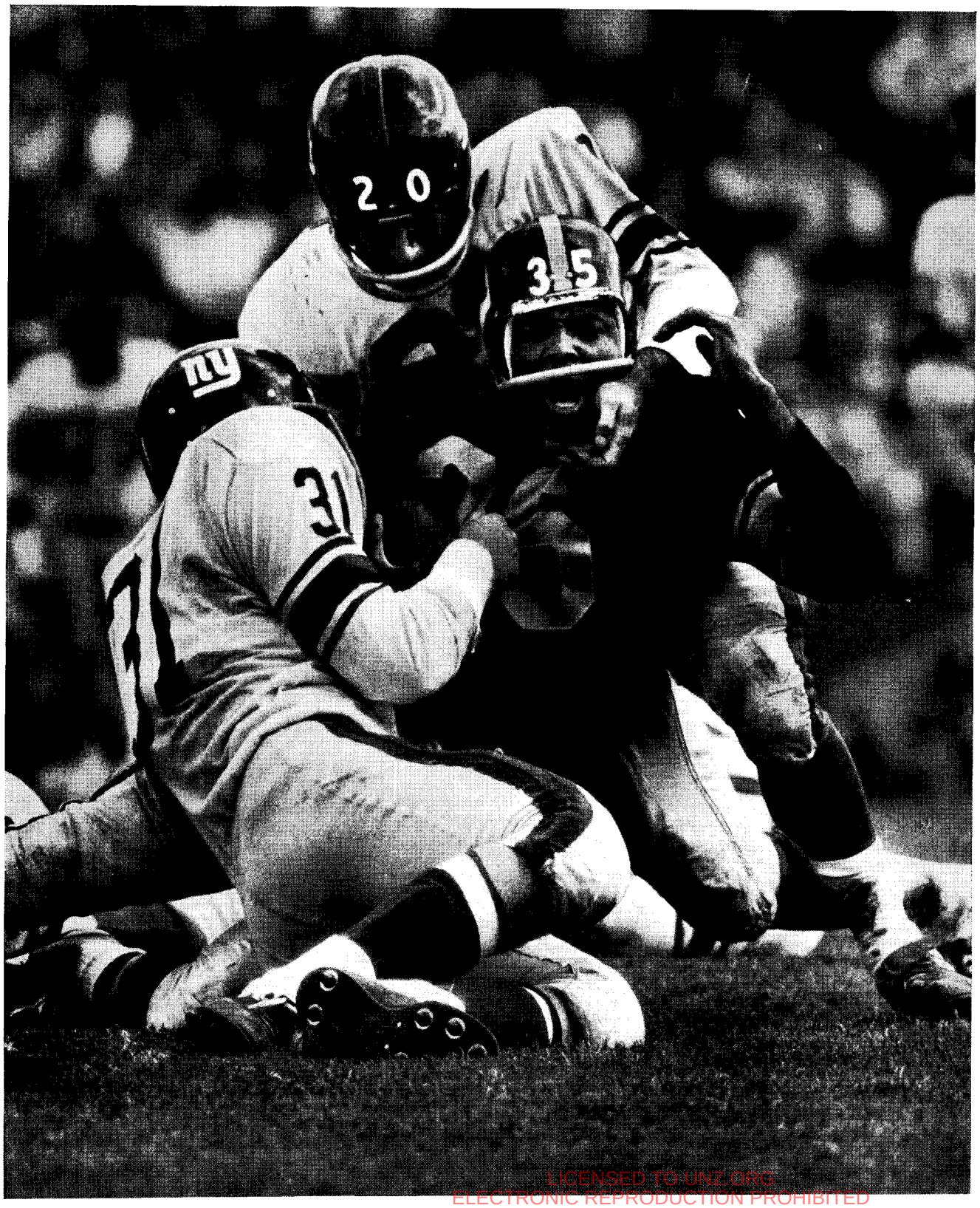
Linemen point out something further, often as they make a tackle. Pro football isn't a one-way street, and he who plays rough gets roughed himself, sometimes inordinately. The game is no place for a passivist nor, despite face masks, is it an area where one can safely turn the other cheek. It is a hard and unflinching sport, peopled mostly with hard and unflinching men. Hit them and they hit back.

Johnson plays hard for a variety of reasons, which we can consider presently. But for now consider an example of John Henry and the N.F.L.'s balance of power.

One Sunday afternoon in 1961 at the Los Angeles Coliseum, the Pittsburgh Steelers, for whom Johnson works, were playing against the Rams. Well, not playing so much as working. In the fourth quarter Johnson's forearm flashed before the face of Les Richter, the Los Angeles linebacker and captain. "Pop, my jaw was broken," Richter has since recalled.

So then, as always, John Henry—whose play had been perfectly legal—became a marked man, which is to say, the Los Angeles linemen were out to counterpunch, or counterforearm.

Then, unlike always, the Rams got an opportunity right away. A Pittsburgh Steeler pass was intercepted by the Rams Ed Meador, and Johnson ran Meador out of bounds, sprawling across the sidelines as he did. Prone, Johnson looked up to see four Rams running at him single file. He sprang to his feet, grabbed the pyramid-shaped sideline marker and began bashing it against the helmets of the Rams. John Henry survived.



Johnson runs into two Giants who hit him hard. "Them things," he says, "annoy me."

Johnson stands 6-feet-2, weighs 225 pounds, and in his vast hands a football looks no larger than a cake of soap. Last year, at the ripe old age (for a fullback) of 33, he gained 1,141 yards in the National Football League, principally by running over 260-pound linemen. Lugging a football across an open field, he is at once exciting and hilarious to spectators, maddening and painful to tacklers.

He defines his own gait as "a combination of jitterbug, twist and Charleston, with a little rumba thrown in." Once he runs down the linemen, defensive backs charging him low are frequently embarrassed to discover that he has hurtled over them and fled, like a thief gone over the backyard fence.

Cleveland's Jimmy Brown runs hard and fast. So does Green Bay's Jim Taylor. But John Henry not only loves to run; he loves to block. Setting himself to protect his quarterback, Johnson crouches near the ground, his chin less than two feet above the grass. He joins clenched fists at his waist. As linemen drive in toward the passer, Johnson springs at them and, again perfectly legally, bats at them with his forearms. Blockees are scattered throughout the country. Scenes are implanted in the memory of beholders.

When John Henry was playing professional football in Canada, a rapid halfback named Bill Bewley was racing a kickoff up the sidelines during an intrasquad scrimmage. John Henry angled toward him, and Bewley tried to get inside the angle. John Henry block-tackled Bewley at full speed, breaking Bewley's jaw in two places.

"Jeez, John," screamed Bob Robinett, the team's general manager, "was that thing really necessary?"

"Well," John Henry said, matter-of-factly, "what did you want me to do? Kiss the guy or tackle him?" (Bewley, on medical advice, retired from football.)

When John Henry was established in the National Football League, Ed Modzelewski, a brute of a man playing in the line at Cleveland, crashed through, hoping to block a punt. Instead of the football he ran into John Henry, who bloodied Modzelewski's mouth.

Paul Brown, then Cleveland coach, ran onto the field and shouted at Johnson, "You've hit everybody in the league."

"Then we got a tie game," John Henry retorted. "Everybody in the league has hit me."

Another afternoon Johnson blocked a New York Giant defensive back named Eddie Hughes, fracturing Hughes's cheekbone. "Hughes was real nice about it," John Henry recalls. "He told me 'good block' when I visited him in the hospital."

Johnson's aggressiveness is not always directed against opponents. In a game

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John Henry Johnson, the Pittsburgh Steelers' huge and rugged fullback, has left a set of fractures in his wake that gives pause to even the toughest linemen.

against the Giants last year he concluded that one of his teammates had cost the Steelers a touchdown by loitering on the one-yard line. "I ever see you do that again," John Henry said, "I'll kill you with my bare hands."

What manner of man is this, when he rips off his helmet, slips out of the jersey numbered 35 and becomes a civilian? Not quite a passivist perhaps, but seemingly peaceful and amusing. John Henry drinks sparingly, never smokes, enjoys conversation, good company and philosophy. Once, when a friend was courting a teenager, Johnson was at his conversational, philosophical best. "Man," he said, "they gonna put you in jail for stationary rape."

His Steeler teammates like him, appreciate his humor, intentional and accidental, and go to some lengths to explain that he is rough, but by no means dirty. "Everybody beats on him," says end Buddy Dial. "Sam Huff (the Giant linebacker) treats him like a dog." Another Steeler adds, "John Henry plays mean, but not dirty. It's a rough game and a lot of the guys play it rough, but they don't have that natural something—the timing or whatever it is—that John Henry has when he whips that shoulder into you."

Whence comes this dedication to such aggressive play? "They jump on me after the whistle," Johnson says, "and they tell me they couldn't stop. They try to snap my neck when I'm running, and if I'm on the ground, they're still choking me. They scratch my eyes—that kind of thing. All them things annoy me a little bit."

Just a little riot

Some try to probe more deeply. They maintain that Johnson is an angry man who gives vent to his fury through football. Further, they emphasize that he is an angry colored man, one of that growing body of Negroes who are not inclined to say "Thank you" when shoved. This is not to say that John Henry is anti-white. He has been a good friend of Southerner Bobby Layne, and attributes much of his success last season to the all-white line blocking for him. But, as one Steeler points out, "He reads every word of every integration story he can lay his hands on."

John Henry, agreeing in the slurred way that has earned him the nickname "Mumbles," recalls a game that his high school lost to an archrival. "I played bad," he says. "I cried after the game. I said, 'Next time we gonna beat them.' Next year I made three touchdowns against them and shook up a few people with the usual stuff. Made 'em complain. We didn't have a full-scale riot, just a little small-scale riot."

In the town of Pittsburg, Calif., where he spent his teens, he was an immensely popular football and track star in high school. But John Henry spent his earliest years in Louisiana, and Bob Robinett, who has known Johnson for years, suggests that his rough style of play has its source in his Louisiana elementary schooling. Robinett is today guidance counselor for California's Sequoia School District. "When John Henry came to California," he says, "he lacked proper elementary background, so studies came hard to him throughout high school. He applied himself and tried to become a good student. He was not a poor student. But he wanted to *excel*. And finally, knowing that he could not excel in the classroom, he decided he would on the ball field. That's why he's always played so ruggedly."

After high school, John Henry enrolled at St. Mary's, a California college that played almost anyone, almost anywhere. When St. Mary's abandoned football in 1951, Johnson switched to Arizona State, then moved on for pro football in Canada, where Robinett was general manager of the Calgary Stampeders. Canadian football differs from American football in various ways, among them that no one may block after a punt. The punt receiver stands there, naked in his pads, and as he grabs the ball, everyone grabs him. Canadian coaches frequently discipline troublesome players by assigning them to return punts.

As a collegian, Johnson had led the U.S. in punt returns, but the Calgary coach, Bob Snyder, wanted to preserve his fullback. "I didn't look forward to seeing those tanks coming down and murdering him," Snyder says, "but he kept after me to let him, and I finally put him in for a punt return in a game with Winnipeg. I could see mouths watering on the other side. When the punt came down, all of Canada belted him."

John Henry is durable. In the course of that season he suffered a fractured cheekbone, lost two teeth and endured two broken ribs. He also played both offense and defense in every one of the 23 games Calgary had scheduled.

In 1954 he signed with the San Francisco 49ers, and in a game against the Chicago Cardinals he fractured a rival back's skull with a clean but ferocious downfield block. The Cardinal management protested, but John Henry (a) insisted that he was only playing hard football and (b) that anyone who wanted to try for revenge was welcome to. Later, in another game with the Cardinals, he deliberately carried the ball in front of the Cardinal bench. The moment he was tackled, three Cardinals sprang from the bench to kick him.

Johnson, of course, answers such roughness with a roughness of his own. At times he has continued to churn his feet, even after he is tackled. As a result, piling on him has involved an element of peril—cleat marks in one's forehead.

John Henry has been a professional athlete for a long time. He has been married, fathered five children and been divorced. He has traveled, seen his name in headlines and walked abroad in an exciting world. The one thing he has not done is mellowed. He was born in the Louisiana hamlet of Waterproof, the son of a Pullman porter, and apparently always had most football instincts within him. He was a rough, natural child, and three decades later he is a rough, natural man.

"When I was raised up," he says, "I played with white kids all the time. But whenever white kids bothered me, we *fought*. I didn't take nothing from anyone. In a football game, though, I hit the colored guy as hard as I hit the white guy, and I don't think about color when I'm playing." Then, in as close to self-analysis as he cares to come, "But it might be a subconscious thing. I've always felt I was as good as anyone else, that's for sure."

Well, he's an athlete, not a parliamentarian or a judge, so his role in the Negro revolution will be no more than a footnote. Perhaps it is best to conclude simply, as one Steeler does, "The rougher they get with John Henry, the rougher he gets with them." Still, one cannot forget another comment, uttered by a burly Steeler lineman. "If I had to go into a dark alley," he says, "and I had my pick of one man to go with me, I'd want that man to be John Henry Johnson." THE END

Moustache raised, John Henry sits on the bench, considering the violence before him.

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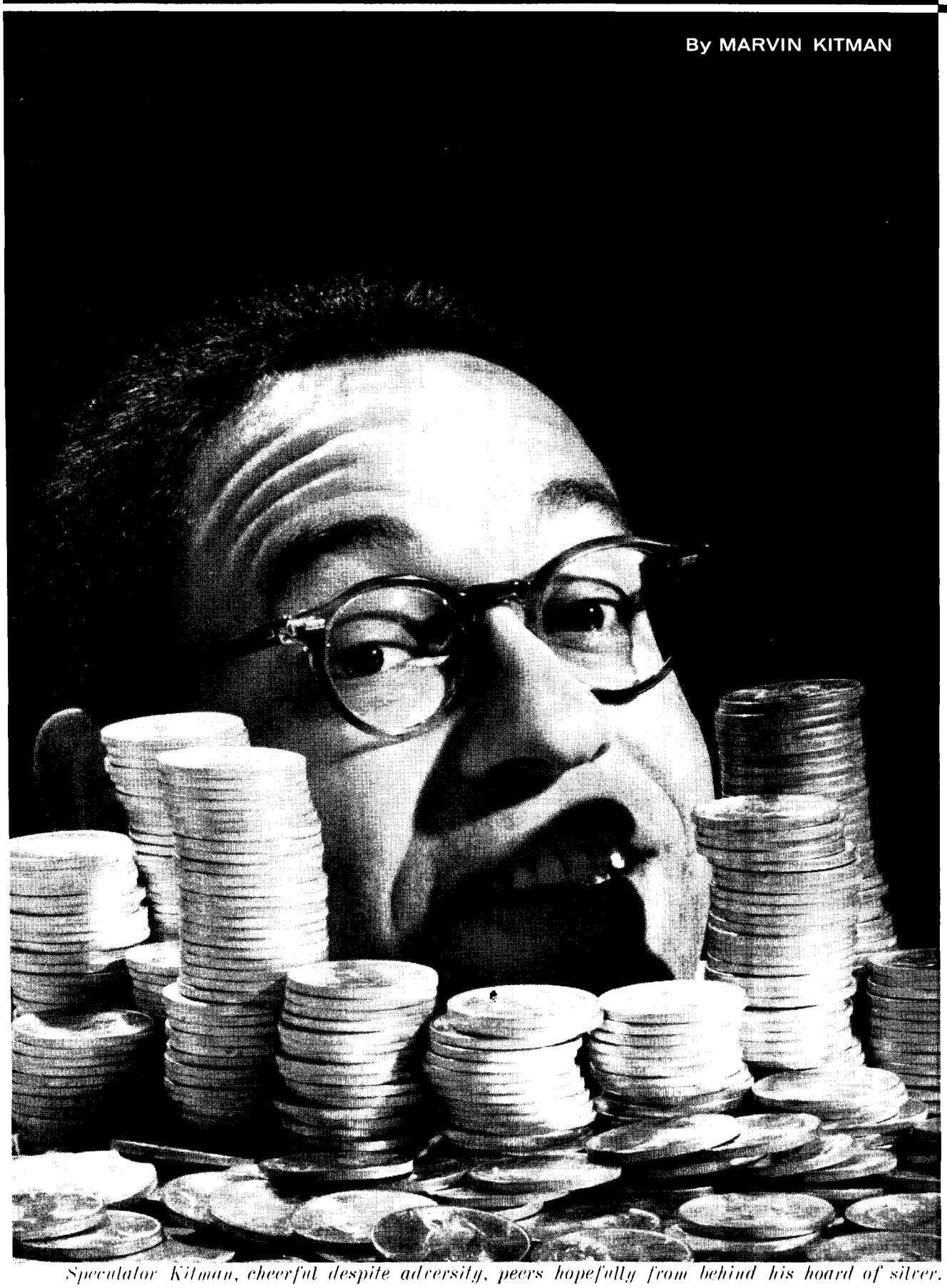
One man's search for free silver

The author's scheme for becoming The Silver King was simple, legal and foolproof. There was only one tiny flaw—it didn't work.

By MARVIN KITMAN



Speculator Kitman, cheerful despite adversity, peers hopefully from behind his hoard of silver.

Deep down within each of us lies the horn of the fortune hunter. When newspaper stories recently revealed that millions of silver nickels, minted during the war years 1942–45, were now worth at least seven cents each as a result of the latest rise in the price of silver, the nickels were hunted down mercilessly. Within several weeks numismatists reported them extinct, bagged by people interested in making easy money.

I was too cagey to join in the hunt for the lucky nickels. It was immediately obvious to me that the really big money lay elsewhere—in silver dollars.

If silver nickels were worth 40 percent more, I reasoned, silver dollars should now be worth about $1.40 each. For every $1,000 conveyed into silver dollars, a smart operator could make $400—with absolutely no risk involved.

As a believer in really free enterprise, I found the scheme for making instant money particularly appealing because I wouldn't have to ask my government for any special favors. The silver was mine in the first place.

On every dollar bill, or "silver certificate" as it is familiarly known in the world of high finance, I had my country's solemn promise: "This certifies that there is on deposit . . . one dollar in silver payable to the bearer on demand." I started in the business of making a quick silver fortune by taking a pocketful of promises down to my neighborhood U.S. Government fiscal agent, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Few Americans ever visit their Federal Reserve Bank of New York—at 33 Liberty Street, only a short armored-car's ride from J. P. Morgan and other Wall Street banking houses—even though it is one of the best examples of counterfeit Florentine-Renaissance-palace architecture in the nation. The walls are made of marble; there's a guard at every door, and the vaults are filled with silver which, legend has it, the workers sweated for. Inside one of the vaults six policemen, all wearing Super Pistol Marksmanship badges over their hearts, eyed me warily while I transacted my business.

"How many silver dollars do you want?" asked a teller.

"I only have seventy-five with me," I said apologetically. Remembering from high-school economics classes that the

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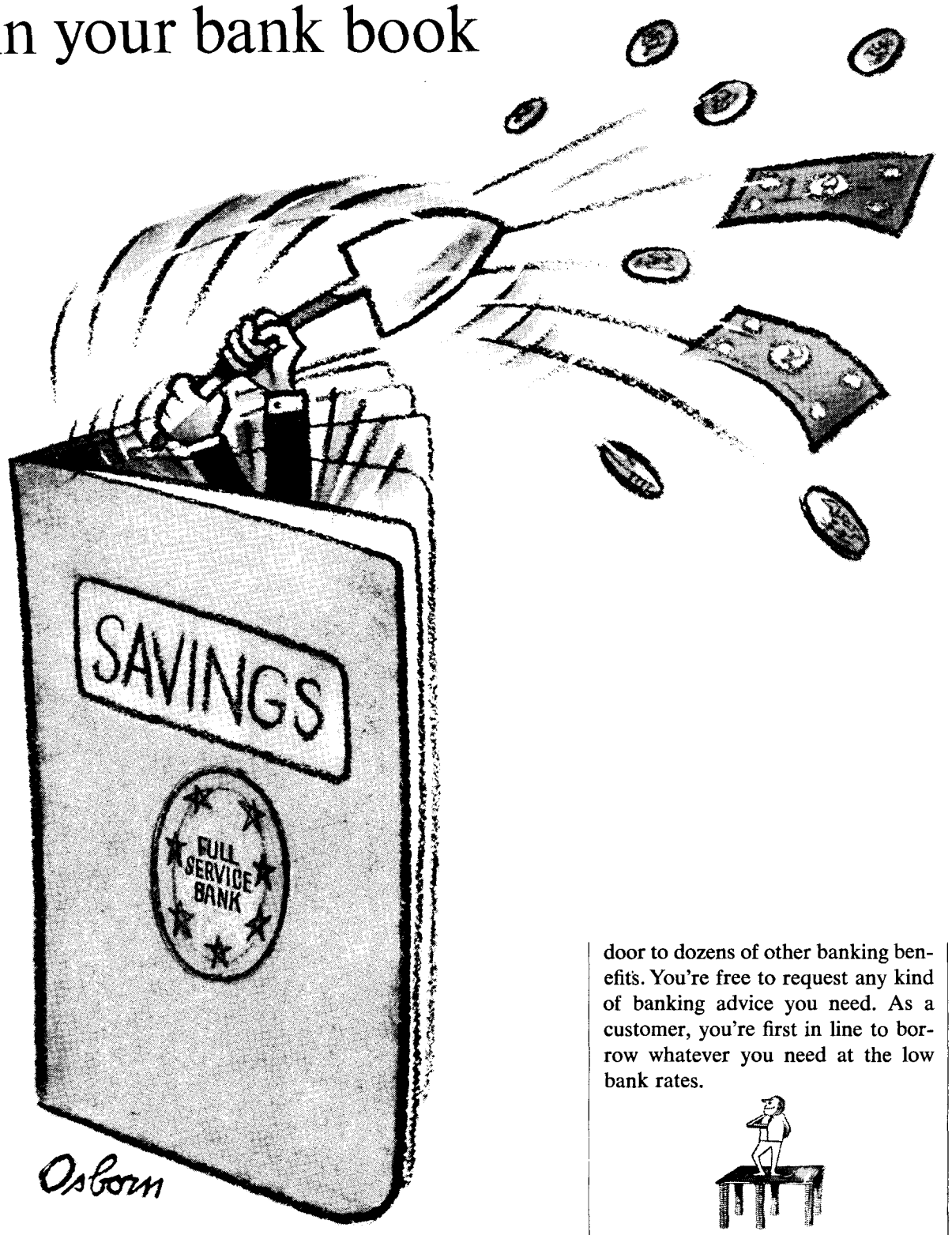
Dig out the fortune that lies buried in your bank book



More and more people are realizing that they'll have to *borrow* far more money in a lifetime than they can save. Including home loans, appliance loans – plus loans to send the kids to college or themselves on a vacation – the average family may borrow as much as $50,000 before the grandchildren take over. That's a lot of money.

They reason, then, that it's far more profitable *in the long run* to reduce the cost of borrowing than to try to earn more on their savings.

So what has all this borrowing got to do with putting your savings in a

"Full Service" bank? *Practically everything!* Read why.

Use your savings to cut the cost of borrowing

Assuming you're starting from scratch, here's the way to use a savings account to beat down the cost of borrowing (not to mention starting a useful financial partnership with a good bank):

1. Pick a "Full Service" bank and give it all your banking business – savings account, checking account, anything else you can think of.

2. Get on a nod-and-smile basis with at least one of the bankers. (He'll take an interest in your plans because banks thrive on checking and savings accounts.)

3. Borrow small amounts of money as needed, instead of dipping into your emergency savings. Pay each back as promised. Nothing pleases a banker more. And you save on a bank loan, remember? On a $2000 loan, for example, you could save as much as $100 in interest costs.

Use your savings to build your reputation

Pretty soon, you'll find that "they know you at the bank." Your growing savings account has unlocked the door to dozens of other banking benefits. You're free to request any kind of banking advice you need. As a customer, you're first in line to borrow whatever you need at the low bank rates.

In short, you've raised the "fortune" necessary to take care of your major family purchases and your credit rating is unquestioned. (If anyone *does* happen to question it, just refer them to your personal "Full Service" banker.)

FULL SERVICE BANK ®

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

A "Full Service" bank is the only financial institution that can legally offer both savings and checking accounts, as well as all types of loans. There are thousands of them. There is one near you.

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SEE "WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS," ABC-TV, SATURDAY AFTERNOONS

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FREE SILVER

Federal Reserve Banks did a business in billions, I feared they might not want to bother with my petty cash.

"Sorry," the teller said. "We can only give you ten silver dollars."

I couldn't believe my ears, so I repeated my request. No answer. Then I flattened out one of the singles and began to read: "This certifies that there is on deposit. . . ."

"I know what it says," he cut in. "But we still only give ten to a customer."

"I *demand* seventy-five silver dollars," I said. "It's *my* silver."

The teller counted out ten silver dollars and said, "Sign here."

I was accepting a mere $10 as my full share of all the silver I had trustingly allowed to accumulate in my government's hands over the years.

"Is this a police state?" I asked one of the policemen who happened to be standing six inches behind my back. "He wants me to sign an official document just to change ten dollars. I refuse to sign on the grounds that I might incriminate myself."

"Come back when you've made up your mind," the teller said. "It's closing time." He dropped my silver back in the till and slammed the window shut.

Walking toward the vault exit, a dream of a silver fortune turned to tinfoil, I heard the sound of flat feet running along the marble floor. When the policeman grabbed my arm, I was ready to sign anything, as long as they didn't torture me. The penalty for changing dollars into silver in this country couldn't be worse than for gold speculation in Russia.

"Listen," he said, "I know where you can change your dollars. At the treasury."

Could it be possible that the world's most affluent society would make a citizen travel all the way to Washington—a round-trip distance of 500 miles from my home in Leonia, N. J.—just to change a few dollars? It was the sort of financial question a man likes to discuss with his wife, but I didn't dare. If my wife told our friends and neighbors that their dollars were no longer redeemable in silver, a panic might result. I still loved the paper dollar far too much to want to see it hurt.

The only person I knew who wouldn't be surprised to learn of the dollar's unsoundness would be my congressman, a conservative Republican. For years he had been warning his constituents that the Democrats had been undermining the dollar by their wild spending. So I wrote to him about the way the Federal Reserve Bank had treated one of his constituents like Billie Sol Estes just because he wanted to change a few dollars. How long has that been a crime against the state, I wanted to know. "Frankly, Congressman," I wrote, "I no longer believe in the almighty dollar. I just can't respect a paper dollar that isn't redeemable for silver." I didn't ask him for any special favors, closing my letter, "P.S. I am a registered Republican."

Something in the letter prompted him to launch an immediate investigation. "In an effort to be of all possible assistance to you in this matter," he wrote, "I am today contacting the officials of the Federal Reserve System, and you will hear from me again when I have a reply to my inquiry and expression in your behalf."

The Federal Reserve's reply, however, only served to further weaken my faith in the dollar. "Mr. Kitman's complaint evidently arises from a misconception of the functions and operations of the Federal Reserve Banks," William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Board of Governors, wrote to my congressman. "The bank has no obligation to redeem silver certificates in silver dollars."

Mr. Martin concluded by passing the buck to the Secretary of the Treasury. To prove that it was the secretary's obligation, he sent along the text of Public Law 88–36, 88th Congress, H.R. 5389, which provides: "Silver certificates shall be exchangeable on demand at the Treasury of the United States for silver dollars . . . of a monetary value equal to the face amount of the certificates."

By this time, however, I was badly shaken. How did I know if the Secretary of the Treasury would stand behind his commitment? There would be no proof of his sincerity until somebody actually went to Washington and asked for his rightful change. As far as I knew, I was the first wheeler and dealer in the history of American free enterprise ever to find such a trip potentially worthwhile.

When my wife asked where I was going with $1,000 withdrawn from our joint savings account, I could no longer shield her from the sad news that the dollar might be worthless. And I could sense that she had as much faith in me as I had in my Secretary of the Treasury by the way she demanded *her* half of the money back.

By the time we *both* arrived at the Treasury building in Washington the next morning, it had cost me $86.20 for Pullman accommodations, meals, tips to porters and waiters, cabs and phone calls, and I was anxious to start making some of that easy money.

My United States Treasury is a cheerful country bank compared to the sinister Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and I didn't arouse any suspicion until I began pushing bundle after bundle of silver certificates through a teller's window.

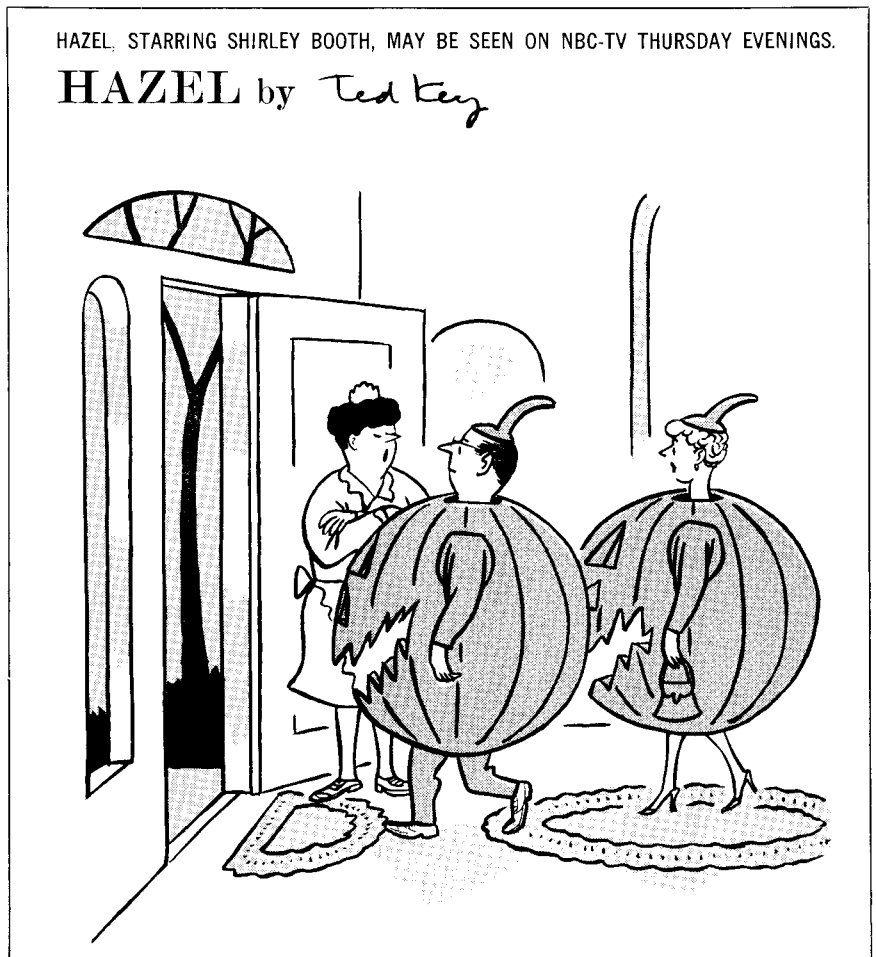
He groaned.

"It says here," I said, "'This certifies that there is on deposit . . . one dollar in silver payable to the bearer on demand.' I have always believed in my Secretary of the Treasury's word as in God's. Through all the trouble the dollar has known, I never once made unreasonable demands unto him."

The teller stood mute, as if he were hearing William Jennings Bryan delivering his famous cross-of-gold speech. "Look," he finally said, "why don't you take your ones over to your bank and change them for hundreds?"

That was one trap I wasn't going to fall into. Hundred-dollar bills are Federal Reserve notes which are backed only by a small percentage of gold and the Secretary of the Treasury's word. I eyed him coolly. "What's wrong with my silver certificates?" I demanded.

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Who's driving?"

"I've got to count them one by one to check for counterfeits," he told me.

"Start counting," I said. I held my breath during the countdown, trying to anticipate the Government's next attempt to stifle free enterprise. Then the teller dropped my 1,000 singles into his till, opened the back of the cage, and disappeared from sight. I suddenly had a vision of my trying to explain to T-men that those were *my* singles in the till.

The missing teller returned several minutes later, pushing a dolly bearing a single canvas bag. I wrestled my 1,000 silver dollars over to a corner where my wife sat, trying to disassociate herself from the whole affair.

"Aren't you going to count them?" she asked. "I don't have to," I said. "*Now* I trust in my Secretary of the Treasury."

"Well, what are you going to do with it until we get home?" she asked. "Carry it around in your money belt?"

A bag of 1,000 silver dollars turned out to be less convenient than traveler's checks. It weighed 59 pounds, according to a Treasury guard.

"You could put it in one of those dime lockers in the station," my wife said. "Or call up Hertz and ask them to put you in the driver's seat of an armored car."

I looked up Brink's in the Yellow Pages, and told the manager of the Washington branch office about my problem. The Brinks man agreed to have one of their armored cars pick up my silver and ship it home via Railway Express.

While waiting for Brinks I asked a Treasury Department employee why he had made me come all the way to Washington just to change a few dollars.

"Silver dollars are disappearing fast enough without everybody going to their local banks to redeem silver certificates," he said. "We had ninety-five million on hand at the beginning of the year; now we're down to forty-seven million, and the figures get lower every month. Collectors and hoarders have been taking them out of circulation."

He was making me feel guilty. "A promise is a promise," I said, waving a silver certificate.

"Even those are going to disappear," he said. "The President signed a bill in June abolishing the silver certificate. They're all going to be replaced by Federal Reserve notes within eighteen months."

"Hurry," I told the Brinks men as they hoisted our bag of silver into the armored car outside the Treasury building several minutes later. Brinks roared off toward Union Station. We jumped into a cab and shouted at the driver, "Follow that armored car." It was a thrilling moment.

This thrill, however, had added another $26.50 to my expenses, which had now mounted to $186.40, and I was eager to start making some of that easy money. I began as soon as Railway Express delivered my bag of silver two days later.

"Isn't it illegal to melt coins?" my wife asked in some alarm.

"The law against defacing money," I said, "applies only to paper currency."

I called the firm of Handy & Harman, one of the country's largest refiners and dealers in precious metals, and gave them my order.

"What in the world do you want to do that for?" asked a vice president in charge of melting silver. "A silver dollar contains only ninety percent silver. The actual silver in the dollar right now *is* worth more than a dollar—about $1.01. But it will cost you approximately four cents to melt each dollar."

"I'm ruined," I cried.

"Not necessarily," said the executive. "It looks as if the price of silver will continue to climb. What you should do is hold your silver dollars for a couple of years. When the actual value of the silver goes up to $1.40 or so, then you may be able to make some money by melt——"

"Never mind," I said, remembering the shortage of silver my country was facing. "I have something better to do with it."

I grabbed the bag, threw it into my station wagon, drove to the local trust company and rented a safe-deposit box. Then I sat down and wrote a one-sentence letter to my Secretary of the Treasury:

"This certifies that there is on deposit one thousand dollars in silver payable to the bearer on demand."

I wish my Secretary of the Treasury would pick up his silver. It's costing me $50 a year to rent a safe-deposit box large enough to hold it for him. THE END

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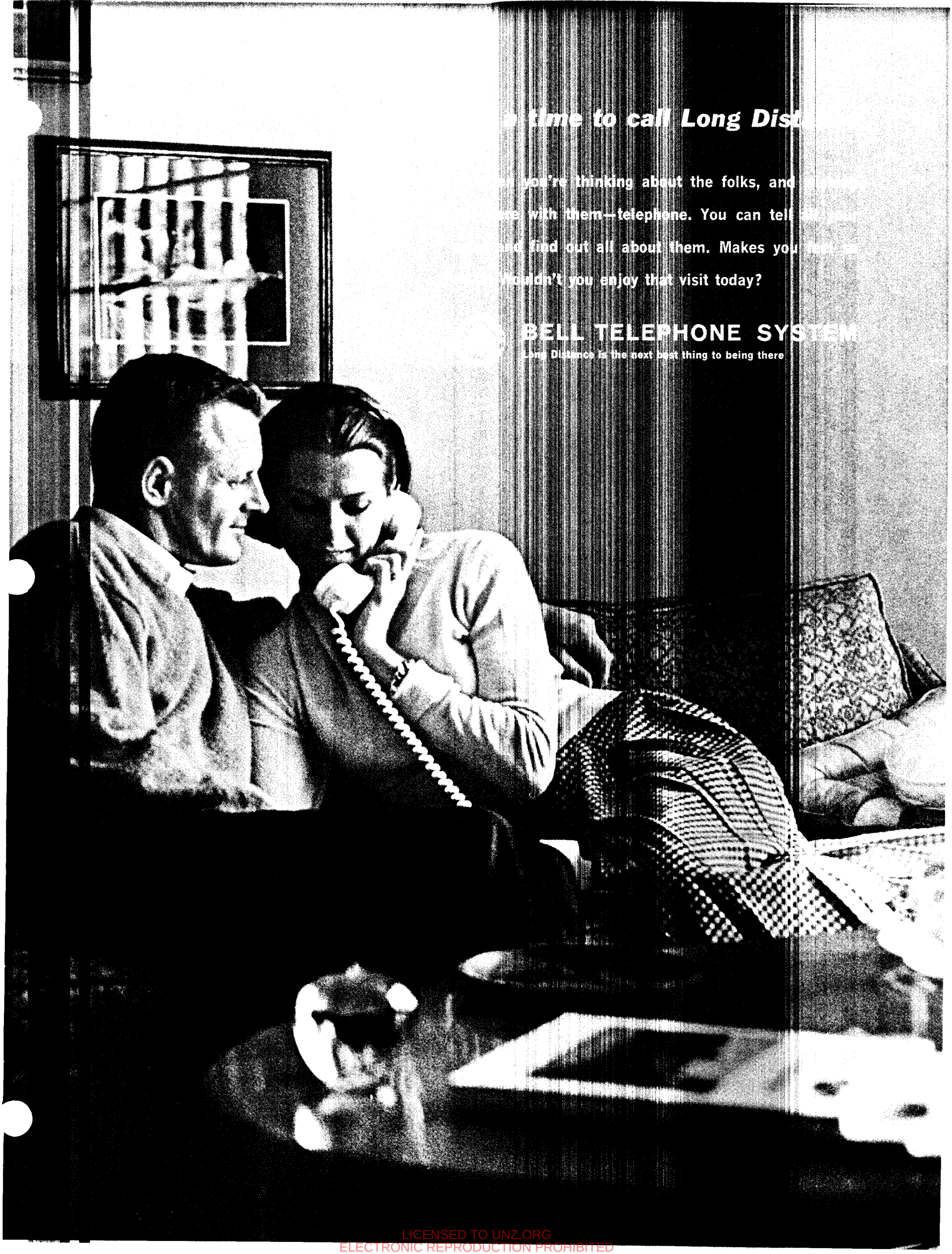
time to call Long Dist
you're thinking about the folks, and
with them—telephone. You can tell
find out all about them. Makes you
couldn't you enjoy that visit today?
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

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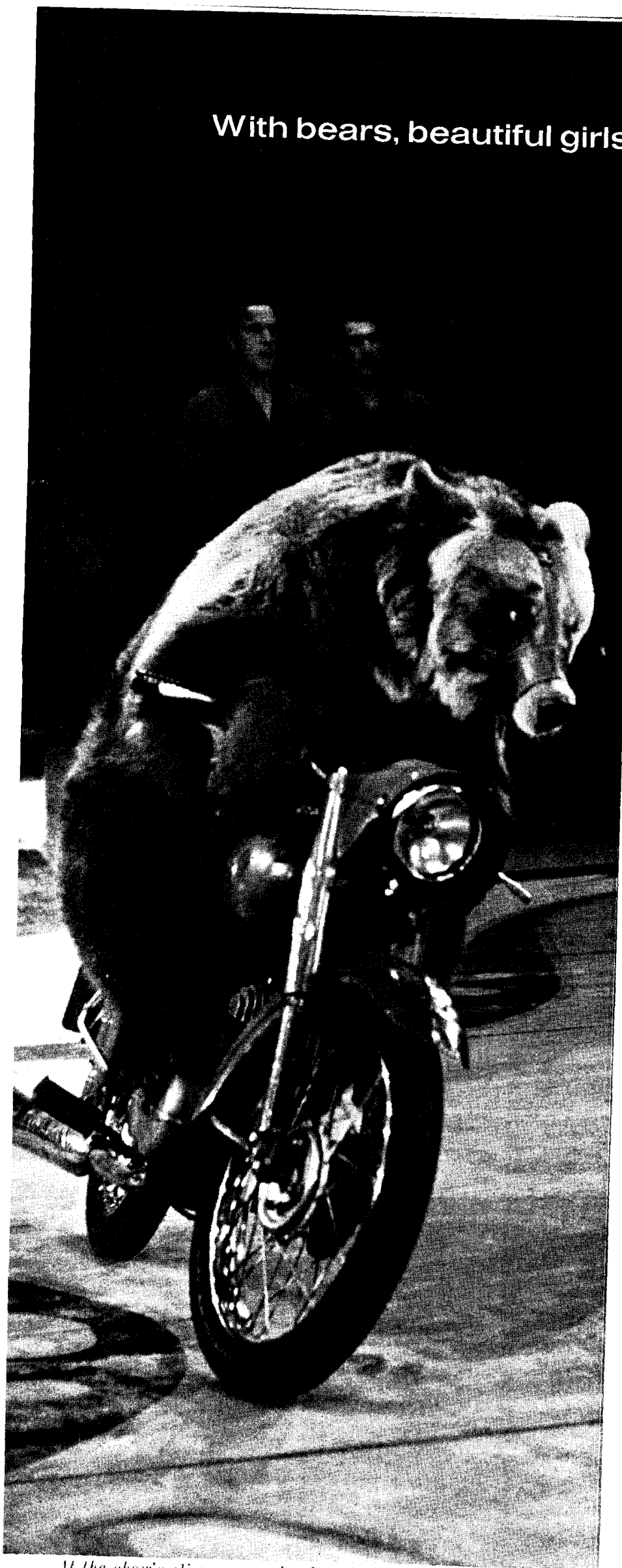
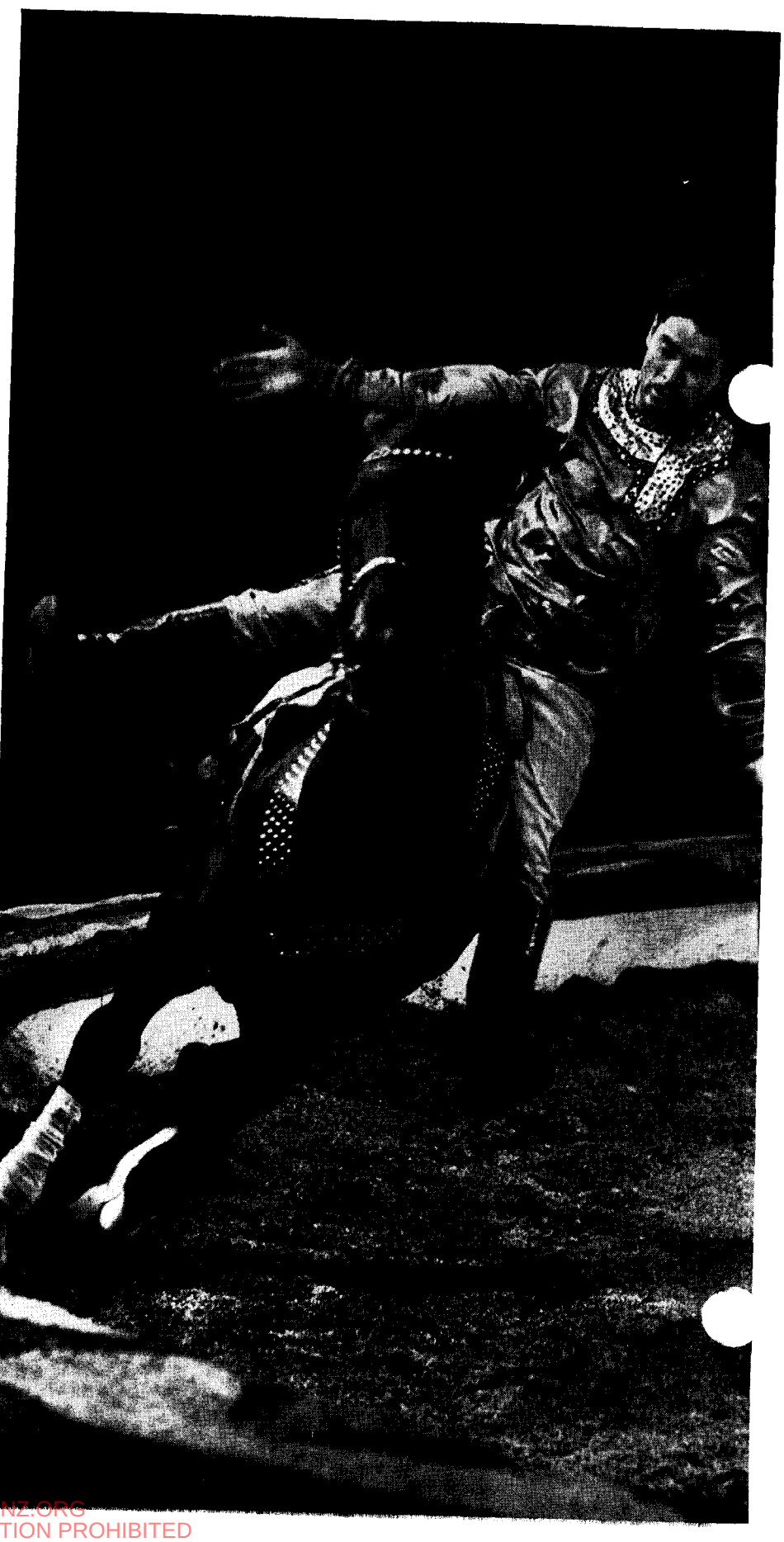
With bears, beautiful girls and a marvelous clown, the Russians

SOVIET CIRCUS



At the show's climax, amazing bears circle the ring on motorcycles.



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stage an old-fashioned extravaganza.

WOWS THE U.S.A.

By Bill Ballantine

Inside a giant wheel, a gymnast demonstrates hoopla, Russian style.

The ringmaster stood stiffly, only a twitch in his cheek betraying his tension. His eyes were fixed apprehensively on two prop hands who were scurrying like frantic mice to swing shut the heavy wooden ring curb. A mounting thunder rolled ominously from backstage—horses' hooves pounding on the wooden ramp leading to the arena's entrance.

With one sharp snap the green plush drapes were flung open. At ringside the prop hands skittered out of the way. Their coats glistening in the spotlights, six Turkmenian horses galloped down the short entry and leaped the low barrier into the ring. "The Khod-za-BAE-evs!" shouted the ringmaster.

The handsome stallions careered around the earthen ring, leaning so far inward that only their speed kept them from toppling. Their ears were laid back, their teeth bared, and their hooves pounded into the banked dirt against the ring curb's inside wall like the roll of a muffled drum.

The riders, their loose silken coats whipping back from pink tunics, hurled their bushel-basket-sized sheepskin hats high in the air and caught them. From ring center came the crack of a bullwhip.

Suddenly, with a great shout, the group pulled leather and began doing headstands, handstands, and shoulder stands. Men hung recklessly by one foot from the saddle with fingers raking the sawdust, their bobbing heads skimming the ground. There were leaps onto, off and over the horses, and intrepid scrambles around plunging necks. One rider lowered himself gingerly down one side of his charger, clambered swiftly under its bouncing belly, up the other side and back to his saddle. Another did a spread-eagle ride that can only be described as impossible; nothing but superb balance held him to his horse.

These rough-riding Turkmenians are by far the most thrilling performers of the great Moscow Circus, now on its first tour of the United States. Opening in Philadelphia, they went on to New York. They'll play seven cities in all, winding up in Minneapolis in December.

While the Turkmenians climax the first half, a bear act is the triumph of the show itself. There are only 14 bears, but they run in and out of the ring so fast and with so many costume changes that there seem to be at least 40 of them. A lumbering bruin named Marx is the greatest of the lot—he would be. Marx ambles onstage alone, picks up a bicycle from the floor, mounts and wheels calmly off without so much as an eye flick from his master. This is what circus folk call a *lot* of trick.

Next, two shaggy beasts putter in by themselves on shimmering motorcycles. House lights are cut off, and somehow the machines' headlamps go on and the joyride continues in the dark. (The cycles were given to Valetin Filatov, the bears' trainer, by an admiring Japanese manufacturer who at first refused to believe that the performers were not burly Russians zipped into bearskin suits.)

There is also a troupe of 10 boxer dogs who leap through a wild game of soccer. At the height of the action—during which goal cages, goalies, and occasionally a few front-row pewholders are knocked flying—a nippy terrier buzzes out among the players, tugging at their rears, stripping them of their gym pants. It never fails to bring down the house.

One improbable act follows another in a dazzling kaleidoscope of color. Jugglers toss hoops, batons, cylinders, flaming torches and wands. A buxom brunette swings into peasant dances on a tightwire, changing elaborately embroidered costumes in a twinkling during blackouts. A strong man, in what look like spangled B.V.D.'s, twirls a heavy barbell as if it were a drum majorette's baton, and then catches 65-pound cannonballs on the back of his thick Slavic neck; the horrendous thud of metal into flesh is enough to stun most men for a week.

The Nikolaev gymnasts, behaving like cavorting apes, do giant swings and hairbreadth catches on an ingenious elevated circular bar. The Doviekos blithely throw away extremely difficult tumbling tricks such as a double somersault from the floor, a specialty of the famous American circus star, Maurice Colleano, who featured it—with a special announcement—as his act's climax.

The Volzhansky Group walks precariously up a slanted wire, the women balanced on the men's heads. Their screeching descents are made on groove-wheeled roller skates; one man even does a kind of roller-skate ski-jump down the wire from high platform to low.

And the whole show is tied together by Khrushchev's most valued fellow traveler, Oleg Popov, the great nose-puttied clown who follows each act, giving a sly, spoofing comment on the preceding act or on mankind in general.

Popov's props are simple ones: a rooster; a whistling bicycle pump; a breakaway teeterboard; a phony strongman weight; a mock rocket; a few plates, pots, pans; a potato, and a steaming sausage. He wobbles precariously across a slack wire which simulates a sagging wash line; then stops, balances on one foot and juggles—all at once—a dishpan, a shoe, a towel and several hoops.

His idol is Charlie Chaplin, and Popov has the same poignant quality—both on stage and off. But his costume is a cut above the little tramp's. He wears a velvet jacket, black baggy pants, an oversized red vest and a floppy checkered cap, which slouches over a yellow Buster Brown wig. His face, unlike our circus clowns', is pasty pink, with each eye carefully outlined in black. Aside from a large wart of putty which tilts his nose rakishly, he wears no other makeup.

But the basic ingredients of Popov's superb pantomimes stem more from Harpo Marx than from Karl. Things are never what they seem to be (the learned doctor may be a boorish fake); in the middle of disaster there is always a way out (the giddy slack wire will somehow be conquered); there can be artistry in the commonest of objects (the juggling of kitchen utensils).

In one skit a rocket blasts off toward the roof; at the peak of the ascent a hatch opens and a rooster drops out wearing a parachute. On the ground, he lays an egg. I asked Popov if he was making some comment on the astronaut program.

"No," he said through an interpreter, a blonde named Tamara Krassina who looks something like movie star Kim Novak. "Actually the original idea was to have a fried chicken drop out of the rocket. In West Germany I stop doing it. The producer did not want every day the expense of fried hen."

Talking about the comedy skits he was planning to try out on this tour, Popov noted, "I hear that Mr. Kennedy has made some words about Russia and U.S. going to moon together. I'd like to make something on that subject."

Popov wondered if a lampoon on abstract art would go well in America. Then he discussed possibilities of a parody on TV violence, saying that he stayed glued to his hotel television set every night until three and four A.M. He acted out mock fatigue by collapsing and prying open drooping eyes.

He wished most to see the Bowery, then Greenwich Village—"like Montmartre in Paris"—and Niagara Falls. "Too bad we go not to California; I want so much to see Disneypark," he said.

The man responsible for bringing Popov and the Moscow Circus to America is Morris Chalfen, an energetic, cigar-tormenting ice-show impresario from Minneapolis. Unabashed by political stumbling blocks or international logistics, Chalfen has been trying for more than 10 years to import the Soviet Circus. The idea first struck him during a brief visit to Russia in 1954 with Sonja Henie, but he made no real headway until 1959 when he promoted the first ice show ever to play Moscow, *Holiday On Ice*. Apparently the Russians have had enough of ice, because the show dropped $175,000. But Chalfen did make the contacts which later enabled him to bring in the circus.

The Moscow Circus which appears here is not a fixed company but an all-star collection of the best Russian acts. In all of Russia there are 83 circus enterprises, according to Feodosi Georgievich Bardian, executive director of the department of circuses. Fifty programs rotate among 130 permanent circus arenas in large cities, and 14 more shows move about under canvas. There are 13 zoo circuses which exhibit animals and demonstrate their training. Six amalgamations of circus performers carry programs to factories, collective farms and construction sites. Bardian claims that in 1963 Russian circuses entertained 36 million people in 18 countries of the world, ranging from Indonesia and Japan to the Dominion of Canada. (Cuba was on the agenda, but our blockade turned the circus ship back.)

The talent pool for all those sawdust-and-spangles operations is the Moscow circus school, which boasts 2,000 graduates since its inception in 1926. Twenty-six instructors offer courses in liberal and circus arts, including clowning. Children may enter at age nine.

Americans are finding the Moscow Circus a considerable change from the bewildering three-ring frenzy to which they are accustomed. The Soviet accent is on skill and artistry, the emphasis on quality over quantity. Each act builds meticulously to its own climax, without the distraction of other acts going on all around them.

Arms and legs outstretched, a Turkmenian rider stays in the saddle by balance alone.

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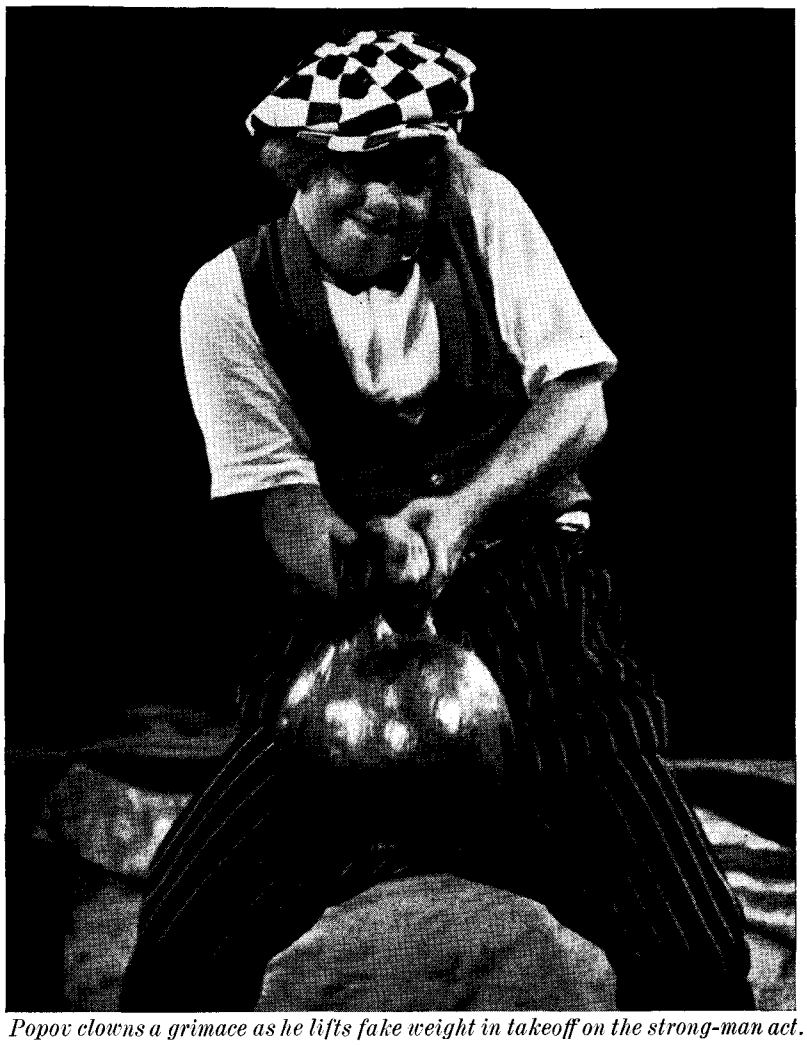
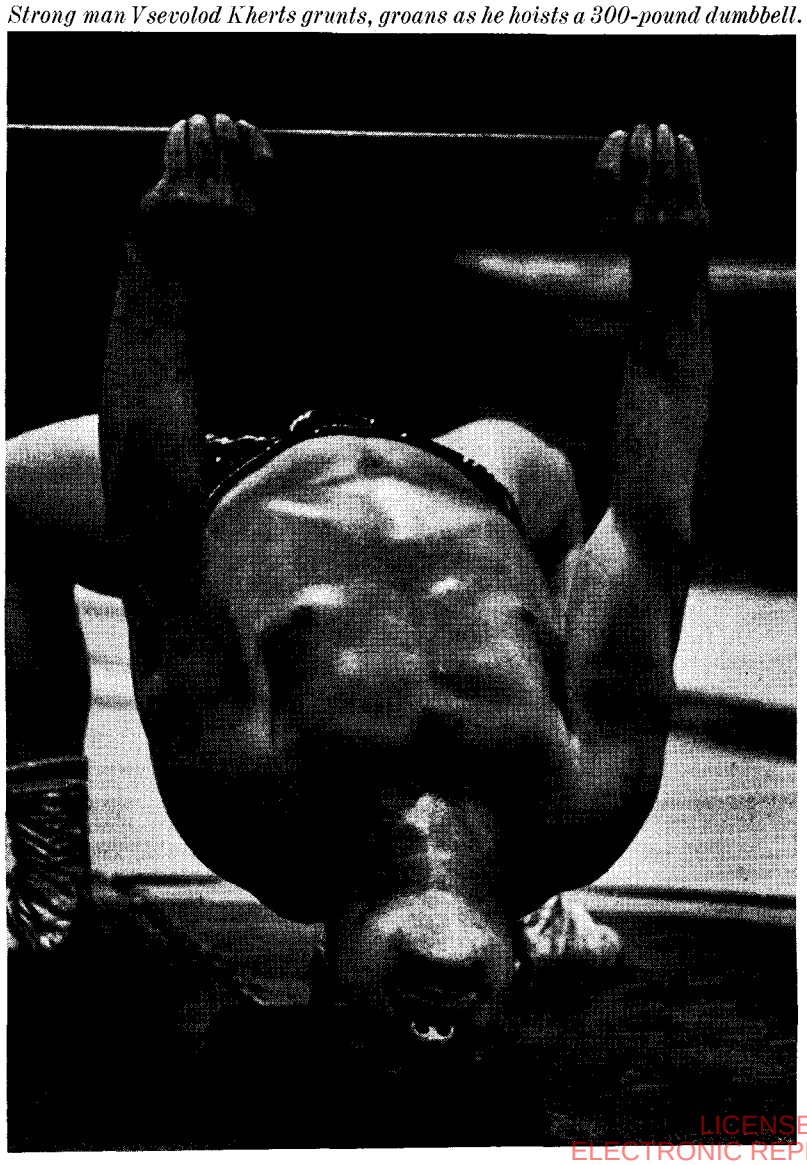
"If the bears could read English," the producer said, "they'd drive



Popov clowns a grimace as he lifts fake weight in takeoff on the strong-man act.

Strong man Vsevolod Kherts grunts, groans as he hoists a 300-pound dumbbell.



But while I admire the bravura of the Russian circus, I wish that everything weren't so relentlessly stylized. As an ex-circus hand myself—from working clown to executive assistant on Ringling Brothers—I long for some of that old-time razzle-dazzle. I sort of miss the Amplitudinous Agglomeration of Amazingly Accomplished Ponderous Pachyderms. I miss the acrid animal smells, the savagery and excitement of our own Big Top.

The most marked difference between our circus and theirs is the Russians' concern for the performers' safety. Our aerialists delight in creating an atmosphere of apprehension. They work either free of safety devices or over a net, which only serves to emphasize the element of danger. The Russians believe that people come to the circus to relax, not to be scared. Soviet high acts perform their most daring feats safeguarded by a thin steel cable attached to a belt concealed beneath the costume.

But while the Russian circus is quite different from ours stylistically and mechanically, the Russians have the same problems and delights as our big-toppers. They have to live as nomads, apart from the normal world. Their animals bite, kick, eat and mess the place up. Riggings and props kick up the same old aggravations.

Before a matinee one day I noticed the younger Volzhansky tinkering with the tension of his high wire, much the same as Karl Wallenda or Harold Alzana does. There is no painless way to learn to keep eight rings in the air at once; Russian jugglers must practice and practice—the same as jugglers of any other nation. Acrobats have only one way to work out kinks—muscles are universal.

Once a man enters the Soviet circus system he is paid the year around. American performers earn a higher weekly salary but are not paid at all during the off-season. The Russian performer is paid during the one to four years it takes him to perfect his act, and after 20 years he gets a pension, whether he retires or not.

This sense of security seems to have a soothing effect on their nerves; they stay loose, moving at a much slower pace than we are accustomed to. One evening a U.S. television performer was waiting to see Popov to arrange an appearance on his show. Inside his dressing room, Popov leisurely removed his costume, polished his shoes, took a shower while singing a brace of Caucasian folk songs, sat down and ate a bunch of grapes, visited for a bit with a member of the audience who had come backstage with a photo to be autographed. Finally he was ready for the appointment. Popov wasn't being intentionally rude—he just can't bring himself to hurry.

On closing day in Philadelphia I hung around to watch teardown, traditionally the fastest operation of any circus. This teardown was something else again. Nothing was packed until the last act finished; then the Russians very leisurely got to the business at hand. The show broke at 8:45; it was almost three A.M. before the last stick was off to Manhattan.

The haul of equipment and animals was made in 11 vehicles. Performers and staff journeyed north by private cars and chartered bus. I asked Chalfen how the bears would travel. "They'd be driving," he said, shifting his cigar, "if they could read English."

When I arrived in New York, the Moscow Circus was pretty well set up inside Madison Square Garden. About 30 workmen puttered at various points about the vast amphitheater. I was surprised to see the ringmaster himself, Eddie Roushat, breaking up the earthen clods inside the ring with a long-handled wooden rake.

"Be mad if I bite"

Eleven men appeared, staggering under the weight of a battered grand piano. Boris Ossipov, the conductor, raised a mild commotion until he learned that the huge instrument was not destined for the deck of his bandstand.

"You couldn't put one thing more up there," Ossipov said darkly. "The union made me take twenty-five men." To John Finley, Chalfen's right-hand man, he added apologetically, "Everybody mad today. I'm mad, and if I bite you, *you* be mad too."

Off to one side of the ring, Popov—wearing a short-sleeved red shirt, striped morning pants lopped off at the knees, homemade comedy shoes and a great cloak of insouciance—was breaking in a new drummer to the cues of the pots-and-pans juggling bit. The fellow was not too sharp on the pickup, and Popov's slow burns and disgusted takes were something to behold.

The show premiered in Philadelphia not because it's the City of Brotherly Love but because the Arena there was able to provide 10 open days. "We needed that time," Morris Chalfen told me. "We had problems. Like the horses comin' in early on a boat from Finland with two guys who couldn't speak one word of English. Like some city ordinance which made me build two sets of horse stalls—one inside the buildin', the other out. Like havin' to hunt all over the countryside outside Camden for roosters for Popov's gags; you can't import no birds into this country. He wanted Rhode Island Reds. I think he thought that was funny."

"Tell him about the band rehearsal," suggested Finley.

"Seventeen men, nineteen hours at seven-fifty an hour each," said Chalfen pleasantly. "You know how long an ice show rehearses? Two hours. These people are *perfectionists*. Why, from the stuff we bought to hang their riggin' we got enough left over to start a hardware store."

"Gettin' the dirt for the ring is the worse headache," said a passing barrowman. "Samples was sent down to Philly to be OK'd by them, an' it's here just like it was promised, an' it ain't right Too sandy. I guess it's like buyin' wallpaper from a sample; it gets different when it's big."

Photographs by Burt Glinn

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' up to New York."

"The dirt has gotta be just right," said a prop hand. "Dry clay in under wetted-down topsoil and coarse sawdust. Only at first it was just the opposite they wanted—*wet* clay covered by dry topsoil mixed with *fine* sawdust. I think maybe somethin' was lost in the translation."

Eventually all the mountains were leveled into steppes, and the Moscow Circus was ready for New York.

Only one incident marred the opening. A handful of vigilantes filed solemnly across a balcony aisle bearing a billboard-sized cloth banner warning spectators against Communism. Later Bardian said jokingly, "In my country we'd have thrown them to the lions."

At Chalfen's opening-night party I was able to peel back some of the Soviet circus people's natural shyness.

I learned first-off that they speak freely; their behavior didn't seem restrained. New York overwhelms them, as it does many Americans ("can't breathe, too many cars, too noisy"). They like to sing and dance, and they think we do not. They are not night people and are somewhat prudish. I found them more intellectual, with greater awareness of the world outside the circus ring, than their American counterparts.

They are moderate drinkers; orange juice was the most popular party beverage. However, the vodka screwdriver was detested. All were eager to try Scotch, which was disliked equally. Most would have preferred mineral water—Marzan or Esentuki from the Caucasus—to club soda or ice water.

Popov arrived at the party eating a banana. Through an interpreter he told my wife and me that he felt New York was like a rosebud which amazingly would open out for him to enjoy.

The next morning my wife cut the last rosebud of summer from our country garden and I took it to the city, its stem bound in a wet napkin. I felt downright silly riding with it on the subway, but I figured I was making a beginning for world understanding at my level. Clown to clown.

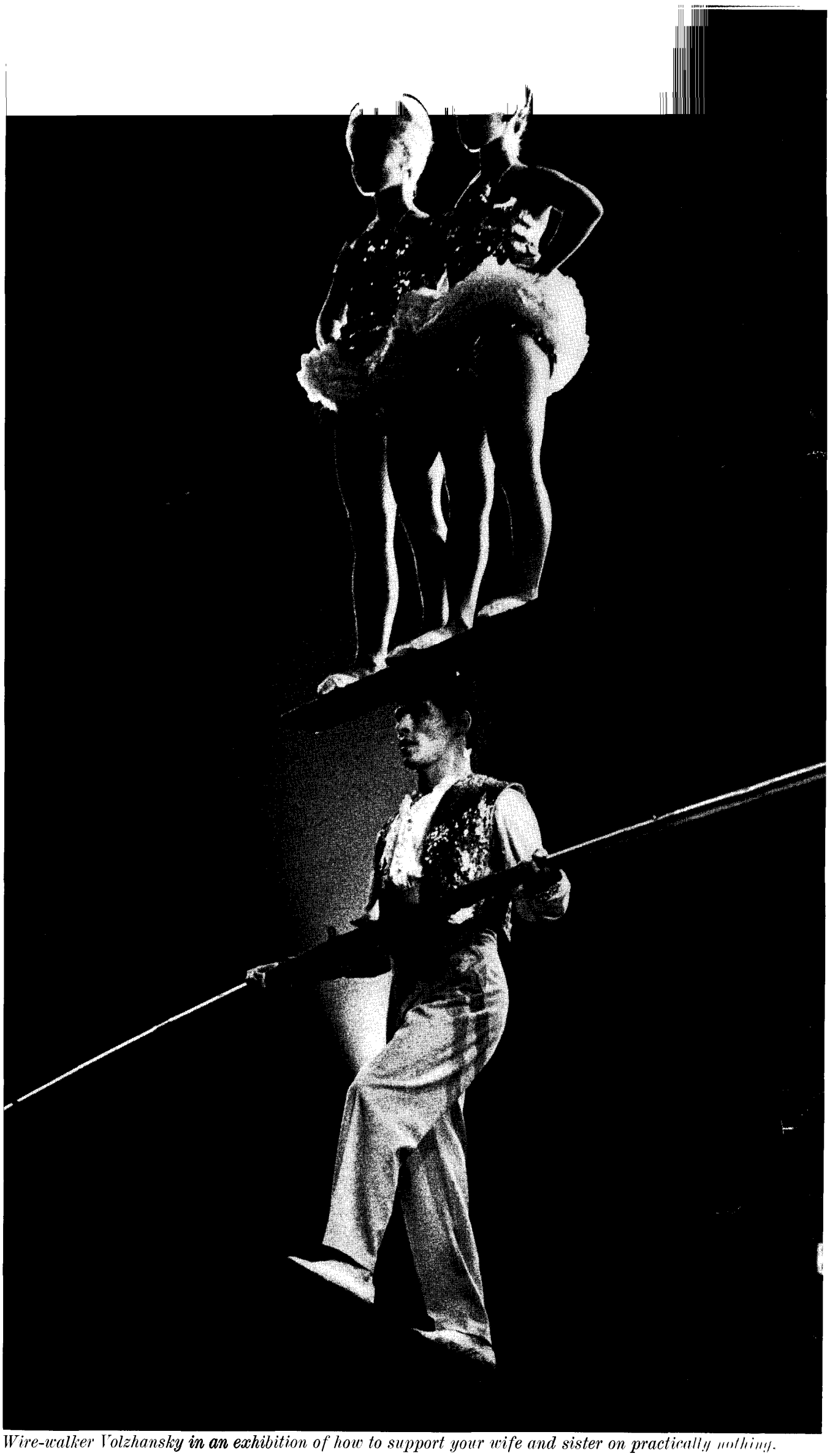
Popov was delighted with the rose, although two ostentatious floral arrangements in high baskets already stood in his makeshift backstage prop room. On its outside wall a sign proclaimed: Ho Смокинг—someone's conception of No SMOKING in Russian. Popov smiled tolerantly at the placard. "Something is lost in the translation," he said.

Then he unfolded a giant map of the United States, spread it on a trunk top, and carefully circled Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Minneapolis and Milwaukee.

"We see America. Thang you vary mush," he said suddenly in English, and this outburst of foreign tongue broke him up. He clapped a hand clownishly over his mouth and chortled.

Yes, America, but not quite, Mr. Popov. No Florida, no Texas. No Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Birmingham. No Pikes Peak, Yosemite, or Yellowstone. No San Francisco. No City of the Angels. No Niagara Falls. And no Disneypark.

Well, maybe next time. THE END



Wire-walker Volzhansky in an exhibition of how to support your wife and sister on practically nothing.

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EDITORIALS

OUR TROOP COMMITMENT IN WESTERN EUROPE

As a former supreme commander of Western Europe and the architect of World War II victory in the West, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower speaks with great authority on the subject of Western defense. On page 26 of this issue he makes a recommendation that deserves a careful evaluation by the White House and the Pentagon.

General Eisenhower believes that the time has come for a reduction of U.S. troops in Western Europe. "Though for eight years in the White House I believed and announced to my associates that a reduction of American strength in Europe should be initiated as soon as European economies were restored," he says, "the matter was then considered too delicate a political question to raise. I believe the time has now come when we should start withdrawing some of those troops. . . . One American division in Europe can 'show the flag' as definitely as can several."

American troops in Western Europe were intended, General Eisenhower says, "as an emergency reinforcement of Europe while our hard-hit allies were rebuilding their economies and capabilities for supporting defense." The conditions of their deployment have been fulfilled. The economic recovery of Western Europe long since has been accomplished. As President Kennedy himself has frequently suggested, Western European nations must now be induced to bear a heavier share of the burden of their defense.

After General De Gaulle's abrupt veto of Britain's application for Common Market membership, Stewart Alsop reported [*The Post*, April 6, 1963] that "Kennedy's planners have given serious consideration to an immediate, sharp reduction in our troop strength as a quick answer to De Gaulle." The Administration rejected such a response for the time being, Alsop said, "partly in order to deprive De Gaulle of the pleasure of saying, 'I told you so.'" But a Kennedy adviser told Alsop at the time that "sooner or later, either the Europeans come up or we go down." Another Administration official put it this way: "The Europeans must be disabused of the notion that we're going to maintain 400,000 American soldiers in Europe no matter what. The ground defense of Europe is primarily a job for Europeans."

A reduction of U.S. troop strength in Western Europe is going to cause a howl, no matter when it comes. Recently the Administration announced that it was going to initiate a troop reduction in West Germany by bringing home the Third Regiment, an outfit that had been ordered to Germany as a reinforcement after the Wall went up. But the West Germans made such a fuss that the Administration shelved the troop-reduction plan. The war is now 18 years behind us. We cannot forever contribute more ground forces to Western Europe than do Britain and France. Nor can we sustain indefinitely the drain on our balance of payments that this troop commitment entails.

Operation Big Lift, the airlifting of the Second Armored Division from Texas to West Germany, demonstrates our ability to deploy troops rapidly. Sooner or later the West Germans must show some faith in our commitment to defend the West. With a new German government coming to power, it might as well be now.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND

A sprightly young friend of ours celebrates a very important occasion—its silver anniversary—next week, and we want to be the first to extend our congratulations. *Jack and Jill* started up the hill 25 years ago this November. Today the Curtis Publishing Company's magazine for children is going stronger than ever. It is read by more than a million young people and by thousands of parents, teachers and friends all around the world.

We had a peek at the anniversary issue recently, and we can report that it is packed with lively, entertaining items, tastefully and imaginatively illustrated. *Jack and Jill*'s editor, Dr. Frederick J. Moffitt, a renowned expert on children and education, restated the magazine's objectives in that issue: "We constantly seek to open new doors, to expand horizons, to enlarge vision and to stretch imaginations. We constantly ask ourselves—will our readers enjoy this material? Will it help them increase their skills and understanding? Will it aid them in ability to think and reason?"

From a close reading of the anniversary issue, we think that *Jack and Jill* fulfills its mission admirably. An eight-year-old subscriber who lives at our house confirms this impression. We asked her recently for her evaluation of the magazine. She was enthusiastic. "I like the stories and the cutouts," she said. And then she added an unassailable reason. "I like the riddles, because I can ask them to my father, and he doesn't know the answers."

MASCULINE FASHION NOTES

There is a bright note in the news at last. According to *The New York Times*, men's clothes will be "lighter and brighter" next spring. The dark shades that have prevailed for many years will give way to mustard, clay, putty, wheat and other lighter hues. New styles will be trimmer and crisper, with two-button suits the order of the day. In short, men are going to look sharper and feel sharper than ever before.

The clothing industry is making a determined effort to increase its sales. According to the *Times*, the census people have computed that suit production last year came to about 21 million garments, roughly the same as 10 years ago. Production of sports jackets, however, climbed from 7,500,000 to 12,763,000. Another statistic is even more encouraging—to the clothing industry and the male species at large. In the past decade production of men's trousers has risen from 59,940,000 to 102,416,000. Either more men are wearing pants, or men are wearing more pants. We are glad that, in spite of pedal pushers and toreador pants, men still wear the pants in most American families.

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